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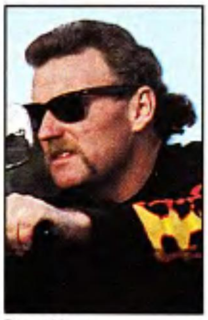

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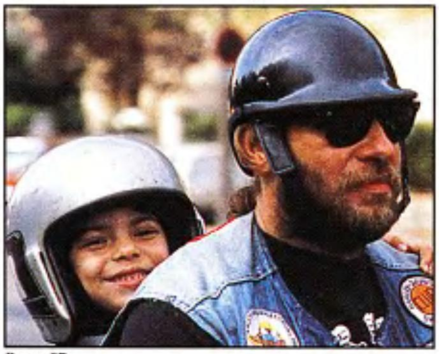

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The next liver-quiverin' issue of this rag goes on sale February 27.

Printed in the USA

Easyriders magazine ISSN 0046-0990 **Number 201, March 1990.** Vol. 20. **Easyriders** is published monthly by Paisano Publications, Inc., with corporate offices at 28210 Dorothy Drive, Agoura Hills, California 91301, (818) 889-8740. **Editorial mailing address** is Box 3000, Agoura Hills, CA 91301, (818) 889-8740. Second-class postage paid at Agoura Hills, California 91301 and at additional offices. Copyright © 1989 by Paisano Publications, Inc. Nothing may be reproduced without the prior written permission of the publisher. Anything to do with the editorial content, letters to the editor, poison pen letters, threats of violence, love letters, dirty pictures, propositions, porno literature, stash money, goodies, and editorial contributions should be sent to this address. All rights in letters sent to **Easyriders** will be treated as unconditionally assigned for publication and copyright purposes and as subject to **Easyriders'** unrestricted right to edit and comment editorially. Good photographs, art, and manuscripts are welcomed, but they must be exclusive. All contributions must be accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed return envelope. Although we will try our damnedest to take care of unsolicited material, **Easyriders** magazine cannot be responsible for damage to same in mails, nor does it assume responsibility or safety of artwork, photographs, or manuscripts. **Subscriptions:** All correspondence regarding subscriptions or subscription complaints and changes of address must be addressed to **Easyriders** Subscriptions Department, Box 3752, Escondido, CA 92025, (619) 485-9623. One year: $24.95; two years, $39.95 in the U.S. and its possessions. All foreign and Canadian orders, add $8 per year. Single copy, $2.95. **Postmaster:** Send address changes to: **Easyriders**, Box 3752, Escondido, CA 92025-9833. **Advertising: Easyriders**, Box 3000, Agoura Hills, CA 91301, FAX: 818-889-4726.

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Shit—I always knew this! Now it's been reported in the newspapers that women are lousy drivers. They're usually not involved in accidents, but they cause them and then go merrily on their way. A new study states that women are more often guilty of driving offenses and errors than men. The most common mistakes they make are missing highway exits and forgetting where they're going. Young women also drive faster than men. They are at last waking up to what I've known all along.

An ol' lady got into an argument with her ol' man. Finally, he'd had enough and stuck a butcher knife in her chest. To his amazement, it missed her heart by 1/2 inch, so she jerked it out and stabbed him dead.

His ol' lady couldn't seem to get enough and constantly pestered him. So he could get some sleep, he strangled her and dumped her body in with the pigs. The police decided he had killed her when they saw scratch marks all over his body. If you are a horny ol' lady you'd better be careful.

A sweet little mother got into an argument with her son. He was complaining about a trip they were about to make, so she did what she had to do. She whipped out a gun and shot him right between the eyes.

Dipshit of the month: He stole a car and, apparently not knowing where he was, decided to go and visit a friend. When he arrived at the friend's apartment house, he wondered why people were staring at him. When the police came, he discovered that he'd parked the car in the owner's parking space.

No matter who has to wear a helmet, he or she complains. Now children who have to wear a helmet while riding a bicycle are complaining that it's too hot. And the other kids also make fun of them. While we're bothered by the National Highway Safety Council, the kids are bothered by the PTA who say the children should wear the helmets "for their own good."

He came home from work and much to his surprise found his grandfather hosing his wife. The grandfather, who was 77, was having a good time, but grandfather or not, he couldn't take it. So he did what he had to do. He pulled him outside, poured gasoline all over him, and set him on fire.

This faggot showed up in the emergency room complaining of—surprise, surprise—rectal pains. The doctors discovered a stony mass in the guy's ass. Apparently, he and his friend were having fun and games, and while he stood on his head, his sweetie poured concrete up his ass. I guess he thought he'd get a thrill when he pulled the concrete out. The doctors diluted the concrete and were able to remove it. After they got the concrete out, they were surprised to find a Ping-Pong ball!

Hey, I think I'll try this! A guy was found looking up women's dresses via a mirror he had taped to his shoes. When he was discovered, a lot of the women (and some others) beat the shit out of him. He was charged with 22 counts of invasion of privacy and was sent to the can for 10 years.

Here's another dipshit! He held up a bank, ran outside, and stole a bus for a getaway. Not being familiar with the bus, he accidentally hit a button that flashed "Call Police" on the front. He didn't get very far—and now he's on the inside looking out.

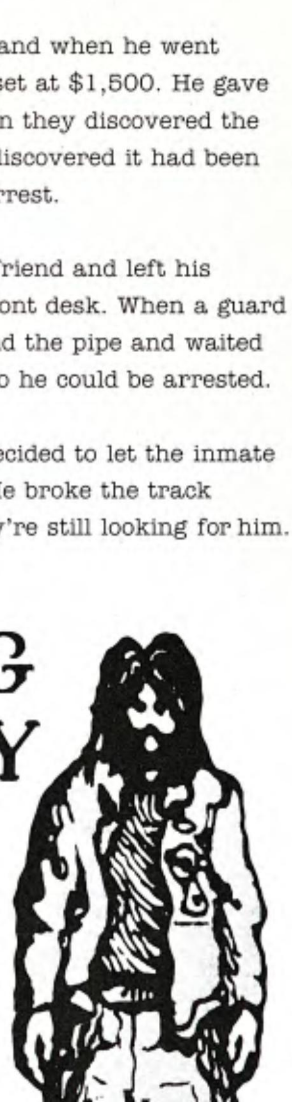
He was caught hanging paper and when he went before the judge, his bail was set at $1,500. He gave them a check—a bad one. When they discovered the check was no good, they also discovered it had been written four days before his arrest.

He went to prison to visit his friend and left his wrapped cocaine pipe at the front desk. When a guard opened the wrappings, he found the pipe and waited for the guy's visit to be over so he could be arrested.

Being good guys, the guards decided to let the inmate compete in a 100-yard dash. He broke the track record and kept on going. They're still looking for him.

TAKING IT EASY

By Spider



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WORDMONGER

Makin' A Run

☐ I've been stationed overseas with Uncle Sam's Flying Circus for over three years (Iceland and now England), and it'll be four by the time I get out of here. I'm planning to do a coast-to-coast run when I get back stateside, including doing the 50th at Sturgis. I want to see as much of the country as possible—to see the land I've been defending all these years. My problem is that I've been overseas too damn long and don't have any connections anywhere except in Southern California. I'll be looking for places to stay, runs, and parties along the way. If you can help, please write.

Sgt. Kevin Panet
PSC Box 1211
RAF Fairford (USAFE)
APO NY 09125-5000

Response to Jimmy

☐ In response to Jimmy the Spider and Bon-C in the December issue, I've been ridin' 18-20 years, the last 10 on nothing but H-Ds. You might have spent over $49,000 to ride with pride, but I'll bet half of it went to the Japs!

You can go into any H-D dealer or custom house in the U.S. and buy a part for your Hog and it's the same shit, genuine H-D parts made in Taiwan or Korea. The point is, don't blast a guy for what he rides. The main thing is that he's in the wind and trying to be free from the fuckheads who want to tell us how to live.

Tom
St. Louis, Mo.

☐ I never write letters, but that letter you printed in the December issue from Jimmy the Spider pissed me off.

First, I ride an '83 Suzuki—not because I particularly like Jap bikes, but because I got it for $1,200.

I'd like nothin' better than to ride a Harley Softail FXST, but I don't have the $9,600 that my local Harley dealer wants and probably never will. Even a decent used Harley will run over three grand around here.

As far as "supportin' the Japs," where does this stupid fucker think those Dunlops on half your righteous customs come from? Not to mention the gauges, electrics, suspension, and carbs on a hell of a lot of Harleys over the last 10 years. So, Jimmy, fuck you. At least I ride, so put on your Harley cologne and your Harley tennis shoes and look down on me all you want. You're an idiot muthafucker.

Poor Man
Detroit, Mich.

Convert Your Energy

☐ I'd like to respond to Jimmy the Spider and all the other potential hypocrites in the U.S. I'm not out to piss anyone off, just wake them up. You guys are definitely a product of society! We get pissed off when some tightass calls bikers ludicrous names (to make themselves feel superior), and what do you do? Flip them off, then turn around and do the same to people who ride Jap.

Come on, guys, before you go shooting your mouths off, take a long hard look at your own bike parts. I know of only one company that makes an all-American bike right down to the molds and materials. The tightasses make it hard enough to ride free, why do we have to fight amongst ourselves? What happened to "Let Those Who Ride Decide," whether it's Harley, Indian, Triumph, or Jap.

My suggestion to you is instead of bitching about who's riding what, convert your energy into something constructive.

Heidi
Portsmouth, N.H.

Get It Right

☐ The new owners and staff here at *V-Twin Trader Magazine* would like to thank ***Easyriders/V-Twin*** magazine for mentioning us and we hope its readers have not been inconvenienced when trying to reach us.

The correct address and phone number are:

V-Twin Trader Magazine
249 N. Brand Blvd.
Suite 631
Glendale, CA 91203
(818) 247-1381

Slice yourself a piece of that raisin pie, and have a second one on us.

Brandy
Editor

A Rebuttal

☐ I just saw the ad on page 26 of the November '89 issue. Just thought I'd scoot ya a copy of my rebuttal I sent 'em. You can print it, trash it, or whatever gets ya off. I hope the "Bayberry Bigots" smother under all the bros' letters.

"Dear Bayberry Bigots:

I have just had the misfortune of seeing your ad depicting the 'Bikers Disgust.' What kind of narrow-minded people are you? You're right, I wouldn't live there if they paid me. I don't need to live around bigots like you. I am not a bum, thief, murderer, or rapist. I went to school, have a permanent job (9 1/2 years), three kids, and live in a nice, three-bedroom home in a quiet, country community. I'm also a 'biker.' What makes you any better? When was the last time your little artsy-fartsy civic group got together and raised a few grand for MDA? Or put on a benefit to help pay the medical bills for your bro who got creamed by a little old lady with blue hair in a '63 Rambler? Think about it the next time you see an accident and a biker is the only one who knows CPR, (if you ride with all the crazies in their cages,

somebody had better know it) or when some jerk-off is hasslin' your daughter and a biker is the only one with enough balls to give him a little 'adjustment.' You hayseeds wouldn't know a chopped Hog if it rolled up and bit you on your ass! So lay off with the shit you don't know anything about and get off our asses."

Joey Roberts
Franklinton, La.

Trucker Thanks

☐ Thanks for the November article about truckers and bikers ("Brotherhood of the White Line" ER/VT number 197).

I drive a gasoline tanker for a living and ride my Super Glide for fun. Whether we're on the highway in 40 tons of potential fireball or in the wind just a few inches off the pavement, we live on an amazing edge of life, an edge that very few people will ever experience. I've got two college degrees on my wall, but my real education has come in the streets—on 18 wheels and on two.

Bill Hayes
Redondo Beach, Calif.

Listen Up!

☐ Here's an important warning to anyone who is riding with a windshield on his/her sled. Don't use RAIN-X!! It sent the windshield on my '89 FLSTC to the shit pile. Once applied, it hazes over in the daylight, but at night it is downright deadly. When I wrote to UNELKO (the manufacturer), they came back saying, "We have learned of the practice of some firms, like Harley-Davidson, who, either knowingly or unknowingly, sell windshields that are obviously made of the incorrect materials and without warnings to their customers" and "their (H-D) manufacturing arm continues to evade their responsibilities." Now to tell me I'm outta luck is one thing, but to go bad-mouthing Harley-Davidson . . . Well, I figured that I'd better use the pen (they live too far away to use the sword). Oh yeah, they've got a toll-free number if you want to tell 'em what you think (1-800-528-3149).

Shoe
Westbury, N.Y.

Three-Wheelers

☐ I am not a biker but still read your magazine faithfully. I think the H-D is an American work of art. I am curious about the three-wheelers I see from time to time. Are they all custom made? Are they readily available and are they licensed like any other bike?

D. Ford
San Francisco, Calif.

■ No new ones.

Sprint Fans

☐ First, I want to thank you for running our ad in the November '89 issue. Due to your widespread circulation of readers, the response was overwhelming. We received mail from Canada to Rhode Island and as far south as Georgia.

Second, many, many thanks to all the brothers and sisters who sent letters and pictures of their Sprints. We were surprised by how many good-looking Sprints are around. As a result of all the pictures we received, we bought several bikes. We're now in need of the proper tools. So if any of you bros have the tools to work on Sprints, please write.

Fred C. Dobbs
5715 Lemon Ave.
Long Beach, CA 90805

Likes Reading

☐ I've been entertained and influenced by your rag since 1972. Thanks for a magazine that has shown a lot of heart over the years. In your own unique way, you bring together a worldwide group of free spirits who, like myself, are very independent and overly bullheaded.

When I read the articles on bashing Japanese bikes, cars, etc., I am embarrassed, thinking that more than a few of our numbers are insecure and have much misguided anger.

When I read the letters sent in that are seething with hatred for homosexuals, it makes me wonder why these people are so frightened.

For a short while—six months—I let my subscription lapse, thinking that maybe I had outgrown your publication. I was wrong. I can respect the right of people to be able to voice their opinions, fears, highs, and lows. That's the reason I came back—mainly because your publication has a human touch that has become a part of my life.

Thanks for the last 17 years.

Jack C. Westlie
El Sobrante, Calif.

A Beef

☐ I'm a service member in Bad Kissengen, West Germany, and also a Harley buff. What pisses me off is that Harley-Davidson has a military sales program here—but that's all! You can buy the bikes but no apparel. What's a biker to do without a good set of chaps at a decent price? Parts are also not to be found unless you go to a German shop which will charge about two to three times more than in Chicago (where my home lies). Here's to ya, North Shore Harley! Harley-Davidson needs to upgrade their shit abroad for all of us who defend the American way.

Pete Haljean
APO N.Y.

The Blues

☐ I've had Big Twins before and as sure as clap and bad breath, I'll have Big Twins again. They've been old, new, ugly, leaky, tight, wrong, and right—and Lord knows, I've loved every one. But for 10 years now there's been "the other motorcycle."

In '79 I put up a '71 XLCH and built the motor and tranny for the

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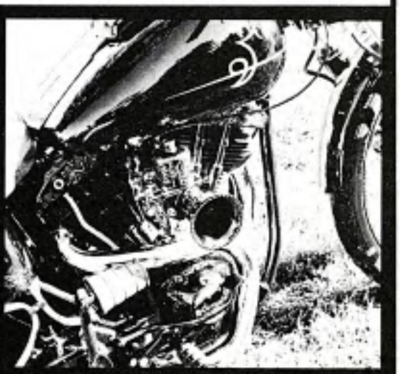

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long haul. Since then, it's been the *only* motorcycle, the *spare* motorcycle, the *third* motorcycle, and too often the *neglected* motorcycle. Like a redheaded stepchild, she won't leave and she refuses to die. After a decade of off-again, on-again abuse (she's so ugly that I've got a wall full of rat trophies), she'll *still* (usually) fire up on the first crank.

Every once in a while I run into someone with his first box-stock Big Twin. The factory-installed gaskets haven't started to leak yet, and they start their motorsickle with their thumb instead of their leg. These types, just learning to talk the talk and walk the walk, are usually the first to start with the Sportster jokes. I don't even get offended. I just kick back and smile.

It's been raining for several hours now. My Sportster is dripping rusty water into the oily scum that always collects beneath it. It *never* starts on the first crank when it's wet, but that's all right. It's survived lovers, wives, busts, wrecks, bullets, and countless episodes of late-night insanity, and if it wants to be crotchety in the rain, I won't argue with it.

If it clears up a little later, we'll probably go for a ride.

Doc Toups
Bay St. Louis, Miss.

Gator, Again

☐ To Kim Latas of Spirit Lake, Iowa (Wordmonger column, October '89). Way to be, gal. You tell that fuckin' asshole Gator who the fuck is boss. I get pissed off when assholes like him start talking down to you gals. Right now, I'm a biker without a bike. Hell, I can just barely afford to eat, but there are some things I just won't stand for. Keep on riding, gals, we need you out there on the road.

And if you find Gator, rip his fuckin' dick off. People like him shouldn't be allowed to reproduce anyhow.

The Monarch
Pittsburg, Pa.

Wanted

☐ I need information from anyone who has seen or knows anything about a movie released in 1967 or 1968 called "Devil's Angels" (or something like that). It probably had the largest group of wild-looking choppers ever filmed. The story was about a motorcycle gang that rode into a small town and took it hostage. They raped the sheriff's daughter and terrorized the townspeople. You know, just your average weekend. Anyway, what I'm after is someone who knows where or how I can get a copy of it. My ol' man saw it when it first came out, and it was one of the main influences that spurred him on to get a chopper of his own. If anyone can help a desperate girl find a copy of it to surprise the shit out of her ol' man for Christmas, please write me.

Melissa Dykstra
1470 Charlotte St.
North Vancouver, B.C.
Canada V7J 1H2

Clean and Sober

☐ Over the last several months I've noticed that almost every issue of ***V-Twin*** or ***Easyriders***, as well as other biker mags, has had letters or articles about clean and sober bike clubs. As a member of such a club, I find the trend not as surprising as one would think. More and more people (and bikers) are finding that being a slave to one addiction or another really sucks!

For myself, I believed for years that was the way it was. Drink hard, drug hard, ride hard. But in 1982, after trying to run my shovel through a Chevy van, I kinda got the message that something was seriously wrong with my thinking. It still took months of heavy drinking and drugging to bring me to my knees. I was killing myself and just couldn't stop.

Then a friend got me to go to a meeting of an international self-help group that helped me kick the booze and dope. Believe me, it ain't easy. But it worked for me. I did sell my scoot, though. I didn't think I could live the old lifestyle and stay clean. So for five years I let riding go. Every spring I'd get miserable as soon as I heard that first set of pipes barking down the road—until last spring when I found the Fifth Chapter MC. This club is dedicated to the proposition "Ride to Live—Live to Ride—Sober."

I'm up again and loving it. I made every run our chapter here in Maine went to, mostly in New Hampshire, and the International Run in Vermont over Labor Day weekend. What a rush riding with 200-plus bikers all in control of their faculties.

A point I'd like to make is that pounding down the road clean and sober lets me believe that I'm as much a biker as those doing the same road totally blown away. I've chosen this lifestyle because today I have a choice—in the grasp of addiction there is no choice. I've opted for life and freedom, real freedom.

As I said, it ain't easy but it's worth it. As the growing numbers in our own chapter can attest, riding straight is coming of age.

Mace
Durham, Maine

☐ Thank you to all the sisters and brothers all over the country who responded to my letter for sober MCs. I received more letters than I ever expected to, or can hope, to answer. I love you all.

Sylvia Maresca
Clarksville, Tenn.

A Question

☐ Anyone out there remember "The Perfect High" (The Quest of Gimme Some Ray) or "The Devil and Billy Markham" by Shel Silverstein? I would like copies of them or information on where to get them. Will pay for copies and postage with stamps.

By the way, in the December issue, who was the bright one who put the David Mann centerspread on the back of the gatefold? And you want raisin pie for Christmas? Hah!

Kenny Darity #941481
W.S.P., Box 520,
IMU C-10
Walla Walla, WA
99362

New Zealand

☐ In your February '88 issue you had a list of bikers' rights organizations nationwide. Here in New Zealand we have compulsory helmet laws, and everyone I speak to thinks it's a good idea. Personally, I find it painful to wear a helmet due to a nasty accident last year where I ended up busting my neck.

Like most of you guys, I think we ought to be able to choose for ourselves and wonder if you know of any such association or group in New Zealand who thinks the same and wants to do something about it.

I'd be obliged if you could write back to me because like a lot of good things, your magazine is bloody hard to get out here, not to mention the cost. Perhaps you know of a place than can supply me with regular, up-to-date issues.

Adam Summerfield
23B Tree View Way
Auckland,
New Zealand

Needs Info

☐ To all you American brothers out there, I need your help. I live in England and am going to Orlando and Daytona in August of 1990 for three weeks. I need to know where I can get some chrome goodies for my scoot plus any information on bike events or drag racing meets. We don't have much of these over here.

Malcolm Edwards
43, Newark Crescent
Northlea Seaham
Co. Durham SR7 0DU
England

Pierced and Pleased

☐ I recently heard that someone was asking about piercing their nipples and didn't know where to find someone who could perform this service. I met someone who has pierced both my ears and nipples and was impressed by his professional manner (12 years' experience) and his follow-up calls to check on my progress. Anyone interested can reach him at Davearing, Box 211, Acampo, CA 95220-0211 or they can call Dave at (209) 334-3944 and leave a message.

Ladies, needless to say, it was one of the better things I've done for myself.

BBK
Concord, Calif.

'Nam Vet

☐ I'm a Vietnam vet who is moving to the L.A. area soon. I'd like to know if there is a chapter of the Vietnam Vets Motorcycle Club in the L.A. area. I'm interested in joining and need some addresses from members or addresses of club officers so that I can get in touch with them.

Paul "Blues" Blake
12115 Robin Ridge Lane
Austin, TX 78750

SX250

☐ I need a helping word or two. I picked up an SX250 scoot to let the ol' lady learn to ride safely, but the bitch of a bike needs wiring. If anyone knows of a loom or diagram available (also a service manual), please drop a line. Help me make this scoot rideable again.

Gene
321 8th Ave. No.
Ft. Dodge, IA
50501

Louis Bosque

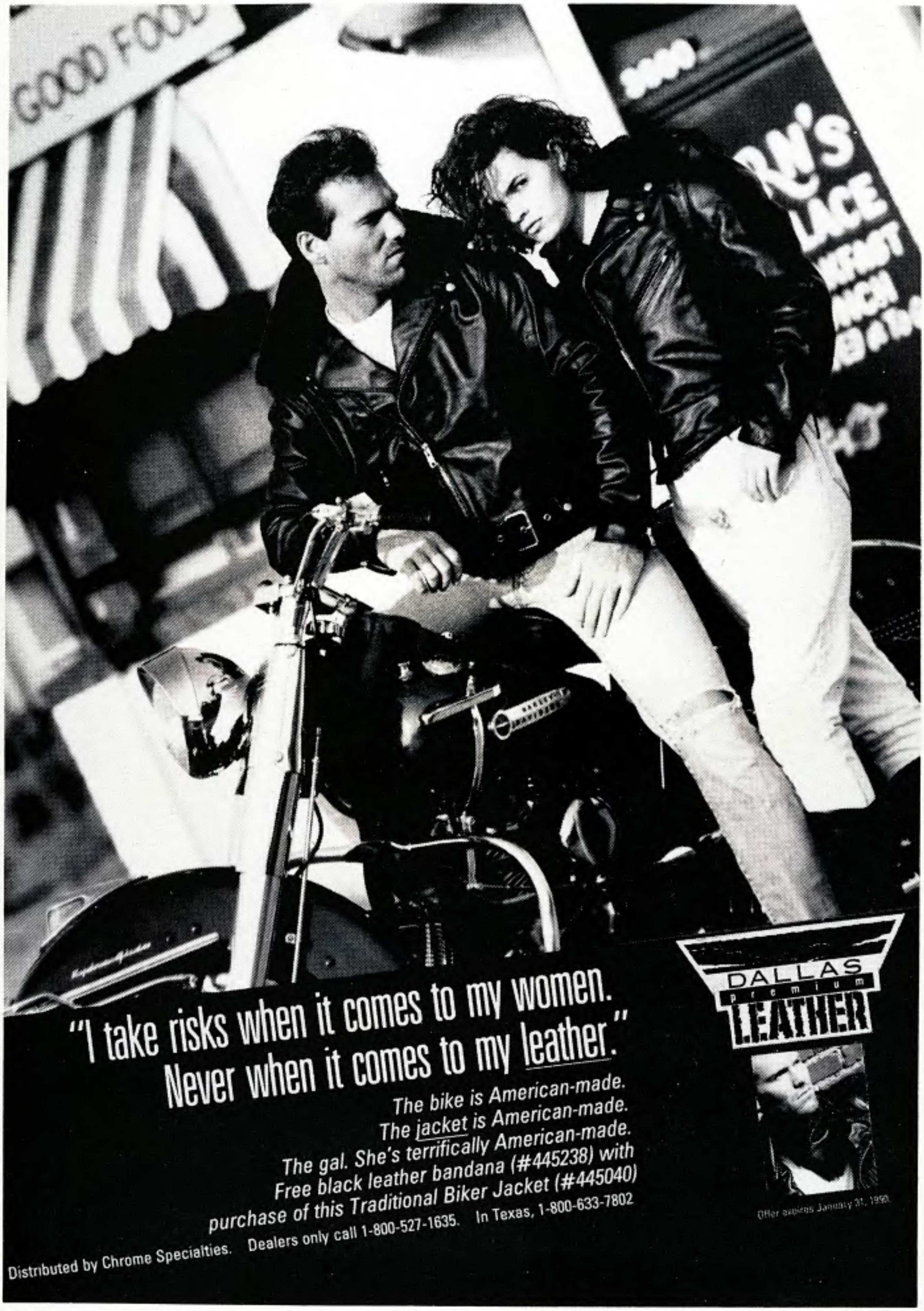
☐ I'm reading a Louis Bosque story in a book called Best Biker Fiction from Easyriders. I've read the story ("Joint Venture") probably 10 times over the years and always crack up. My question is where is Louis Bosque when we need him? The fiction in your rag comes off, for the most part, as wannabe bullshit.

If Bosque is still around, get him to turn out more of his great stories.

Blue
Vacaville, Calif.

■ We lost contact with him.

■ ***Have anything to say? Want to bug the staff about its mistakes? Want to give a well deserved pat on the–back? Poison pen letters, porno mail, threats of violence, love letters, propositions, and demands for payment may all be sent to the Wordmonger, Box 3000, Agoura Hills, CA 91301.***



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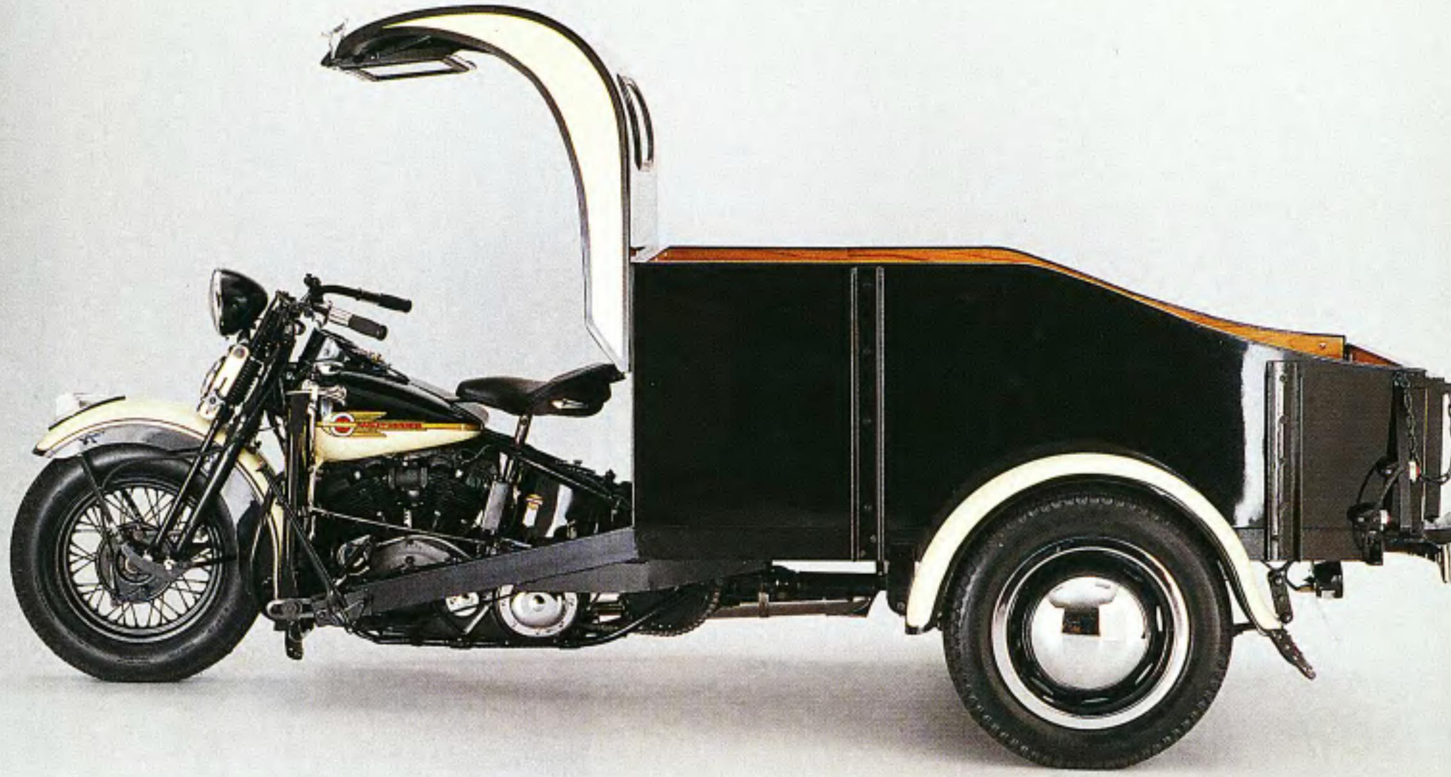
GOOD FOOD

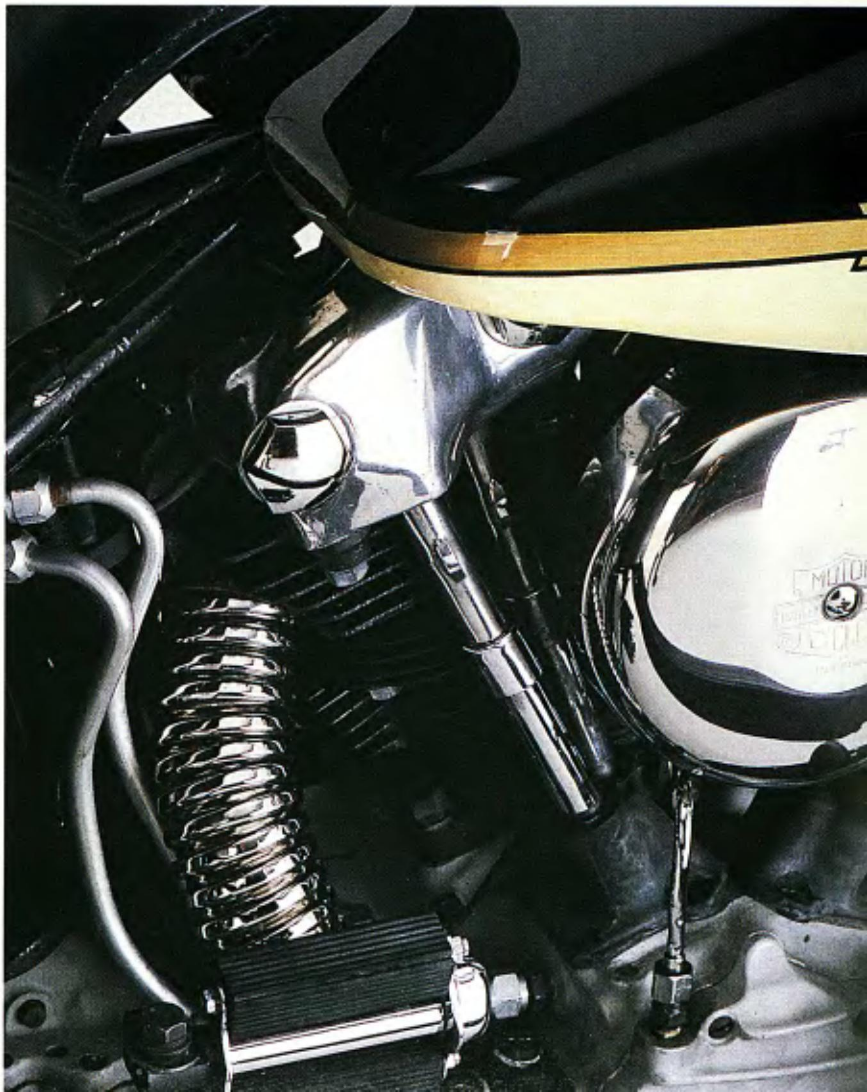
C-CAB KNUCKLE?

Gettin' to the bottom of the mystery

From out of a box that must've been earmarked for Detroit, but somehow got routed through Milwaukee, popped this half-bike/half-truck, handy-dandy, knuckle-truckle? It's your basic all-around utility, fun house on three wheels—done up in class manner by George Ferguson of George's Custom Cycle, formerly of the Denver, Colorado, area.

Unfortunately, George himself has been caged in a quod and info has been reduced to a tiny trickle comin' down the slope of the Continental Divide. Gaining insight into the history of this oddity has been next to impossible, kinda along the lines of the Dallas Cowboys havin' a winnin' season. That is, on account of his incarceration, info has been nil other than what we can remember since first setting eyes on this pristine machine at the first *Easyriders* Bike Show on the





Queen Mary last year. She seemed to be holdin' up a wall, like a classy piece of Teamster equipment. 'Cept it wasn't a Hyster.

But it did catch the eyes and votes of enough people at the show to place 43rd out of 166 bikes.

A recent call from the curious to The Curator produced a big, fat zero. Even at the factory, on West Juneau, our request for background and history was received with a raised eyebrow, and a promise to check it out. I can just see a mild mannered historian flailing through the files in the vault. "Ya say it's a C-Cab knuck? Don't know that we've ever seen one o' them before."

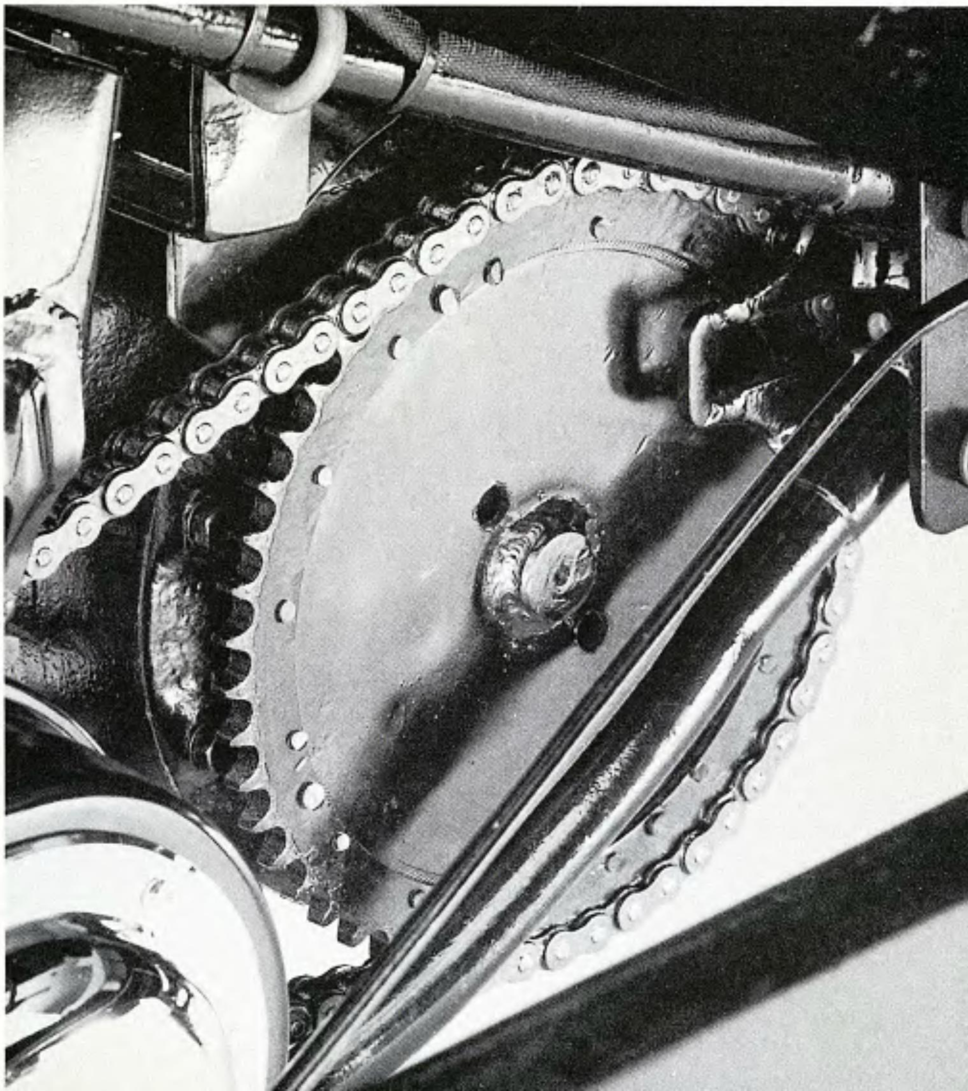
Likewise, neither had I. But we weren't about to let that stand in the way of allowin' you to view what must be the culmination of one man's creative and time-honored urges.

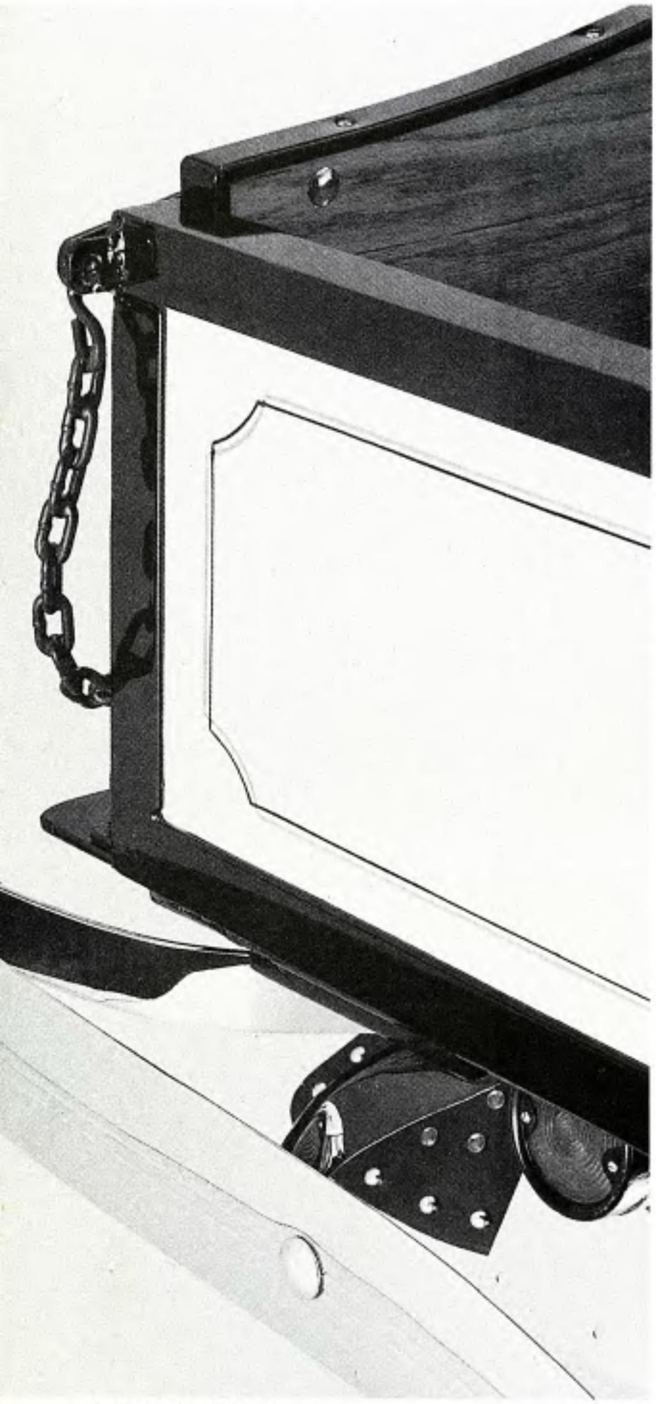
Apparently, an aftermarket kit car company called Gould, Goulding, or Ghoulish-somethin' or other out of Saginaw, Michigan, produced the ass-end bed and rooftop portions. Designed to be bolted up to a rigid frame, and produced from an area where the weather can be downright nasty, the cab offered some protection from the elements, while the bed provided room for delivery items for those companies who either didn't think the automobile craze would last, or didn't want to invest in a full-sized delivery vehicle. Hey—flash! Maybe, the guy who built it just loved motorcycles so much that he cranked his ingenuity into overtime workin' on a way to put a bike to truck-like use. Shazam, he succeeded.

A ray of light illuminating the mystery of the Goulding Kit Car Company came from an anonymous Harley factory insider. Mr. Goulding was an Australian with good mechanical sense. He immigrated to America with his family to put to use his machining ideas, primarily in the field of crafting and grafting additions to motorcycles such as a line of sidecars and the utility add-on ya see here.

Evidently, biking blood and a love for the road ran through the family as Goulding had a daughter, Dot, who married a Detroit Harley-Davidson dealer and cross-country rider named Earl Robinson. You got it, the same Dot Robinson who was the original president of the Motor Maids Inc. Two true motorcycle enthusiasts from the early days. In 1936, the couple teamed up in a sidecar, crossing the country from Los Angeles to New York to set a record of 86 hours, 55 minutes. Wonder if she ever had a Goulding knuckle C-Cab? Questions, questions.

Another historical source, Mike Egan, of Vintage Motorcycles in Santa Paula, California, shed more light on the C-Cab story, and naturally, it adds





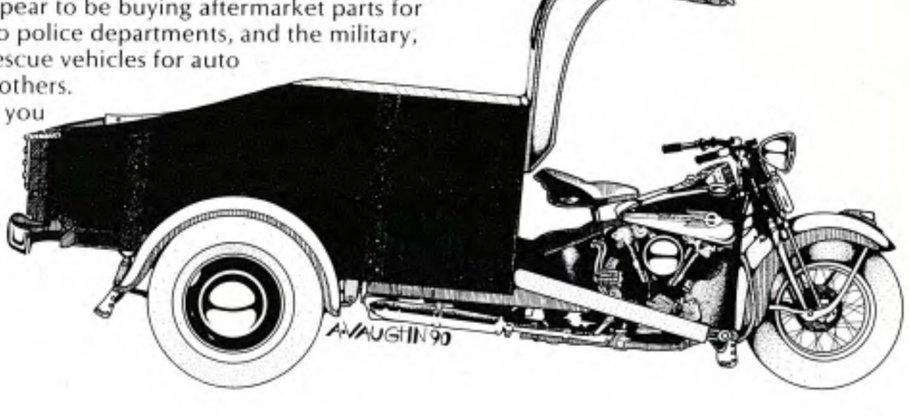
Owner: George Ferguson	**City:** Denver, Colorado	
General	**Frame**	
Fabrication by: George's Custom	Year: 1940	
Year and make: 1940 H-D/custom	Builder: H-D/Goulding Kit Car	
Model: knuckle C-Cab	Type: modified rigid	
Value: hard to figure	Rake: stock	
Assembly by: George's Custom	Stretch: none	
Time: two months	Other alterations: C-Cab Kit Car	
Chroming by: Classic Chrome	**Accessories**	
Engine	Bars: scrawny	
Year: 1940	Risers: stock	
Model: EL	Fender(s): sidecar rear	
Rebuilder: George's Custom	Headlight: original	
Ignition: points	Taillight: bullets	
Displacement: 61 cubic inches	Speedo: catseye	
Lower end: H-D	Front pegs: floorboards	
Balancing: George's Custom	Rear pegs: none	
Pistons: H-D	Electrics: 6-volt, 3-brush	
Cases: H-D	Gas tank: 7-gallon modified	
Heads: stock knuckle	Oil tank: horseshoe	
Cam(s): normal	Oil system: no leaks	
Lifters: solids	Primary cover: tin	
Carb(s): Linkert	Seat: solo by Molinaro	
Air cleaner: round	Sissybar: cab	
Pipes: low an' long	Height: n/a	
Muffler(s): yes	Material: n/a	
Transmission	**Forks**	
Modifications: rebuilt by George	Type: springer	
Year: early 1940	Extension: none	
Shifting: 3-speed w/reverse	Builder: H-D	
Engine sprocket: 19-tooth	Special features: powder coated	
Trans sprocket: 22-tooth	**Wheels**	
Wheel sprocket: 51-tooth	**Front**	**Rear**
Painting	Size: 16-inch	Size: 16-inch
Molding: none	Hub: Star	Hub: sidecar
Painter: Denny Edwards	Rim width: 3 inches	Rim width: 4 inches
Color: black, Egyptian white	Tire: Avon	Tire: Avon
Type: powder coating, lacquer	Brake: mechanical	Brake: hydraulic
Special paint: gold leaf (stripes and emblems) handpainted by Rick Losh		
Other special modifications: Studebaker rear end, 1938 Ford transfer case, Goulding Kit Car, woodwork on bed by Roger Pope, tongue and groove oak finished by John Cusomano, machine work by Joe, seat, fairing and mud flaps by Molinaro, Parkerized nuts, bolts and small hardware. Thanks to Rocky, Greg and Bob for help on assembly.		

Photos by Michael Lichter

an angle of controversy. Egan recalls that 40- and 50-plus years ago, especially in the 30s, the Goulding Company did a brisk business manufacturing and supplying bodies, sidecars and C-Cab frames to Harley-Davidson for use on their WLAs, and 45s, kinda on the QT, top-secret like, so as not to appear to be buying aftermarket parts for their own products. Supplying primarily to police departments, and the military, they obviously made great delivery and rescue vehicles for auto dealers, ice cream vendors, and a host of others.

If you look and listen with imagination, you can almost see a sharp-dressed Good Humor man pullin' in the clutch, grinnin' an' gunnin' the engine on his trusty knuck, alertin' all as he pulls up to the curb and delightin' the Dead End Kids with ice cream and original Americana in the ol' neighborhood.

—Knucklehead Kned



Harley-Davidson Motor Company Announces Addition of PHD Certification to Technician Certification Programs at Motorcycle Mechanics Institute

For six years the Motorcycle Mechanics Institute, with locations in both Phoenix, AZ and Orlando, FL, has been providing dealer update training for the Harley-Davidson Motor Co. In addition the Institute has a program leading to ***Factory-Trained Certification*** for graduates of the course.

This excellent technician education, which is the only factory authorized and sponsored training program available, has now been enhanced with the addition of factory PHD certified status immediately upon completion of the required course of study and graduation.

The Harley-Davidson program is equipped by the factory with complete motorcycles, engines, transmissions, clutches, suspension and electrical components. Graduate placement is provided through Motorcycle Mechanics Institute's Graduate Placement department with the help of the Harley-Davidson Motor Co.

In addition to the Factory Certification Program the Motorcycle Mechanics Institute offers an "Early Model" program which covers restoration, repair, manufacture of parts, and machining skills for all models. Flathead, Knucklehead, Shovelhead, Panhead and Iron Sporsters are covered.

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For more information on the Motorcycle Mechanics Institute and the **Harley-Davidson *Factory-Trained Certification* programs CALL 1-800-528-7995.**

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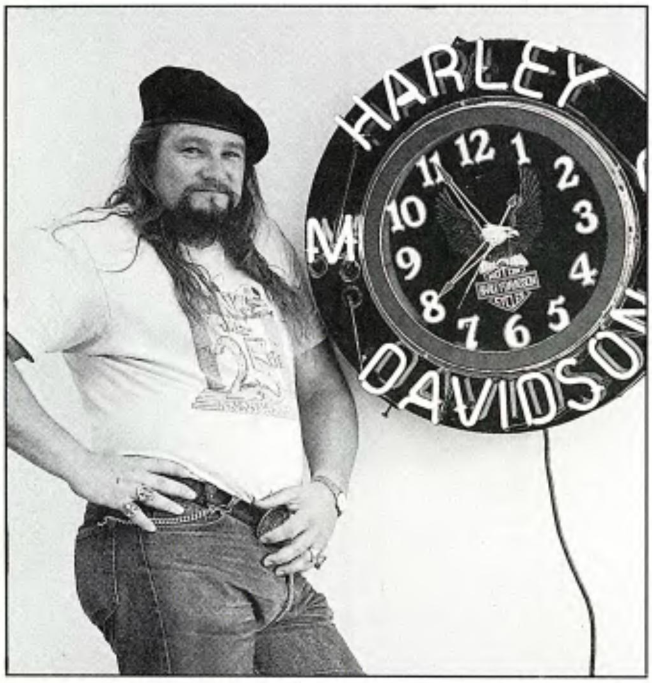
Motorcycle Mechanics Institute

TIME IS ON HIS SIDE

Even Mad Dogs Can Make A Living

I met Jesse James back in 1978, in a bar outside L.A. We were all inebriated and there was some tension in that dark, rickety joint in the foothills. Some pushin' and shovin' had been fillin' the air with who's-gonna-draw-first vibes, when outta nowhere this all-white shovelhead weaved into the parking lot, cartin' one of the most bizarre characters I had ever set my whiskey-coated pupils on. He looked like a lumberjack who'd been attacked by a dozen pit bulls. His shit was in shreds.



Photos by Peter Dokus

Hell, even his bike looked like it had been in a fight. Nothin' was clean or detailed. The white paint on the frame was chipped and scratched, and the only chrome consisted of the foot-over wide glide and the apes reaching at the moon. He wobbled between bikes and sharp glances from various uptight riders, until he reached the door. Then, he slammed on his brakes, hollerin' somethin' about whiskey and whippin' up on some citizen who slandered the artwork on the sides of his smudged, ivory fatbobs. His yellin' and screechin' took the edge off the jukebox, which was tryin' its best to filter the anger through some rusty cowboy tunes. His kickstand was busted and the bike tilted almost to the beer-strewn pavement.

I took a break from the bar and walked out the large, industrial steel doors to see what all the commotion was about. James was shoutin' and a few people were sorta standin' back wonderin' what this demented, arm-flailing, big-chested sonuvabitch was gonna do next. "The bastard told me the shit on my tanks looked like some deranged kid did it," he bellowed, then grabbed a half-empty beer bottle off a nearby table and downed it.

I got closer to the teetering shovel and looked at the tank. There were these disproportionate devils and demons runnin' all over the 'bobs doing weird and perverted shit. There wasn't much of a theme to the art. Some of the figures weren't bad, but others looked like hellish comic book rejects. In my hazed head the citizen was partially right. "Hey man, this does look sorta like shit," I mumbled to myself and anyone else who happened to give a shit.

James no sooner digested my evaluation of his creative abilities, than he proceeded to tackle my critical ass through the bar door and over half a dozen tables. Somewhere between the sawdust and glass we became the best of friends, and I encouraged his obscure, fledgling talents.

Since then, Mr. James has had his brush on many a motorcycle paint job, priding himself on the bizarre and strange. For a while he worked magic on ladies' nails, using his ability to paint on small surfaces. Then, in 1984, he began painting the faces of clocks. He painted five the first year, but as his talent grew so did the silk screen technology. He soon found himself in the streets, starting his own operation. He now creates clocks from the ground up, beginning with just a large, flat easel of steel and an idea. He puts the acrylics on, designs the lettering, and instructs the neon fashioner in the style of neon he feels would most enhance the piece.

"Shipping is a bitch," he said,"but we've still sent a dozen pieces overseas." These fragile timepieces take from three to six weeks to make, and he's made 'em for the likes of us (in our last catalog), other rags, movie stars, shops, and club houses. This California boy is making his way in the world, driven by motorcycles and his own artistic abilities.

He's still a mad dog, riding and rippin' through the streets on the same old shovel (now it's black, though) and a semi-stock, knuckle rat. He's not as crazed, though. Ya can't handle neon with a temper—it's as delicate as a glass toothpick.

—Wilburn Roach

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Something Big Is Coming.

FOXY RIDER

Kelly Ann McCloud, Minneapolis, Minnesota
1980 Low Rider

No wonder she was picked outta the crowded hotel parking lot in Sturgis last year. Yeah, ol' Billy Tinney (one of our photogs) ain't no fool. Beautiful gal, beautiful bike, and ditto for her ol' man, Sam.

Kelly sailed into Sam's life about three years ago on Lake Minnetonka, Minnesota, where Sam has his summer pad. Kelly was out boating with her sister and friends, and they ended up crashin' his Fourth of July party.

She waited until three weeks after the party to give him a call—and they've been together ever since.

Kelly originally picked out this '80 Low Rider a couple of years ago for the ol' man. He then found the '89 Heritage Softail you see him on, and gave the ol' lady his bike.

Kelly, like a smart girl, took a rider training course with the Motorcycle Riders Foundation (MRF) to learn how to pilot her new bike. Ten years of packin' gave her a definite head start.

They store their bikes in Las Vegas during the winter, and fly down once a month to ride.

Between the two of 'em, they have a happy brood of five kids. Sam's an attorney, and Kelly works in his law office. The saying on her bike, ``Innocence is a state of mind'' is one of Sam's mottos.

Sam also thought up the design on the other side of her tank, and the self-portrait on his bike. It's nice to know that one of America's legal representatives is one of us.

As you can probably tell, this is one special couple that I hope share many happy years together in the wind.

—Calamity

Year: 1980 Low Rider

Model: FXE

Engine: 80 cubic inch shovelhead, S&S carb

Transmission: stock

Wheels: chromed

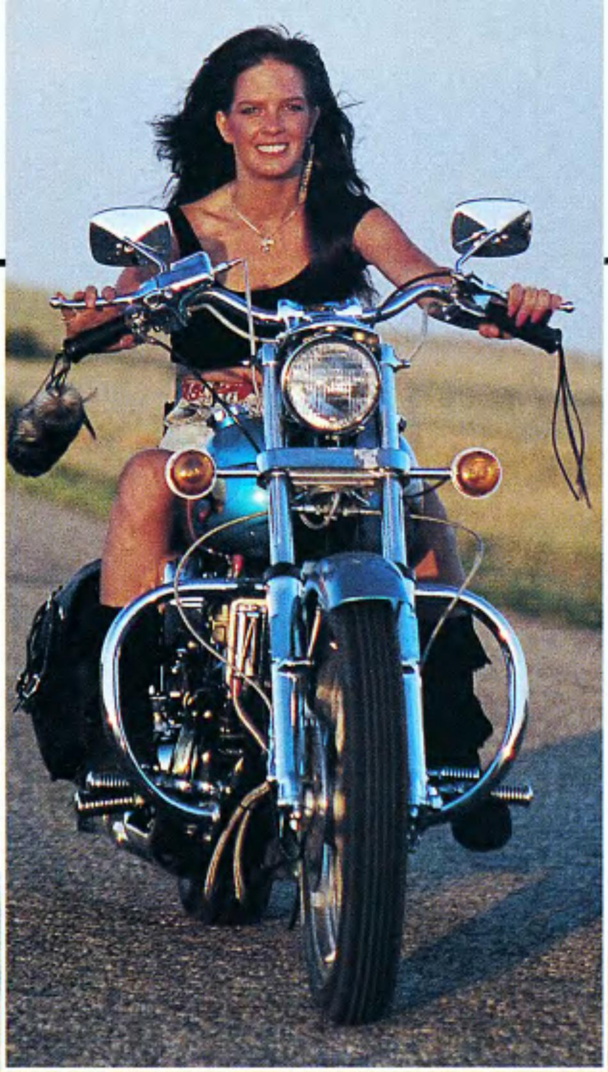
Accessories: has a kick starter

Paint: Mallard Teal, airbrush artwork by Pat Leaman, design by Sam McCloud

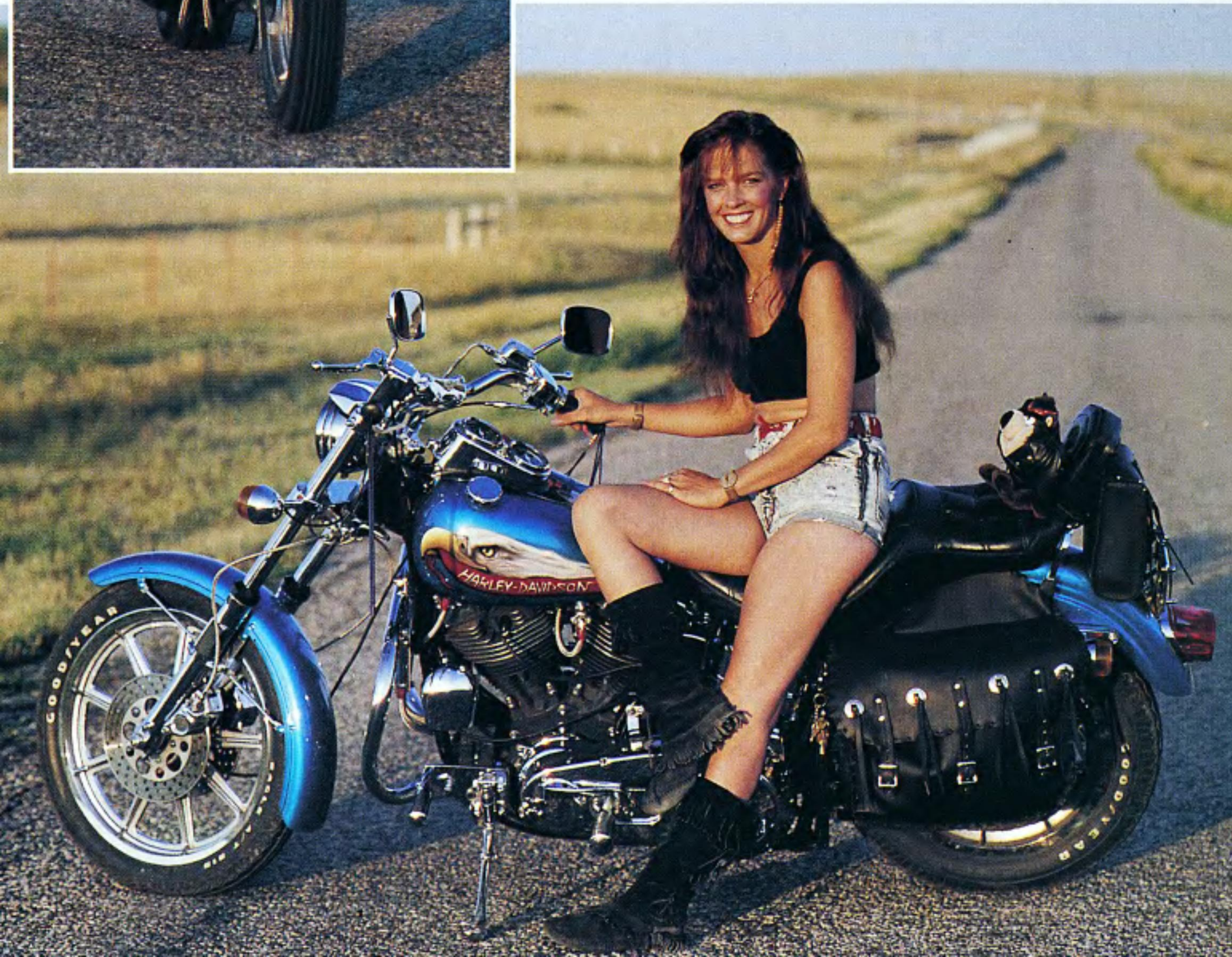
Forks: stock

Special modifications: lots of chrome by Joe Hosch

Credits: Special thanks to my ol' man Sam for gettin' me up and riding on my own, givin' me the bike, and designing the artwork with me.



Photos By Billy Tinney



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Desert Inn	¾ mile north of Main Street	4	88	Street/Ocean
Clarendon Plaza	½ mile north of Main Street	8	82	Street/Ocean
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Easynews

"If it's of interest to bikers, we'll print it."

Motorcycle Accidents — The Facts

Anyone who's straddled a two-wheeler has been confronted with questions about the dangers of motorcycling. Most bikers are ill-prepared for such hard-hitting questions and will skirt the issue or brush it off with a response like, "Those are the risks you take." This is only because most motorcyclists are unaware of the true facts and statistics about motorcycle accidents and are basing their response on the same information that shapes, and often distorts, the general public's view of motorcycling.

This misconception is fueled by the fact that motorcycles typically appear in the media only when they are involved in a serious accident or are the target of some form of legislation to make riding "safer" (which inevitably leads to the reporting of such negative statistics as how many people were killed on bikes, how many suffered serious injury, how much their hospital expenses were, etc.). The end result of this bad publicity is a flawed public perception of motorcycles and the people who ride them.

Compounding the negative image is Big Brother's constant push for helmet laws, mandatory medical insurance and other types of "safety legislation" that leaves John Q. Citizen with the impression that motorcycles *must* be dangerous to warrant such special treatment.

Somewhere in all the hoopla are some facts that "they" never tell us, such as: According to the latest statistics from the National Safety Council (NSC), in 1988 Americans registered 188 million automobiles and 4.4 million motorcycles. Of these, 36 million vehicles were involved in 21 million accidents which left 6 million people injured (nearly 2 million of them disabled) and 49,000 dead. Meanwhile, the NSC estimates that 370,000 motorcycles, scooters, and mopeds, were involved in accidents which resulted in 460,000 people injured (both minor and severe) and 4,180 rider fatalities (including 380 scooter and moped operators).

So, what do all these grisly figures tell us?

First off, the NSC claims that motorcycles comprise 3% of the overall vehicle population, yet account for *only* 1.1% of the vehicles involved in accidents—a significantly low rate of involvement!

Furthermore, figures derived from Motorcycle Safety Foundation data indicate that only 2.86% of all registered motorcycles last year were involved in "reported" accidents (though many minor accidents go unreported), and only 2.81% *of those* resulted in fatalities.

Therefore, *your* chances of an accident-free year are pretty good at about 35-1, compared to an auto driver's chances of only 5-1.

On the downside, however, although motorcycles are vastly underrepresented in collision involvement, they are responsible for 6.3% of all motor vehicle fatalities and 7.4% of overall injuries.

What all this means is that a motorcycle is far less likely to be involved in an accident but, due to bodily exposure, the motorcyclist is more likely to be hurt or killed *if they do* crash.

Since the key to survival is accident avoidance, what can you do to further reduce your risk of being in an accident?

This question leads us to another set of data compiled by University of Southern California researcher Harry Hurt.

According to Hurt's famous report, 1/4 of the accidents investigated were solo spills; 66% of which were attributed to rider error. Of the multi-vehicle collisions, 2/3 were the fault of the other driver—but even in these accidents the motorcyclists showed a definite lack of aptitude regarding collision avoidance: just 17% used both front and rear brakes, only 16% chose the proper evasive action and 32% *did nothing at all to avoid the accident!* It's not surprising that 92% had *no formal rider training*, more than half had *less than 6 months experience*, and 45.5% had *no motorcycle license*.

What we see here is evidence that untrained, inexperienced riders are responsible for the lion's share of the accidents and resulting injuries/fatalities that, in the public's eye, *all* motorcyclists and the industry are held accountable for. Do we answer with a call for more training and better licensing standards, or do we let the public, press, and legislatures, continue thinking that motorcycles are inherently dangerous objects?

The irony is that today's motorcycles are the safest two-wheeled machines ever built. In the hands of a trained rider, the performance, handling, and braking capabilities of a modern motorcycle would virtually guarantee a safe trip every time—the key word being "trained."

Motorcycles *are* safe, but we need to make sure *motorcyclists* are safe too! —Bikers Against Manslaughter

MRF To Raffle Off Ness/Mann Bike at Sturgis

In an effort to come up with funds for its continued struggle against a nationwide helmet law, the Motorcycle Riders Foundation (MRF) is going to raffle off a 1990 model Harley-Davidson at this year's Black Hills Motorcycle Classic in Sturgis. The bike, an FXRS, will be customized by Arlen Ness and get a paint job from none other than Dave Mann. It will be a one-of-a-kind bike if there ever was one.

The proceedings of the raffle will go to the support of MRF's efforts to fight Senator John Chafee's helmet bill, S-1007, as well as maintaining an office in Washington, D.C., to be able to keep abreast of political developments and how they affect the biking world.

Photo by Kim Peterson

Collaborators in the bike raffle to fight the National Helmet Law, David Mann (Easyriders and V-Twin artist), Mike "Balls" Farabaugh, and Arlen Ness the customizer.

More than 600 Harley-Davidson dealers across the country are being asked to donate $100 or more toward the bike, and anybody can buy raffle tickets from those dealers who have contributed as well as from state motorcycle rights groups.

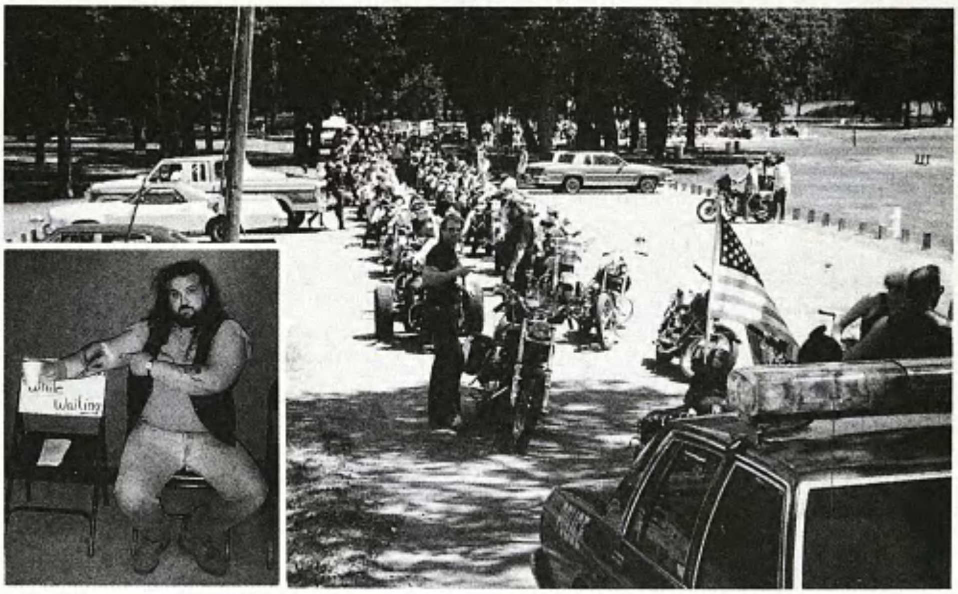
The one-of-a-kind FXRS will be on display not only during Bike Week in Daytona, but at a number of participating Harley dealers around the country.

MRF Chairman of the Board, Mike "Balls" Farabaugh, said, "I feel it's of primary importance to again stress that the MRF has opened a full-time office in the capital. We will be monitoring all legislation dealing with motorcycling, in total cooperation with the American Motorcyclist Association's government relations division. These efforts of team work can only prove beneficial in helping monitor more than 500 separate pieces of legislation introduced annually."

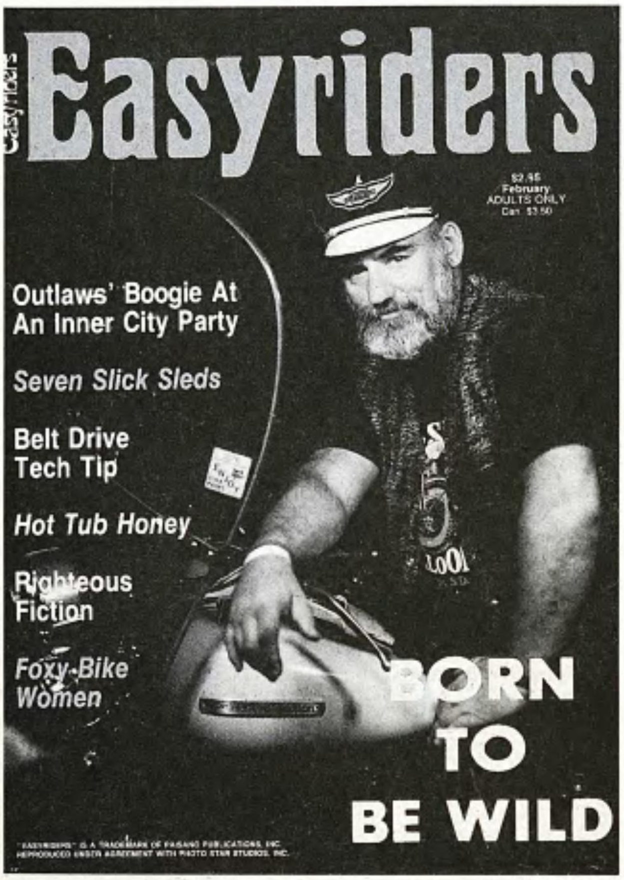
Other contributions for the efforts of beating S-1007 can be sent to: MRF, Box 11153, Minneapolis, MN 55411. Anybody having questions regarding the MRF or this project can call Wayne Curtin, National Director of the MRF, at (202) 543-5134, or Michael Farabaugh, Chairman of the Board, at (219) 272-8367.

ABATE of North Dakota gives toys and blood

If the folks at the Grand Forks County Social Services in North Dakota have been busy giving out toys to children this Christmas, it is primarily due to the efforts of the Grand Forks chapter of ABATE of North Dakota. Some 300 members participated in a "Blood and Toy Run" last August, in which each participant carried at least one toy. Another 21 members also donated blood at a United Hospital DAK MINN mobile blood bank at the Columbia Mall in Grand Forks. "We are supposed to be big, bad bikers," said Rick Clow, ABATE's Grand Forks district president, "but when when the needles came out, a lot of guys got queasy."



Easyridin' Mayor Wins Re-election By Landslide



Jim Brady

Three months ago (ER #198) we told you about Jim Brady, the mayor of Dubuque, Iowa, in the pages of our Hall O' Fame. We told you that Jim Brady has been ridin' for many years, that he participates in anti-helmet-law protests, has been to Sturgis a few times, and in general is one hell of a nice guy.

Well, we had to do a follow-up on the story, because his appearance in our rag coincided with his runnin' for re-election for his third term as mayor, and apparently he was in deep trouble because of us. His opponent, Mike Pratt, and his cronies tried to use some smear tactics to discredit the honorable mayor, claimin' that our rag was a porno rag and that "the article reflects negatively on our community..."

But Pratt's pranks backfired. Apparently the community was angered by his tactics, and on election day, November 7, Jim Brady had an easy ride to a landslide victory, winning almost twice the votes his opponent did.

Said a cheerful Brady, "I was happy to be in the magazine. It's a magazine dedicated to the American motorcycle, and I'm proud of riding a Harley. He (Pratt) tried to put me down, and it didn't work. He lost."

Just desserts, ya might say. But it wouldn't have been possible without the voters in Dubuque, who recognized the real thing when they saw it. And if Brady was quoted in one of the local papers as saying that he's proud to be picture in the December issue of **Easyriders**, it would only be fair to quote ourselves as sayin', "We're proud to have you, Jim."

Insuring Angels: It's A Dirty Job...

It's easy to get vicious over some stupid ad depictin' bikers as some lowlife, ignorant varmint struttin' 'cross the ad page, representin' the citizen's idea of what he and his lifestyle are all about. Can't say that we didn't enjoy writin' 'bout them "Tupperware Towers," fer instance, coupla issues back.

But now, it seems advertisers are changin' tactics. Like politicians, they are gettin' better at cloudin' the issues and leavin' the public guessin' as to what the hell they're sayin', if anything. Take a look at this here ad by the Northwestern National Life Insurance Co. out of Minneapolis, recently seen pollutin' the pages of the *Wall Street Journal*, and tell me what it's supposed to say. It sure as hell confuses the shit outta me.

The top of the ad reads, "Even if your employees are angels..." First of all, who are all these people in the bottom half of the ad, and what do they want? Who's the prissy lookin' chick with the spike bracelet stuck in her right shoulder? Who's the biker holdin' her up? An angel? What kind of an angel? A Hells Angel?

Because "insuring their dependents can be scary," it goes on. Okay, do we have these biker-type folks in here to underline the "scary" factor? Do Hells Angels get life insurance with NWLN? And if it's so fuckin' scary to insure them, why advertise that?

Okay, forget them. How 'bout the lovely young couple to the left. How do they fit in? Is she tryin' to be a Fox Hunt winner when she grows up? And what's with her boyfriend's stick-on tattoo? They could have looked for a better "motif," at least. Whose chopper is this, anyway, and who's keepin' it up for the kid? Must be the chick behind him, 'cause if ya take off the bandana and the stick-on, the kid looks like he's never been on anythin' bigger than a tricycle.

Well, if this is startin' to sound really stupid to you, welcome to the club, because that's what this ad sounds and looks like on this side of the handle bars. I can't make heads or tails of it, and if any one of you can, let me know, cause I'd sure like to find out what's goin' on in the minds of those who think that they know us.

Besides, if they think these folks look scary, they're lucky they've never had to offer any insurance to my grandmother...

—Red Baron

Study shows: Helmets Can "Unplug" Brains.

A group of surgeons in Adelaide, Australia, has recently concluded a four-year study on helmets and has come to the conclusion that instead of preventing fatal injuries in motorcycle accidents, rigid, full-face helmets (the ones common in this country) can actually be the cause of death.

In what it describes as a world breakthrough, the Australian Crano-Facial Unit has discovered how helmets can cause the brain stem to be severed in impacts, leading to instant death. One researcher, Dr. Rodney Cooter, pointed out that while these helmets protected the face, they simultaneously transferred the force of impact through the chin strap into the jaw bone and then into the brain.

Says Dr. Cooter, "It's a lot like unplugging the brain. Victims of a judicial hanging can suffer the same injury." He and his team devised a special system of CAT scanning the helmets of crash victims and examined the skulls of the dead as well as the survivors.

Dr. Cooter said helmets had been traditionally designed by physicists and engineers whose main aim was to prevent damage to the front of the face, which ironically is the part of the head most capable of absorbing the impact of a collision.

The Australian government has therefore launched a new mission: the designing of new helmets created by joint efforts between medical and industrial groups. It is currently looking into finding someone to distribute them worldwide.

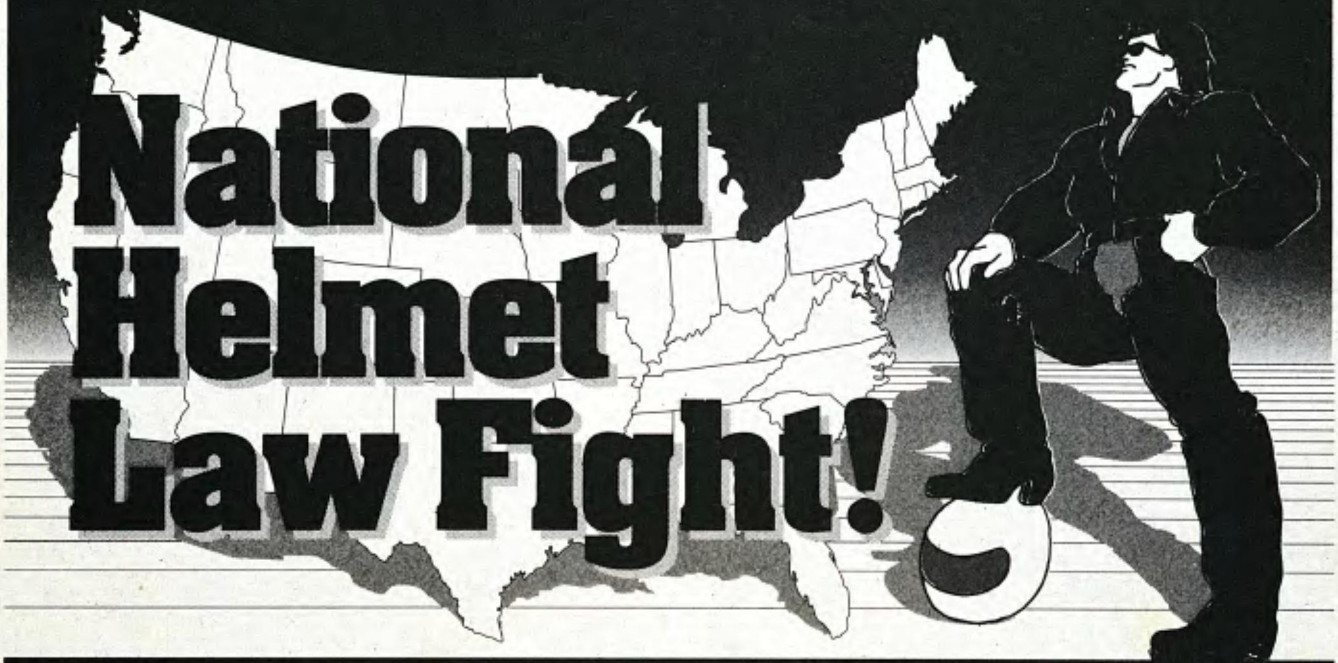
—From The West Australian

The Driving Force

Did you know that Harley is rapidly taking over the world market? And do you know where their two biggest export markets are? Japan and Canada—interesting....**Frank Krumweide Jr.** had been riding motorcycles for 40 years, until cancer and some strength-stealing surgery left him battling to balance the big bike. But Frank kept trying, and one day, after maneuvering the bike for a few miles, he fell over right in front of Otto Cain's Go Paint and Body Shop in Amarillo, Texas. A year later, Frank became the owner of a 1970, customized, to fit his disability, 1000cc Harley. Otto Cain and Joe Cartier, a friend of Franks, created a bike that stands only three inches off the ground. Brotherhood lives....**Elaine Horwitch Galleries** is displaying "Harleys and Indians," an exhibition of vintage motorcycles, in her galleries in Palm Springs, Calif., Scottsdale, Ariz., and Sante Fe, N.M. Watch for an opening in your area—we've hit the big time....**We blew it**, but fortunately Pissed Off in Minnesota pulled our chain. The brothers and sisters of ABATE of Minn., headed up by Pappy Haag, and the Minnesota Motorcycle Riders Association (MMRA), with lobbyist Bob Illingworth, met the helmet bill in the House Transportation Committee. First, they made sure the hearing would be held in a hall large enough to be attended by 1000 onlookers. Then, they made their case and gave each rider who attended a plaque with his/her district written on it. When the proper time came, the crowd displayed their plaques. The vote went 14 to 13 in their favor. That was the closest vote since 1976, when they repealed the law—congratulations....**Recently Bonnie**, our "What's Happenin'" wonder woman left her wallet on the back of her car and drove away from a local gas station. Mark Guthrie, a former rider who works for Mentor Graphics in Woodland Hills, California, picked it up, hunted her down, and returned it—thanks, Mark....**We'd like to take a moment** out for Lacey Packer, 10, from Reading, Mass., who was killed by a drunk driver while sitting on her father's parked motorcycle after a toy run....**Hey, our own Motorcycle Industry Council** is in favor of the National Helmet Law which is currently threatening us. The MIC is made up of every motorcycle manufacturer except Harley (fortunately). And they're concerned about sales?! You might want to write these guys who are causing us so much restrictive trouble: MIC, 2 Jenner St. #150, Irvine, CA 92718....**And one more personal note.** Gypsy from Pittsburgh, Pa., wrote and asked us to wish her ol' man Happy Birthday. We took a vote, passed around a couple of memos, had a few beers over the discussion, and never decided a damn thing. Happy Birthday, Nasty Nick....**Remember Assemblyman Floyd** from California, who for two years introduced a helmet law? Both times the Governor vetoed the measure. Now, Floyd wants to legalize betting on football games—he's a popular guy....**It's astounding to me** that the industry and legislatures continue to push for helmets. In Oregon, which recently passed a helmet law by referendum, a jury concluded that a defective football helmet caused a former high school athlete to suffer a severe brain injury and has awarded him $11.2 million. The player, Richard Austria, then 16, now 20, has severe, irreversible mental and physical impairments and requires 24-hour care....**Good news for the ladies.** Leather and Lace, a growing women's motorcycle organization throughout the country, has just established a chapter in California. For more information, call Janice Brown at (805) 942-8199....**As a tribute** to the centennial year in the state of Washington, the 33 members of the East Pierce Chapter ABATE of Washington decided to create a charity run to the annual Rhythm and Blues Festival in Winthrop, Washington, on the northeast slopes of the North Cascades, (250 miles from Tacoma). The town was initially skeptical, but on July 28 the run went off without a hitch. The ABATE group ultimately sent a $1,527 check to Julia Bell of the Washington State Society of Deaf Children. Now the town and the riders are anxiously awaiting next year's event....**Alan Hogan of Lynn, city of sin,** Massachusetts tried to grab a steak at a local eatery recently. Well, the owner of the Bridgeside Restaurant and Pub refused Alan service 'cause he was wearing his HA colors. Alan held his cool and casually picked up the phone and filed a civil complaint against the Salem restaurant. He then contacted the attorney general's office—that'll teach 'em .

MOTORCYCLE RIDERS FOUNDATION, INC.

National Helmet Law Fight!



MOTORCYCLE GIVE-AWAY

Attention: America's Freedom Fighters

As you may know, S.1007, a bill that would make helmet and seat belt use mandatory in all 50 states, was recently heard in a Subcommittee of the U.S. Senate. S.1007 is another national law aimed at motorcycling and it may not seem important. However, think back two years ago when the so-call superbikes were under attack. Congress and insurance companies backed off because of us —the motorcycle enthusiast and the motorcyclists rights organizations.

The Motorcycle Riders Foundation, working closely with the American Motorcyclist Association, was invited to testify before the Senate Subcommittee on October 17. We were up against a stacked deck and we did an excellent job of refuting the one-sided testimony presented to the Subcommittee.

To successfully defeat S.1007 and continue to monitor potentially damaging legislation in Washington, the MRF, with the support of over 30 state motorcycle rights organizations, has placed a full-time person in Washington. Obviously, this is a costly endeavor.

•Winner need not be present to win. All funds to be accounted by Richard Paukner, C.P.A. For information on the winner(s), send a self-addressed stamped envelope to MRF, P.O. Box 11153, Minneapolis, MN 55411. The modifications to the motorcycle are subject to limitations and disclaimers. For further information write the MRF, P.O. Box 1808, Washington, DC 20013. Void where prohibited by law, subject to all federal, state and local laws. Winner may be required to execute an affidavit of eligibility and liability release. Winners are responsible for applicable registration fees and taxes. Harley-Davidson® and FXRS® are trademarks of Harley-Davidson, Inc. ©1989 MRF, Inc.

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Arlen Ness

Paint Illustration by

David Mann

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Rat's Hole Custom Chopper Show
During the 50th Annual Black Hills Classic 1990

In May of this year the MRF began working on a plan to finance our efforts in Washington. The Motorcycle Riders Foundation has opened a full-time office in Washington, D.C. We will be monitoring ALL legislation dealing with motorcycling, in total cooperation with the American Motorcyclist Associations Government Relations division. These efforts of team work can only prove beneficial in helping monitor more than 500 separate pieces of legislation that are introduced annually. —Help us to help you!

In an effort to raise funding for the MRF a Limited Edition of 1, 1990 Harley-Davidson FXRS Custom is to be detailed by Harley-Davidson owner and custom motorcycle builder **Arlen Ness**, with a special paint job designed by **David Mann**, Harley-Davidson owner and artist for Easyriders magazine; –This will be the only motorcycle David Mann and Arlen Ness have ever built and painted together.

Tickets will be available, for a $2.00 donation, from your state motorcycle rights organizations and supporting Harley-Davidson dealers across the nation, or call (612) 522-8024 for info.

If you have any questions regarding the Motorcycle Riders Foundation, this project, or S.1007, please feel free to call; Wayne Curtin, National Director of the MRF, at 202-944-4920; or Michael Farabaugh, Chairman of the Board, at 219-674-6441.

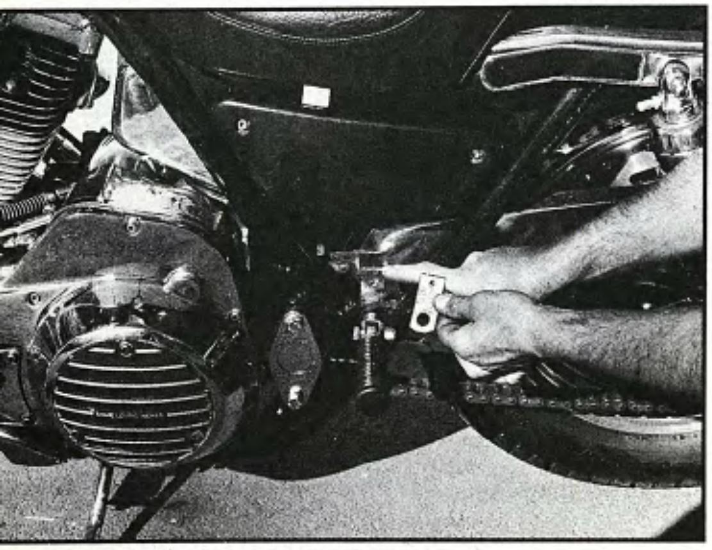
Motorcycle Riders Foundation, Inc., P.O. Box 1808, Washington, DC 20013-1808 • (202)944-4920

Taylor Made

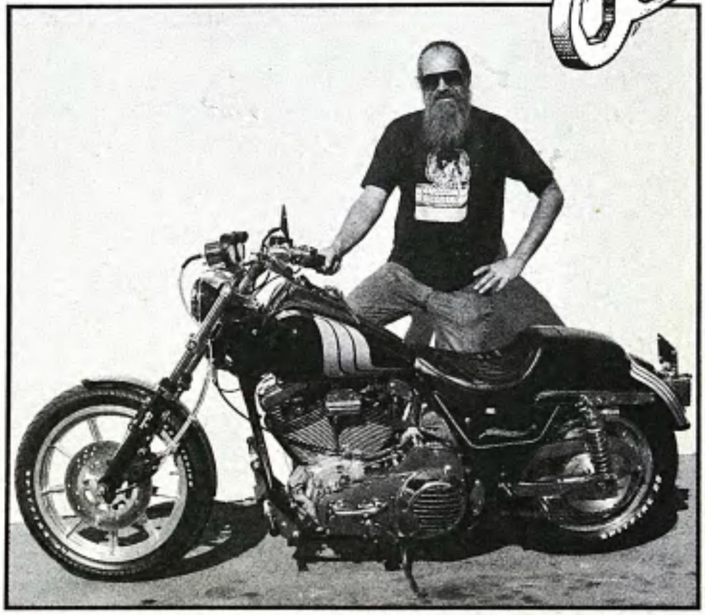
Tech Tip

Speed panels for FXRs

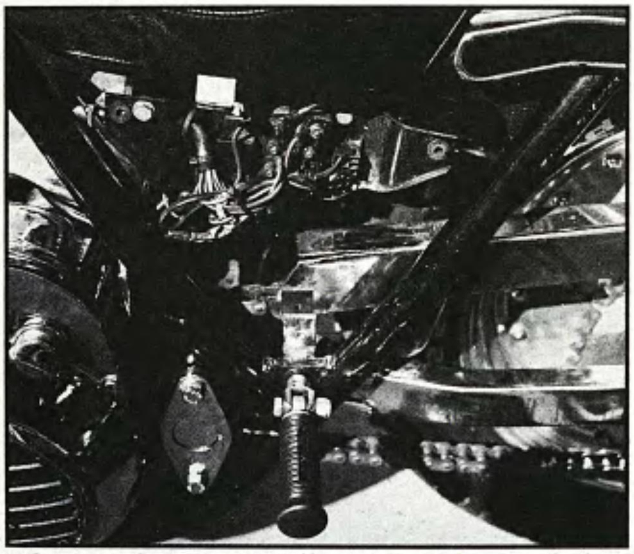
Photos by Smokey



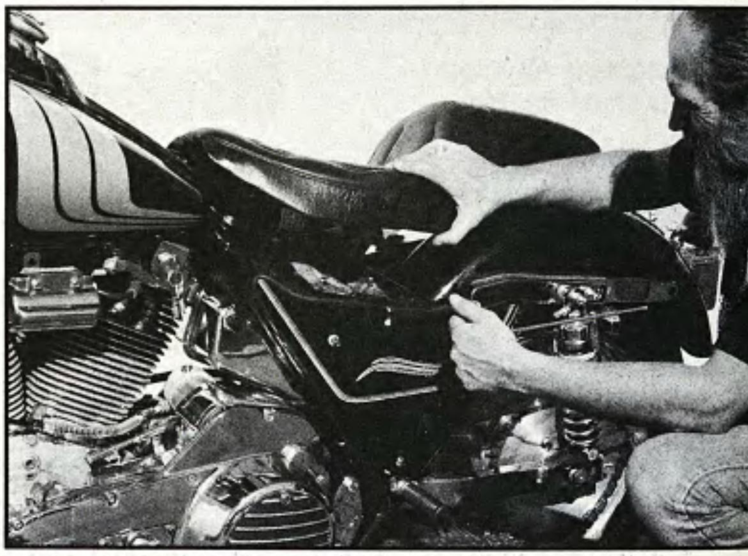
Supplied tab held on at back of footpeg.



The man himself, behind his quick and dirty FXR.



Circuit breaker cover must be shitcanned.



See, even the seat latch still works primo.

A year and a half ago, this road racin' El Forestero out of Kansas, Skip Taylor, came up with an idea to sanitize FXRs. Sure, they're fast with the right exhaust, cam, carb and head work, but the frames still look Jap. His concept was a good one and in three months he had developed a mold to make these puppies universal. They're even notched to fit into the factory seat latch.

Installation is a breeze. You just use the stock bolts for the top two holes and one more screw fastened to the accompanying support bracket, which you bolt to the back of the foot peg bracket, and it's in there. Skip designed two models: one for 1982 to 1986 and another for 1987 to 1990 FXRs.

Putting them on takes less than 45 minutes and they can be painted with anything. It's not a bad idea to run FXR dash rubber molding around the edges for the finished look and Super Glue the rubber grommets in place so they don't pop off during removal or installation. Note in the photos that the left side circuit breaker cover needs to be removed. That's about all there is to it.

Skip put the final touches on his design while working at a shop belonging to a friend of mine, Micah McCloskey's on Sherman Way in Canoga Park, California. You can call for more information at Micah's, or they'll paint a set and install 'em for ya, (818) 348-8967. Or order them direct from Skip Taylor Custom Engineering, 16517 Gledhill St., Sepulveda, CA 91343, (818) 894-4979. For you Midwestern bros, Skip's panel can be found at Worth's H-D North on Oak in Gladstone, Michigan. And finally, Gary Bang is helping Skip get the ball rolling by distributing the FXR panels.

It's a rush to see brothers take their talents and apply them to motorcycles. I wish Skip the best of luck.

—Wrench

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In answer to the many inquiries regarding the A.I.M. attorney track record and an attempt to keep motorcyclists informed as to the results of the continuing battle for their legal rights, we submit the following case study.

MOTORCYCLE versus CAR — HIGHWAY ACCIDENT
$500,000 Policy limit settlement.
Wrongful death $250,000. Bodily injury plus negligent infliction of emotional stress $250,000.

FACTS: Motorcyclist and his wife were on a ride to a neighboring state on a rural highway. Without notice, an approaching car turned left into a campground. Speed was not a factor and the defendant driver stated the all too common, "I didn't see you."

INJURIES: This unfortunate accident resulted in the death of the passenger (wife). The motorcyclists suffered fracture of the left patella and multiple fractures of the right hand plus the possibility of a compression fracture of the T-12 vertebrae. In addition, as was pointed out to the insurance company, the severe emotional trauma of watching his wife succumb to her head injury.

RESULTS: The case was handled by one of the California offices, since the motorcyclist was a resident of that state. Legal assistance was provided by one of the Arizona A.I.M. attorneys. This was an excellent example and result of how the A.I.M. network of attorneys work toward the benefit of the injured biker. The insurance company at first, was willing only to pay to the only heir (husband) the $250,000 for the wrongful death of the spouse and considerably less for the physical injuries of the motorcyclist. The use of Arizona law provided by our A.I.M. Attorney clearly showed that the motorcyclist/husband was also entitled to recover for his emotional damages. The full $500,000 (250/250) was obtained.

BIKER HALL O' FAME

Brothers and sisters who stand out in the crowd

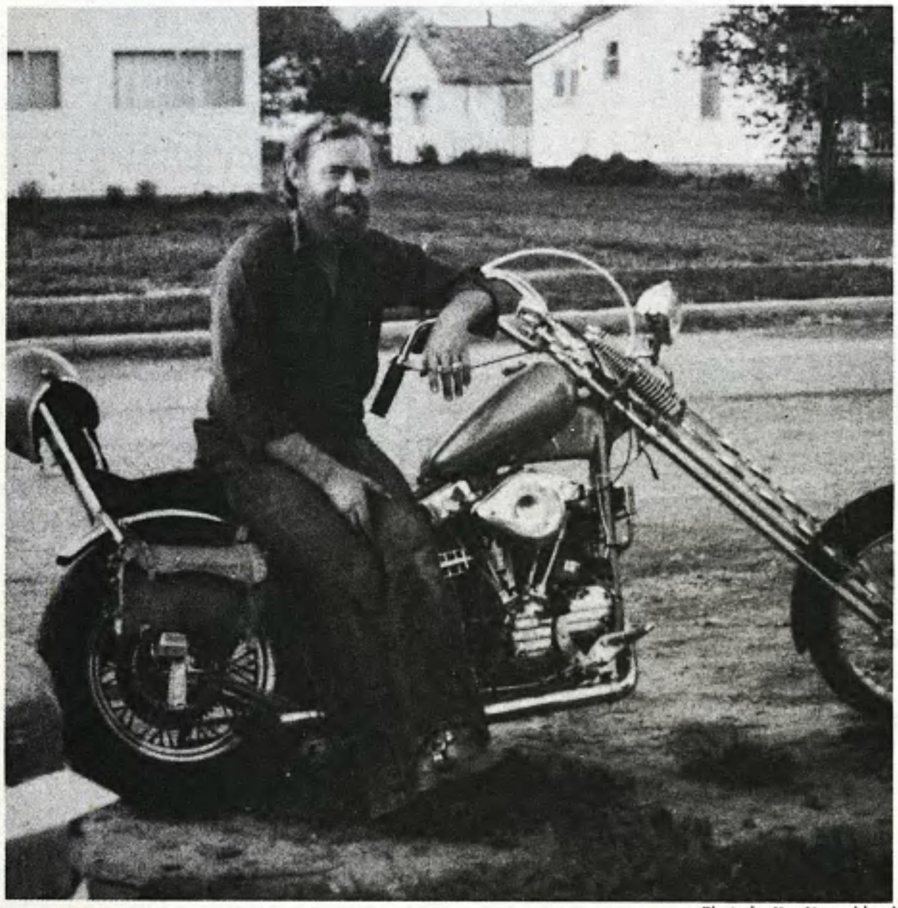

Photo by Kay Youngblood

Fred Youngblood, Jasper, Missouri

Fred fell in love with motorcycles at the age of seven. He was 12 when he got his first Whizzer, and some 30 years later, Fred not only rides a '57 rigid with a 16" over springer that he's had for the past 14 years and has a wife who rides, but he also runs his own bike shop, Fred's Custom Cycles.

But that's not why he's here. Fred is also a mayor (yep, our third one). Specifically, he's the mayor of Jasper, a small town of about a thousand souls in the southwest corner of Missouri.

"I had always taken from society, and after I turned 40, I felt the need to put some of it back," he says. He was on the Jasper city council for three years, before he decided to run for mayor last year.

Although he's not actively involved with biking issues on a national or state level, Fred does use his influence as mayor to change things in his home town, "like the thing about nosin' your bike into a curb. We've just made that legal a while ago here in Jasper."

And while he's all for the mandatory helmet law being repealed in his state, he doesn't think it's goin' to happen anytime soon. "The lawmakers here are all too old, they think the old way," he says. "We need to not only educate all the riders, but the lawmakers as well, if we want change."

But that's a big step, and ya gotta start small. So, for the time bein', Jasper, Mo., has become a very biker-friendly town, and Fred Youngblood aims to keep it that way.

–Red Baron

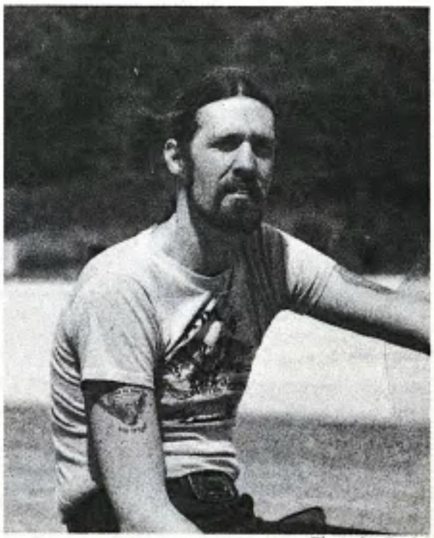

Photo by Becky

Jesse McDugald, Charleston, S.C.

Jesse's been around and active with ABATE groups for so long, they call him the Godfather of ABATE of South Carolina. Matter of fact, he's still got his original ABATE membership card from when Lou Kimzey signed it for him in 1972.

What's different about Jesse and how he approaches motorcycle-related legislation—what he calls the gospel according to Jesse—is that he focuses on the positive aspects. For instance, ABATE of S.C. regularly holds "helmet law support rallies," which might lead ya to believe that he's in support of a mandatory helmet law.

Well, things couldn't be different. When the helmet law in South Carolina got amended (as opposed to repealed) so that it became a matter of choice for anyone above the age of 21, Jesse made sure that every so often he and his groups would go out in support of this amendment and show an appreciation of this helmet law. "It confuses our enemies," he says, "but it makes it clear to everyone else, because we're in support of an already existing law."

As state coordinator he tries to work on "our weakest links in the chain." He doesn't spend time "head hunting" for new members, preferring to focus his efforts on educating and encouraging those who are part of his group to act on their own instincts and needs for their freedom.

"In too many rallies and meetings the bottom line always ends up as money," Jesse explains, "but money doesn't buy freedom. That's an individual effort."

Just ask the Czechs.

–Red Baron

Independent Bikers Association (IBA)
Chillicothe, Ohio

It all started back in Chillicothe, Ohio, at the 1988 **Easyriders** Motorcycle Rodeo, when some members of the Independent Bikers Association (IBA) were selling beer. All their profits went to fulfill a dream for 15-year-old Jamie Horsley, who has cystic fibrosis, a terminal disease.

Jamie and his mother first flew to L.A., where they were picked up by a couple of members of this staff inna limo and taken to the beach. There they enjoyed some outrageous fireworks before hittin' the sack. The next day the ultimate part of his dream came true as they continued on to Hawaii, where they were greeted by Ann Ireland of South Seas Cycle in Waipahu, just west of Pearl Harbor.

Photo by Todd Stone

Photo by Gypsy

A group of bikers proceeded to take them sightseeing around their tropical isle. Jamie had such a ball, that he wanted his mom to stay and get a job.

Ya might think, "well, that's mighty generous of these IBA guys, but it's gotta be a one-time shot." Not so. These people are generous to a fault. Why, just last year at the 1989 **Easyriders** Rodeo, they were at it again, sellin' that brew. This time their profits went straight into a 200-turkey investment to be doled out to Chillicothe's needy at their seventh annual Thanksgiving Turkey Give-Away. Not their first, but their seventh.

So you see, these folks have been doin' this for a while, and they'll be doin' it for a long time to come. Hats off to you, for demonstratin' to us all what it can mean to be a biker.

—Lean Mean Pond Scum Dean

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PASSIN' GAS

Face it — everybody can use a good laugh now and then. That ain't to say yer gonna find one on these pages, but whatdafuck, we hadda fill the the space somehow, and yer at least bound to run into a gut-grabbin' groaner or two — and they're almost as good. Think ya can do better? Prove it. Whip out yer best stuff (not your meat!) and slip it to us. We'll pay $25 in hard, American cash for every knee-slappin' newie or moldy oldie that we print. Sorry, but contributions can be neither acknowledged nor returned. Send yer smilers to Jokes, Box 3000, Agoura Hills, CA 91301.

"The bad news is I sneezed during your vasectomy. The good news is that now you'll sing just like Michael Jackson!"

"Well, at least he died happy—I was sitting on his face."

The graybeard biker had been taking out a middle-aged chick who had a nice-looking 17-year-old daughter. One evening, the couple was sitting around on the couch, watching TV and playing a little grab-and-tickle, and the woman asked the old bro, "Honey, if my daughter and I were trapped in a burning house, and you could only save one of us, which would it be?"

The biker considered a minute and said, "Well, darlin', I guess I'd hafta save yer kid."

"Oh, sugar," she gushed, throwing her arms around him, "you're so noble!"

"Not really," replied the biker. "After all, I've already fucked *you*."

—Curtis Wright
Represa, Calif.

Definition of *proctologist*: a crack investigator.

—Morris
Keepin' On

When the biker heard that the local liquor store was having a going-out-of-business sale, he hopped on his Hog and headed downtown to stock up. When he got there, there was a line all the way around the block, and after a couple of hours of waiting, he asked the next dude in line to save his spot while he went home to throw a fast fuck into his ol' lady.

The biker couldn't have been gone longer than 15 minutes before he was back to reclaim his spot, and the guy in line remarked, "Shit, that *was* a quickie, wasn't it?"

"Naw, man," said the bro. "The fuckin' line was even longer at home."

—Gene
Ft. Dodge, Iowa

Bigamy is having one wife too many. Monogamy is the same.

—Bohnunk
New York, N.Y.

What do prisons and chicks both have in common?

They're both easier to get into the second time around.

—Tony
Jefferson City, Mo.

A congressional investigative task force finally figured out who squealed on the Pentagon for buying all those expensive toilet seats: it was a stool pigeon.

—Herm Albright
Indy

What's the difference between a rabid pit bull and yer ol' lady on the rag?

Lipstick.

—Mr. Right
West Coast

Didja hear about the bro who was engaged to a contortionist? Everything was going just fine until she broke it off.

—Lee
Pothole, Pa.

The bro had no sooner come through the door after work when his ol' lady greeted him with a passionate kiss. Then she pulled him into the bedroom, pushed him down on the bed, unzipped his Levi's, and began to suck his crank.

As soon as the biker shot his load, he stared at his ol' lady for a long moment and said, "Awright, bitch, what'd ya do to the car this time?"

—Kippy
Tehachapi, Calif.

"You're right, Earl . . . it takes a real asshole to run over a guy's hemorrhoids!"

"Whaddaya mean, *I'm* a lousy lay?" the pissed-off ol' lady screamed. "How the fuck can ya tell in three seconds flat?"

—Keith Burr
Sarasota, Fla.

What's the funniest thing you can do at an old folks' home?

Wax the stairs and holler, "*FIRE!*"

—Catman
Inside

"Say, Bull," Tramp said to his riding partner, "how do ya like yer new job?"

"Shit, it's the pits, man—worst job I ever had," said Bull.

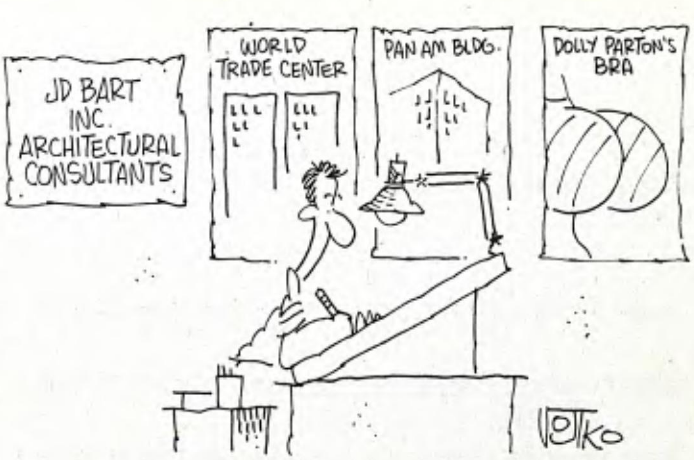
"Yeah? How long ya been there?"

"Oh, 'bout six months now."

"Fuck, why don't ya quit, then?"

"No way—this is the first time in 20 years I've looked forward to comin' home to the ol' lady."

—Jeff Jordan
Inside



. . . "And counsel will refrain, from calling the defendant 'the guilty sonuvabitch.'"

Whaddaya do when yer ol' lady turns 40 years old?

Change her for two 20s.

—Al Troxler
Greensboro, N.C.

Here's still *another* way to tell if yer ol' lady's gettin' too fat: when she starts keepin' her vibrator on a gun rack.

—Red Ryder
Doin' Time

Whaddaya call two skunks doin' a sixty-niner?

Odor Eaters.

—Rocky M.
USA

What do Roseanne Barr and an ocean liner have in common?

It takes three tugs to get them outta their slips.

—Greg LeMay
Oshkosh, Wis.

In the john at the neighborhood bar, a little guy was standing at one of the urinals, taking a leisurely piss. Suddenly the door banged open and a biker rushed in, frantically unzipped his jeans, pulled out an enormous 13-inch joint, and got to the pisser just in time.

As the biker relieved himself, he commented to the little guy, "Whew, I just made it, man."

The guy stared at the bro's huge dick and asked, "Hey, mister, can you make me one, too?"

—Fat Boy
Durango, Colo.

Then there was the dyslexic bro who loved to eat pussy—'course, he was always shitfaced.

—J.D.
USA

The biker walked into the bar and ordered a beer, which he quickly chugged down. "Ready for another one?" the bartender asked, and the bro peeked into his vest pocket, then said, "Yeah, gimme another one."

After finishing his second beer, the bartender again asked if he'd like another one, and again the biker peeked into his vest pocket before replying, "Sure, why not?"

The biker went through the same vest-peeking routine each time he ordered another beer. Finally, when the barkeep asked if he was ready for the next one, the bro checked his vest pocket, stood up, shook his head, and said, "Nope. Thanks, but I've had enough."

As he turned to leave, the curious bartender said, "Hey, friend, I've gotta know—every time I asked you if you wanted another beer, you looked in your pocket before you answered. So what's the deal?"

"Oh, that," replied the biker. "I gotta picture of my ex-ol' lady in there, and when she starts lookin' good, that's when I know it's time to quit."

—Melanie Cantu
Decatur, Ill.

It took Mad Mike quite a while, but he finally persuaded his latest hardbelly to let him into her pants—after he'd solemnly promised to stick only the head of his dick in.

Needless to say, as soon as Mad Mike got her undressed and started to penetrate her, it felt so good that he just couldn't resist. With a forceful thrust, he promptly buried his meat right up to the hilt.

"Oooh, baby, baby," she moaned with delight, "I changed my mind—gimme all of it!"

"Hell, no," said Mad Mike, thinking fast. "A promise is a promise."

—Uncle Durn
America

Then there was the farmer's daughter who got kicked out of the 4-H Club—she couldn't keep her calves together.

—Bert
Inside

Definition of *virgin*: a broad who hasn't yet met her maker.

—Russell Gant
Tenn. Colony, Tex.

"Yup, it's real slow today . . . if the boys didn't have Trixie up on the lube rack, I'd send everyone home."

Biker's Bulletin Board

If you would like your business included in the "Biker's Bulletin Board," seen by more than 2,500,000 readers every month, call (818) 889-8740.

ANTIQUE CYCLES

Antique Cycle Supply, Cedar Springs, MI 49319. Government surplus and genuine H-D parts Catalog $5.00, (616) 636-8200.

Bob's Cycle Supply, large catalog, only $3. Parts shipped UPS/COD. 4138 E. University, Phoenix, AZ 85034 (602) 437-0829.

ANTIQUE MOTORCYCLES & PARTS

Cycle Parts Emporium, Box 3458, Boone, NC 28607. (704) 297-2520. Send SASE for FREE parts list. We ship COD.

ART

Fantasy Art by Spanky, $10-$24.95 fantasy, prison & tattoo. Bikes, babes, bad boys, beasts. Full scenes. Matted prints in three sizes, Box 327, Ceres, CA 95307. More info. (209) 538-2462

BELT DRIVES

Super Max Belt Drives, 16501 S. Normandie Ave., Gardena, CA 90247. (213) 516-0500 or (213) 516-0511. Super Max available at:

Full-Blast Engineering, 3204 S. Walts, Sioux Falls, SD 57105. (605) 332-2659
Kokesh Motorcycle Accessories, 6525 University Ave. N.E., Minneapolis, MN 55432. (612) 571-3772.
MDO Modern Cycle, 15879 Redland Rd., Rockville, MD 20855. (301) 948-1704.
McNasty Motors, 11411 Cedar Ave., Bloomington, CA 92316. (714) 877-0154.
Earl's Cycle, 220 S. Columbia St., Gastonia, NC 28054. (704) 861-1226.
Harley-Davidson of Dallas, 3914 S. Shiloh Rd., Garland, TX 75041. (214) 864-4647.
Calles Chopperdelar, 340 36 Moheda, Sweden 0472-771 31.

Primo Belt Drives Inc., 6416 S. Western Ave., Whittier, CA 90606. (213) 692-8944. Catalog $2 (refundable).

BIKER BARS

Rainbow Tavern, T-shirts w/H-D design & bar logo on back. (S-XL), $12, cert. check, M/O or cash only. 3425 E. Benson Hwy., Tucson, AZ 85706. (602) 889-9165.

CARBURETORS

Rivera Engineering, Inc., SU Eliminator and Dell 'Orto Carburetors, 6416 S. Western Ave., Whittier, CA 90606. (213) 692-8944. Catalog $5 (refundable.).

CUSTOM PAINTS

Cross Country Colors By Kram/Airbrushing on leather and metal. RR 2-Box 380, Seeber Rd., Hastings, NY 13076. (315) 625-7405.

DEALERS WANTED

Fine-Line Prod., Inc.,2461 W. Center St., Milwaukee, WI 53206 All types of leather, jewelry, T-Shirts, tobacco, and gift accessories, call/write (414) 263-3000 FAX: (414) 263 2001 Wholesale Only.

FORKS

Forking by Frank (Frank's Maint. & Eng. Inc.), 945 Pitner, Evanston, IL 60202. (312) 475-1003.

GASKETS

Jan's Cycle Gaskets, for pans, shovels, Sportsters, & Evolutions. Dealers call or write for a FREE price book. Box 5790,Somerset, NJ 08875-5790 (201) 359-6611; FAX: (201) 359-5665.

HEADS

Flo Dynamics, 1150 Pike Lane, Oceano, CA 93445. (805) 481-6300.

HEAD JOBS

Newton Cycle & Leather, 115 S. Kansas Ave., Newton,KS 67114 No-Lead/All- American/Valve Job—complete $230-$240. (800) 284-1428. Service or leather catalog $2 (refundable).

JEWELRY

Brass Head, Inc., 68 Lamar St., W. Babylon, NY 11704. Spiked leather and chain jewelry. (516) 643-6060 (wholesale only).

Suffolk Casting Co./largest & finest selection of biker, solid sterling jewelry—new designs. Money-back guarantee. $3 catalog/refundable. 14 Larkfield Rd., E. Northport, NY 11731. 516-754-7604.

LEATHERS

S & S Clothing, Box 2263, Amarillo, TX 79105. (806) 374-8985.

Sleepy Hollow Saddle Bags Inc./free info. & price list. 105 S. 2nd St., Chesterton, IN 46304. (219) 926-1071, (800) 338-8625.

Purple Hog Leather, 668 Plumas St., Yuba City, CA 95991. (916) 673-0676. 3000 to 5000 garments in stock. Custom designs. Dealers OK.

MAIL ORDER

H & M Cycle Sales Inc., (H-D dealer), Our own 64-page catalog. $2 refundable on first order. P. O. Box 128, Dover, OH 44622 (216) 364-6519.

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Semel Custom Embroidered Patches, 76 Lexington Ave., Passaic, NJ 07055. (201) 473-6868. (201) 473-3959. Free quotes.

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"Showin' Class" ass-kickin' music by Easy Jake, cassette only. Send $13 Check or M/O to: Jake Jennelle Music, P. O. Box 2029, Anna Maria, FL 34216. Allow 3-6 wks. for delivery.

PERFORMANCE

Zipper's Performance Products/Evolutions, Sportsters, and shovelheads. Catalog only $1.00 9855-H Washington Blvd., Laurel, MD 20707. (301) 792-8248. FAX: (301) 725-2971

SALVAGE PARTS

Throttle Masters, H-D motorcycle & servi-car salvage. Surplus inventories bought and sold. 3921 S. Archer, Chicago, IL 60632. (312) 247-6114.

SECURITY

Bolt Security Systems/bug & video detectors, voice scramblers, night vision scopes and binoculars. $5 refundable. Box 798, La Ronge, Sask. Canada S0J 1L0. (306) 425-4162.

SPECIAL SERVICES

Bartels' Harley-Davidson, custom & high-performance motorcycles; XR750 & Buell. 8910 Washington Blvd., Culver City, CA 90230. (213) 838-3003.

TATTOOS

Eternal Tattoos/Tramp, Chris & Diablo. 27544 Plymouth Rd., Livonia, MI 48150. (313) 425-0428. 2537 E. Michigan, Ypsilanti, MI 48197, (313) 483-8383 "From Fantasy to Flesh."

TRANSPORTATION

D & D Motorcycle Service/Crafting and shipping from California to anywhere in the world. 1338 W. 228th St. , Torrance, CA 90501, (213) 530-5634.

TRIKE BODIES

Meynard's Bodies, custom fiberglass V.W., sport & fullsize, 10 metal-flake colors available. M-F, 6-10 p.m., S/S, 10 a.m.-10 p.m., R.R. #2, Box 243, Lawrence, KS 66046. (913) 842-6148.

T-SHIRTS

Barnett Harley-Davidson/from $11.95 ea. ($9.95 ea. additional), 5 colors, all designs in stock, shipped UPS/COD same day, 9501 Montana, El Paso, TX 79925. (915) 592-5804, (800) 736-8173.

Bro's Motorcycle Access., original flames on black, 100% cotton pocket T's, $21.95; regular Harley, $10.95. 23132-A La Cadena Drive, Laguna Hills, CA 92653. (714) 859-7706.

Harley-Davidson of Tucson, 5205 E. 22nd. St., Tuscon, AZ 85711. (602) 747-7304. Shipped UPS/COD.

S & S Clothing, Box 2263, Amarillo, TX 79105. (806) 374-8985.

Brooklyn H-D Sales Corp., $12 each, 2487 Coney Island Ave., Brooklyn, NY 11223. (718) 998-6666 (U.S. funds only).

Blue Ribbon Cycles Inc. *Easyriders*, H-D, custom designs. 2137 Dixie Ave., Smyrna, GA 30080. (404) 432-3614. Shipped UPS/COD.

Oakland Harley-Davidson, 744 E. 12th St., Oakland, CA 94606. Unique design $15. State size (S-XL) and color (black or white). Shipped UPS. Cert. check or money order only.

Woodstock Harley-Davidson, Inc., $12 (state size: S-XL). Mailing address: Route 212, Box 7320, Saugerties, NY 12477. (914) 679-7227.

Miller's Custom Parts, S-XL, $12.95, XXL-XXXXL $15.95, 1863 S. Ridgewood Ave., So. Daytona, FL 32019. (904) 761-0858.

Hacienda Harley-Davidson, $9.95 first shirt, $8.95 second. Heavy black 100% cotton, 5-color design. 918 Thatcher Blvd., Safford, AZ 85546. (602) 428-4700. (800)-BIKE4U2.

Harley-Davidson of Hempstead Inc., $12 ea., includes P&H; U.S. funds only; state size. 4 Laurel Ave., Hempstead, NY 11550. (516) 481-7100

Harley-Davidson of New York, Inc., 32-86 47th Street, New York, NY 11103. (718) 27[illegible]-1515. Large selection of styles & sizes – $10 and up.

Stubbs Cycles Harley-Davidson, $13, S-XL, (XX-XXXXL, $16), 4436 Telephone Rd., Houston, TX 77087. (713) 644-7535.

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The Head Masters, Box 3458, Mission, B.C., Canada V2V 5M2

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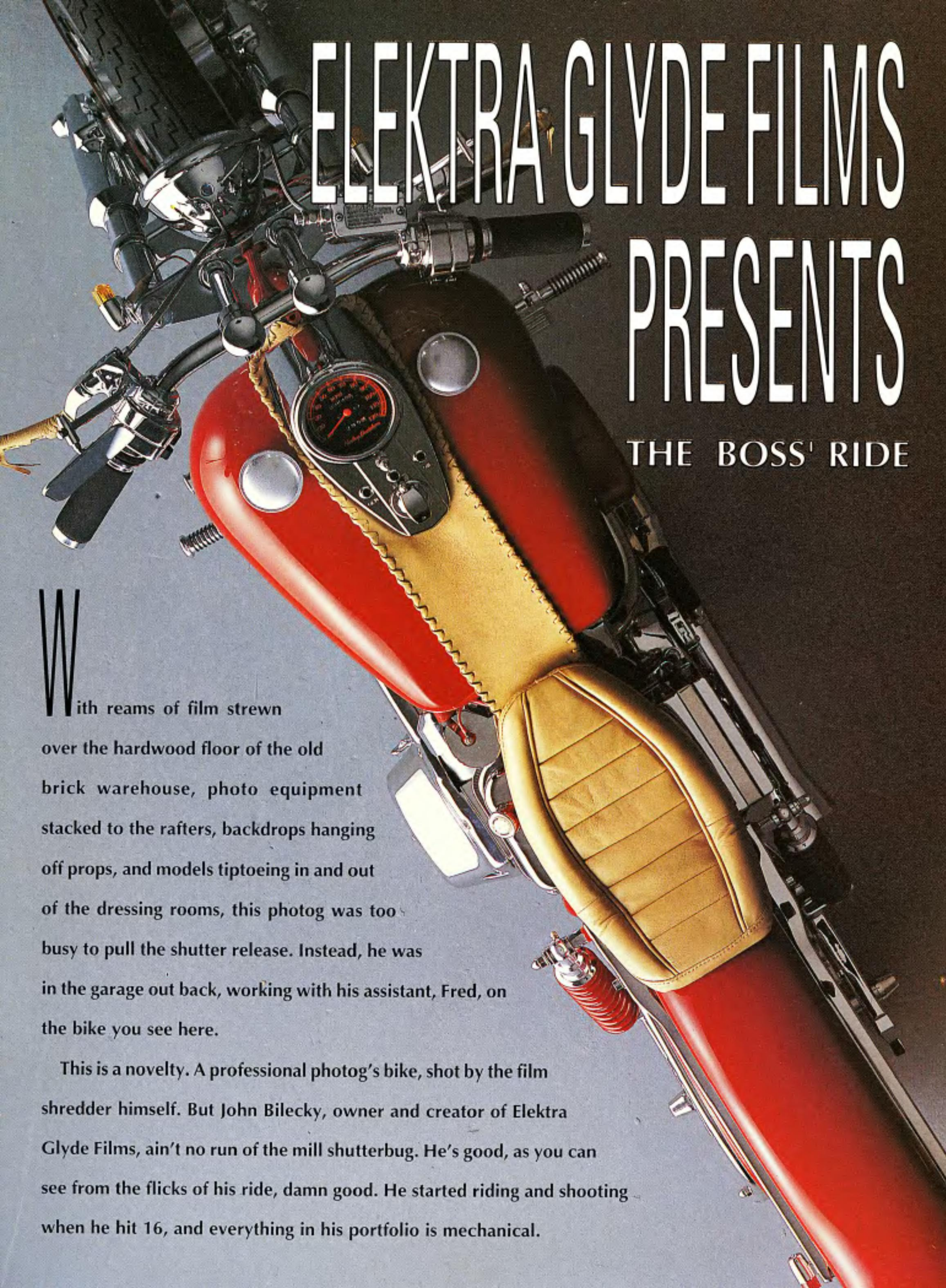
Custom Wheels, lacing & truing, stainless steel, spiral, diamond spokes avail. Tires, rims, hubs, complete wheel assy's. Polished stainless steel discs. Chrome serv. avail. Catalog $1. UPS shipping daily. 975 West St. Attleboro, MA 02703. (508) 222-498

Tell 'em you saw their name here!



ELEKTRA GLYDE FILMS PRESENTS

THE BOSS' RIDE

With reams of film strewn over the hardwood floor of the old brick warehouse, photo equipment stacked to the rafters, backdrops hanging off props, and models tiptoeing in and out of the dressing rooms, this photog was too busy to pull the shutter release. Instead, he was in the garage out back, working with his assistant, Fred, on the bike you see here.

This is a novelty. A professional photog's bike, shot by the film shredder himself. But John Bilecky, owner and creator of Elektra Glyde Films, ain't no run of the mill shutterbug. He's good, as you can see from the flicks of his ride, damn good. He started riding and shooting when he hit 16, and everything in his portfolio is mechanical.

John's first photographic job was in Pittsburgh shooting machinery and such—it's called industrial photography. But he escaped the mechanical end and went to New York to study and assist with the big ad agencies. At the tender age of 21, John copped a job with Boulevard Photographics in Detroit, shooting automobiles. Boulevard also has studios in L.A., London, Toronto, and Atlanta. He shot Fords, Chevys, Jap cars, sports cars, trucks, you name it. Then he was transferred to Atlanta, where he shot more cages for another five long years.

While looking through the lens at autos, he rode motorcycles. His first riding years were

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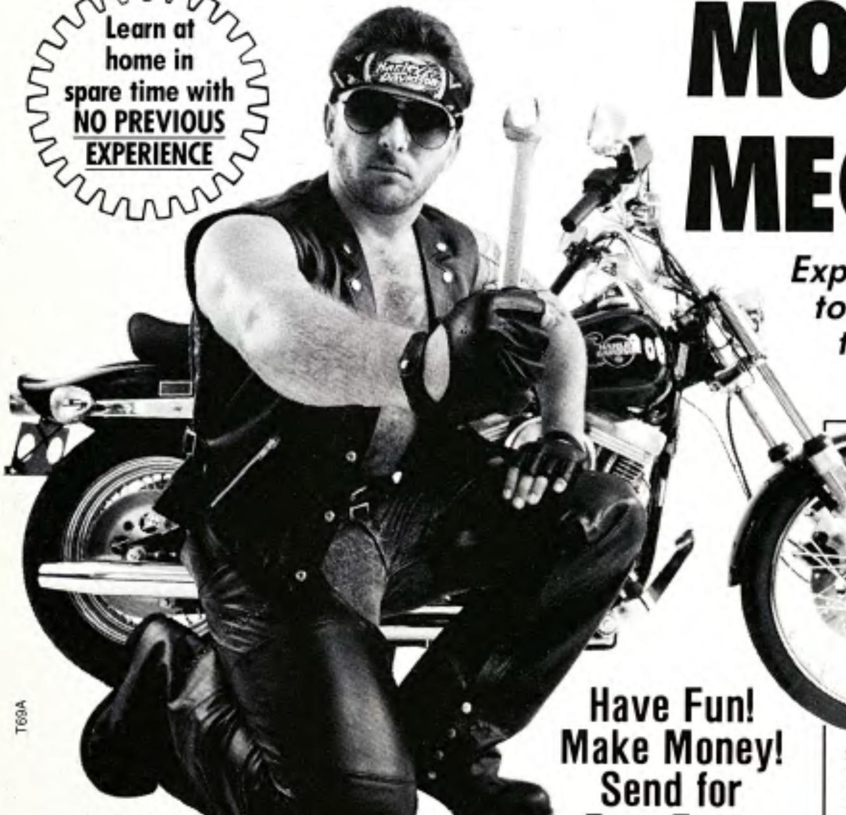

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If you like to ride a bike for fun...learn how to fix it for profit! Can you imagine a better way to earn your living whether you work in a cycle shop for somebody else or start your own cycle repair business. Now, thanks to International Correspondence Schools, there's a fast, easy way to get training at home in your spare time. No need to quit school or job. Experts show you step by step everything from minor tune-ups to major overhauls.

You get the tools you need for a fast start

We send you the special cycle tools and test instruments you need...yours to use during training ...yours to keep in your action-packed career. You actually learn by doing—with the tools in your hands.

Graduation from this course does not insure that you will get a job. To find out how our graduates have done, send for our job placement record. And be sure to check with the motorcycle repair shops in your area!

Everything is explained in easy-to-understand language, complete with drawings, diagrams and photographs. You'll learn engine design, carburetion, electrical systems...as well as how to adjust and repair frame, wheels, shocks, transmissions, valves, everything you want to know from routine maintenance to a major overhaul.

Motorcycle sales means profits for repairmen

Cycles are big business...and so is fixing them! No wonder there is work for the skilled repairman. Because opportunities vary in different areas, we cannot promise you a job, but we will be glad to send you survey results showing the employment success of our graduates.

Motorcycle shops employ qualified mechanics

Has your bike ever been out of action waiting for needed repairs? Some shops don't have enough mechanics on hand to take care of everyone as fast as they would like. Opportunities vary from place to place, but the sale of hundreds of thousands of motorcycles a year in the U.S. insures a continuing need for motorcycle maintenance.

Work Out of Your Home!

It's easy to get started once you qualify as a motorcycle mechanic. Just let your friends and neighbors know you're ready to repair cycles in spare time—or if you'd rather, get a full time job at a motorcycle shop or dealer.

More girls—more bikes each year

If you've been riding your bike for fun the past few years, you can see for yourself that more and more girls are taking up the sport. And this means more bikes every year...and more bikes mean more motorcycle repairs. So get in on the action ...get in on the fun—start making money as a motorcycle mechanic. Rush post-paid card for free facts—full information.

You'll be the center of attraction in your circle of friends...

Enjoy the admiration of friends and neighbors as they flock around to watch you tear down and tune up all kinds of motorcycles. And just think of the satisfaction in knowing you've got the best performing bike in town. Plus, you can make extra dollars fixing motorcycles for friends and neighbors.

Start your own cycle repair business

Your future as a motorcycle mechanic is in your own hands. You can decide for yourself whether you want to work for someone else or get into your own cycle repair business. Start in your spare time repairing cycles for friends and neighbors—or get a job with a motorcycle shop! After you've been a working mechanic, you can decide whether you want to start your own motorcycle repair business.

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ICS SINCE 1890

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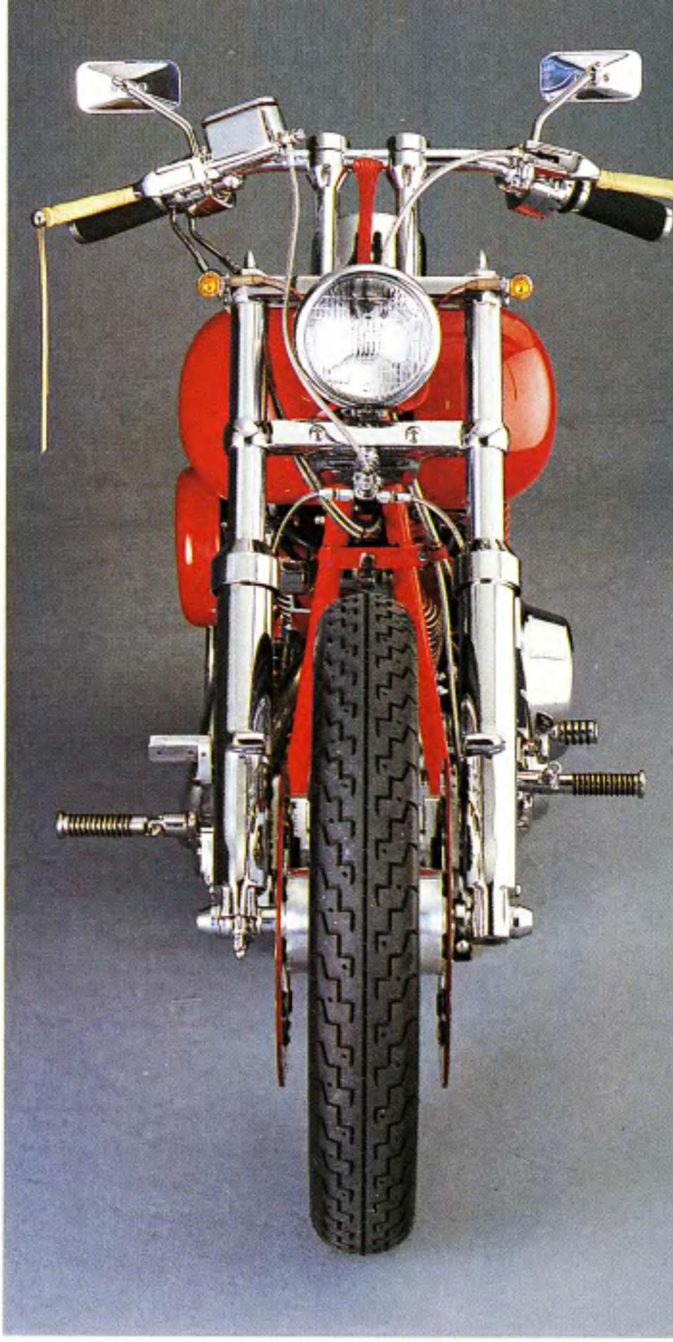
925 Oak Street, Scranton, PA 18515

Owner: John Bilecky	**City:** Los Angeles, California	
General	**Frame**	
Fabrication by: Showcase Cycle	Year: early 1985 FXWG	
Year and make: 1985 H-D	Builder: H-D	
Model: FXWG	Type: swingarm	
Value: $25,000	Rake: 30 degrees	
Assembly by: Huey Gallagher	Stretch: none	
Time: 8 months, 5 days, 9 hours	Other alterations: sits level	
Chroming by: Ronnie Brown, Ky	**Accessories**	
Engine	Bars: Ness drag bars	
Year: 1985	Risers: 5-inch dog bones	
Model: blockhead	Fender(s): stock	
Rebuilder: Mark, Showcase Cycles	Headlight: halogen in springer	
Ignition: XR-1000	Taillight: catseye	
Displacement: 80 cubic inches	Speedo: 0-120, painted	
Lower end: bone stock	Front pegs: Jammer	
Balancing: factory	Rear pegs: none	
Pistons: notched	Electrics: wire	
Cases: polished	Gas tank: smooth fatbobs	
Heads: shaved, bathtubbed, big valves	Oil tank: shiny	
Cam: Andrews EV-5	Oil system: red lines in the morning	
Lifters: solid, titanium	Primary cover: clean	
Carb(s): Mikuni HD-40	Seat: La Pera/Connelly Leather	
Air cleaner: round, Quality Powder	Sissybar: none	
Pipes: collector/Arlen Ness	Height: n/a	
Muffler(s): maybe	Material: n/a	
Transmission	**Forks**	
Modifications: stock, kicker	Type: FXWG	
Year: early 1985	Extension: cut 4½ inches	
Shifting: 4 speed	Builder: Performance Machine	
Engine sprocket: belt	Special features: dual disc	
Trans sprocket: 22-tooth	**Wheels**	
Wheel sprocket: 51-tooth	**Front**	**Rear**
Painting	Size: 19-inch	Size: 16-inch
Molding: Steve Couracos	Hub: Perf. Machine	Hub: Perf. Machine
Painter: Auto Cosmetic, Inc.	Rim width: 3¼-inch	Rim width: 5-inch
Color: Rosa Red	Tire: Conti Blitz	Tire: Conti Blitz
Type: Italian, 1968 Testarosa	Brake: 13.5 in floaters	Brake: Perf. Machine
Special paint: don't need it		
Other special modifications: Drag Specialities turn signals, powder coating by Quality Powder Coating.		



Photos By John Bilecky

filled with Royal Enfields, Triumphs, and Nortons. Then he shifted to Montessas and Husqvarnas and rode the powerlines through Pennsylvania, until Kaw's KZ1100 hit the market and he did a stint on some road-racing Jap bikes—like the Ninja.

But meanwhile...back at the lab...John was given the opportunity to split to Los Angeles. Technology was racing along, and John was racing with it. La La Land was the hub of photography for Japanese products and his emphasis shifted from shooting the average humdrum cage for commercials, to documenting racing. This included racing products, and generally capturing the vehicles that made his blood race—motorcycles.

While ridin' American, John shot every Jap make in the book and racing teams and personalities like: Doug Poland's Suzuki team, Mario Andretti, Kenny Bernstein's Budweiser King Drag Racing, Goodyear's racing team, Quaker State's team, IROC racing, and Paul Newman's Indy team.

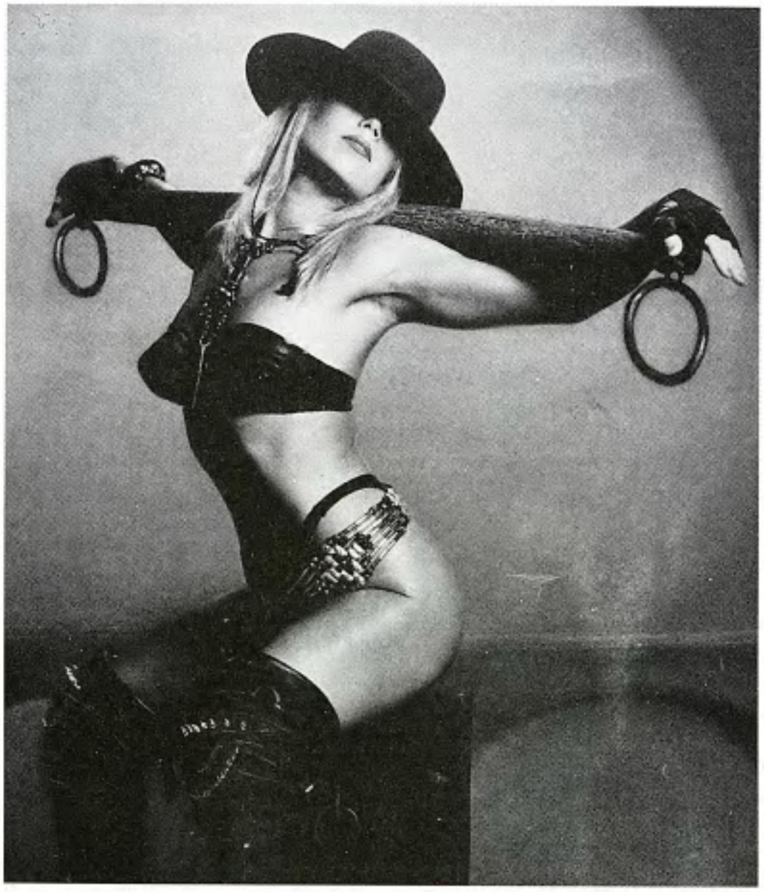
The man shoots and rides fast. John shot all the commercials for the VH-1 (music video television station) Corvette giveaway. It turned out to be the biggest automotive sweepstakes in history—36 Corvettes, one from each year were given away to one winner.

Bilecky may live in Hollywood and party with an occasional celeb, but he busts his ass when it comes to creating his ride or taking shots of yours.

Hell, I called him in the middle of the day on a Wednesday, and his studio was filled with bikes from Showcase Cycles. Seems their shop was overrun and they needed some extra space. As the name of his production company implies, he's a Harley man now. —Bandit

JORDAN'S ANGELS

By John Jordan



Hot looking women in sultry poses and near-naked attire, smiling down on you like you're the only man in the entire world; or kneeling at your feet, looking up at you as their man and protector, bathing you in the glow of their undying adulation. The ultimate in male fantasies come true, right? Wrong. Do you know how tough it is dealing with hundreds of beautiful...no, gorgeous, women? Dealing with all the behind-the-scenes bullshit, day in and day out.

But maybe a little background work first. After looking at my picture, I'm sure you're wondering what all these babes are doing hangin' around this old scooter tramp. Well, it all started out innocently enough. Hmmmm, as the dream comes into focus (or maybe the nightmare)...I had the dirty job of finding cover girls for a tabloid that me and two other hooligans owned. It was my first paper rip-off version of ***Easyriders***, and it led me to my first "Angel," and cover girl, Miss Carol.

Now here's where the part comes in about how I became a photographer. I used to go up to this titty bar called The Haven Place to check out this beautiful wench named Audrey. I was always trying to put the move on her, but because I was a dirty biker, she never talked to me. At all. But due to my bulldog tenacity, I finally weaseled my way into her heart. It took a year.

To my surprise, she asked if I would take nude photographs of her. The real surprise was that, unbeknownst to her, I wasn't a photographer...until later that day, that is. Needless to say, I went out and bought cameras, studio lights, backdrops, a handy-dandy photography book ("Everything You Need To Know About Taking Nude Photos In An Hour"), and *poof*...to my own amazement, I was now a bonafide photographer. So much for going to school, eh? And that is where I got my start in this luxurious life of sin and degradation.

Well, since I had all this new camera equipment sitting around, and since I had myself a warehouse fulla space, I decided to build a studio and start taking pictures of some local brothers' bikes. Naturally, every red-blooded American biker wants a shapely goddess draped over his two-wheeled machine, so I had to keep a considerable female modeling inventory on hand.

Now to the meat of the story...

The hot, pulsating tempo of morning comes at the ungodly hour of noon, kicking the covers off some of last night's entertainment. The hell begins. First come the mandatory check-in phone calls from all the "Angels." Julie is usually first, then Leslie—my two special Angels (I guess because they were first). They are followed by Vickie and Nickie in rapid succession. And, of course, let's not forget the Devil Child, Renee, followed by: Ashley, Uzi, Gina, Dallas, Danny, Sandy I, II, and III, all the Pamelas, Mary, Karen, and Robin. Then there's

Photo by Gary Iglarsh. Airbrushing by Jeff Hall.

It's a never-ending job with all the thrills and chills of a Hollywood slasher movie.

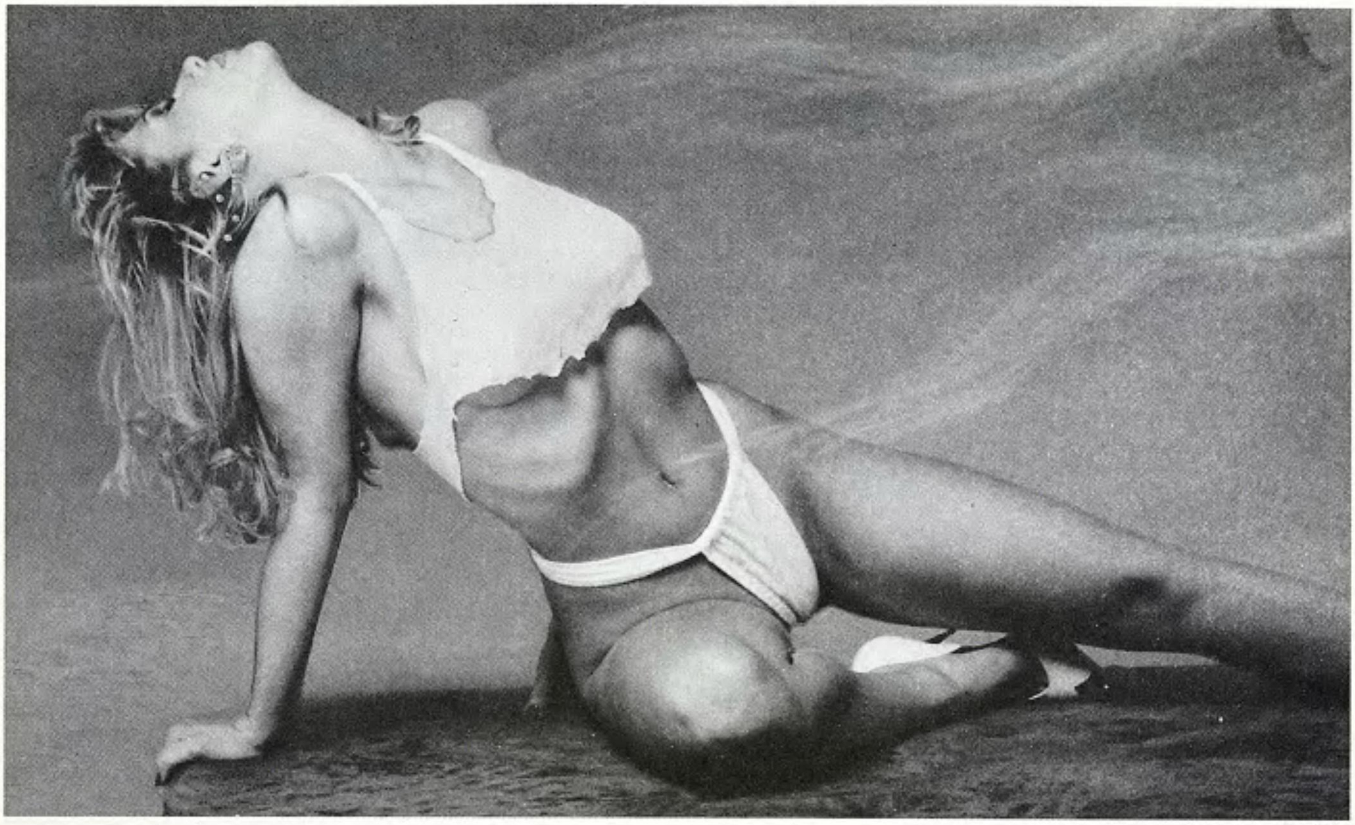
my special angel, Denise, who checks in with me every day. And last, but surely not least, is Connie—the girl a guy would drag his balls through 14 miles of broken glass for (just to sniff the tires of the laundry truck that took away her dirty skivvies). Fortunately, my bogus "Jordan's Angels Telephone Management System" handles this dilemma by means of a cleverly programmed, voice-activated, personalized tape recording system (keyed to each girl's voice print), supplying such profound answers as: *Uh-huh, No kidding, That's terrible, I can't believe that bitch (or dick) said that about you, O.K., I'll get back to you, baby,* and *I love ya* (yuk, yuk). This allows me to scrounge some morning grub (that's the hell part), kick start the old brain, and chug out and into the titty bars in search of more talent (as if I don't have enough problems already). It's a never-ending job with all the thrills and chills of a Hollywood slasher movie.

I mean, all the women have boyfriends and, needless to say, I'm on all *their* shit lists. Then, at the end of the night, when I walk out of the bar with a prospective "Angel," for a little one-on-one test shoot, I have 400 hostile men (including boyfriends) staring at me with hate and jealousy in their eyes. Shit, enough already! When I was 23, their jealousy would have been understood. But now that I'm 40 something, gimme a fuckin' break. Who the hell do they think I am...Svengali?! (For those of you who don't know who Svengali is, by Webster's Dictionary he is "one who attempts usually with evil intentions to persuade or force—young little girls—to do his bidding.") In other words, the dude is trying to get the chrome removed from his trailer hitch...orally.

Do these guys think that when the camera comes into focus the girls' breast begin to swell, nipples grow erect, their breath comes in hot and shallow gasps, and their panties begin to moisten? Do they think that, as the strobe light pulsates its hot, white rays, it causes their inhibitions to explode in an orgy of orgasmic, throbbing emotion?! (Pant, pant, whew, whew!) Get a life, dude. I'm only taking pictures and anybody who has ever had to wait while a woman gets ready to go out, has only glimpsed at the agony involved in waiting while they get ready to be photographed. I mean, how many hours can a normal man endure of: *How do I look? No, how do I **really** look? Do I still look young? Honestly, John, am I getting fat? Am I losing my tan? How's my hair look? Does my makeup look good? Sorry I'm three hours late for the shoot, John, but... Why can't you use **me** for that **Easyriders** story, huh???* AARRRGGGHHH! I CAN'T STAND IT!

Hey, it's break time. Wrong. There are no breaks here, friend. Now you have to feed them. But first, you have to pick which ones you are going to feed today, without offending the other 16 or so. This causes major whining sessions at the Old Ponderosa. If you haven't noticed, I have eaten twice so far today, not to mention a half-dozen biker beers. When you're juggling 20 different personalities around one man's schedule, it gets pretty fuckin' tricky, and fuel is essential—both solid and, especially, the liquid kind. I mean, Freud ain't got shit on me, bud.

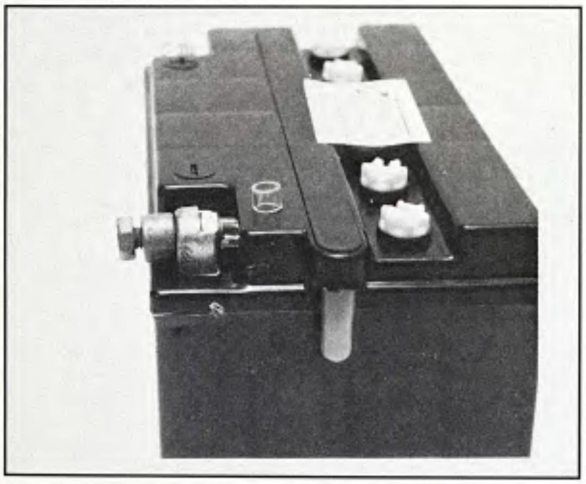
There is one pleasure in Jordan's Inferno that I won't deny. That is, to walk any two of these gorgeous wenches into any nightclub, saloon, or honky tonk, and see the Neanderthal slackjaw looks on some of the "premier cocksmen" in the arena, as they fall under the infectious spell of the Devil Child and her sisters. However, even that has its perils...what with all the drooling a guy



Photos by John Jordan

could slip and break a disc...or get trampled in the stampede of mesmerized zombies trying to get a touch of the Sisters of Sin.

I mean, the $500 cash prize for the winner of the Naughty Negligee Contest hardly compensates for the bullshit involved. But after a few more biker beers and a trip through Little Italy for some grub, instead of the traditional good-night kiss, the old guy gets a little lucky (if you know what I mean). Mmmmm. Hey, maybe this ain't such a bad life after all. Get real, it's the only life I've ever known. ■



GARY'S "FIX-IT" FORUM

Is your girl friend tired of wrecking her fingernails helping you get your battery terminal hardware started when putting a battery in your motorcycle.

One of the easiest ways to get the screws started is to cut two 1/8" pieces of battery vent tube and put them between the battery and the terminal nuts before you put the battery into position in the tray. This holds the nuts in position while you start the screws from the outside of the motorcycle. Makes battery hook-ups a snap.

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READER'S RIDE

Photos by Kim Peterson

Randy Winkle, Oak View, California
1976 Harley-Davidson FXE

Though by the end of the day Randy looks something like a dusty, drywall version of Casper the Friendly Ghost, and if he was in a snowstorm you'd lose sight of him altogether, when he wound up this racy shovel in the evening, he'd make sure the whole damn valley knew he was there. It was a release for him after a day of coverin' carpenters' mistakes, and preppin' the painter to fix his.

Anyway, Randy got the itch for scoots a long time ago, but hadn't really taken the time to do one up for himself in a righteous fashion. He got plenty of inspiration from the horde of good-lookin', fast rides that dominated his rural Ventura County neighborhood. There are more fine Harleys per capita in this thinly-populated area than in the megalopolis of L.A. next door. (We'll be hearin' about that.)

He picked this shovel up in sections for a song, then pieced it together himself after having the engine, trans, and paint done by Jay Julson, owner of Performance Cycle, located in Randy's foothill hideaway and hometown of Oak View.

And finally, ol' Winkle had a wrinkle for shootin' his bike—he wanted it outdoors, with his brothers and a view. Looks like he got it.

—Butt Breath

Year: 1976

Engine: 80 cubic inch FXE rebuilt by Performance Cycle, Oak View, Calif., 10:1 pistons, Andrews B-grind cam, heads by Larimore, 40 mm Zenith carb, Manley valves, Paughco pipes, S&S air cleaner

Transmission: modified 1976 FXE with belt drive, 24-tooth trans sprocket, 52-tooth wheel sprocket, fast shifting

Chassis: stock FXE, no changes to frame, louvered fenders, 8-inch risers, electrics by Gordon's Motorcycle Madness, Ventura

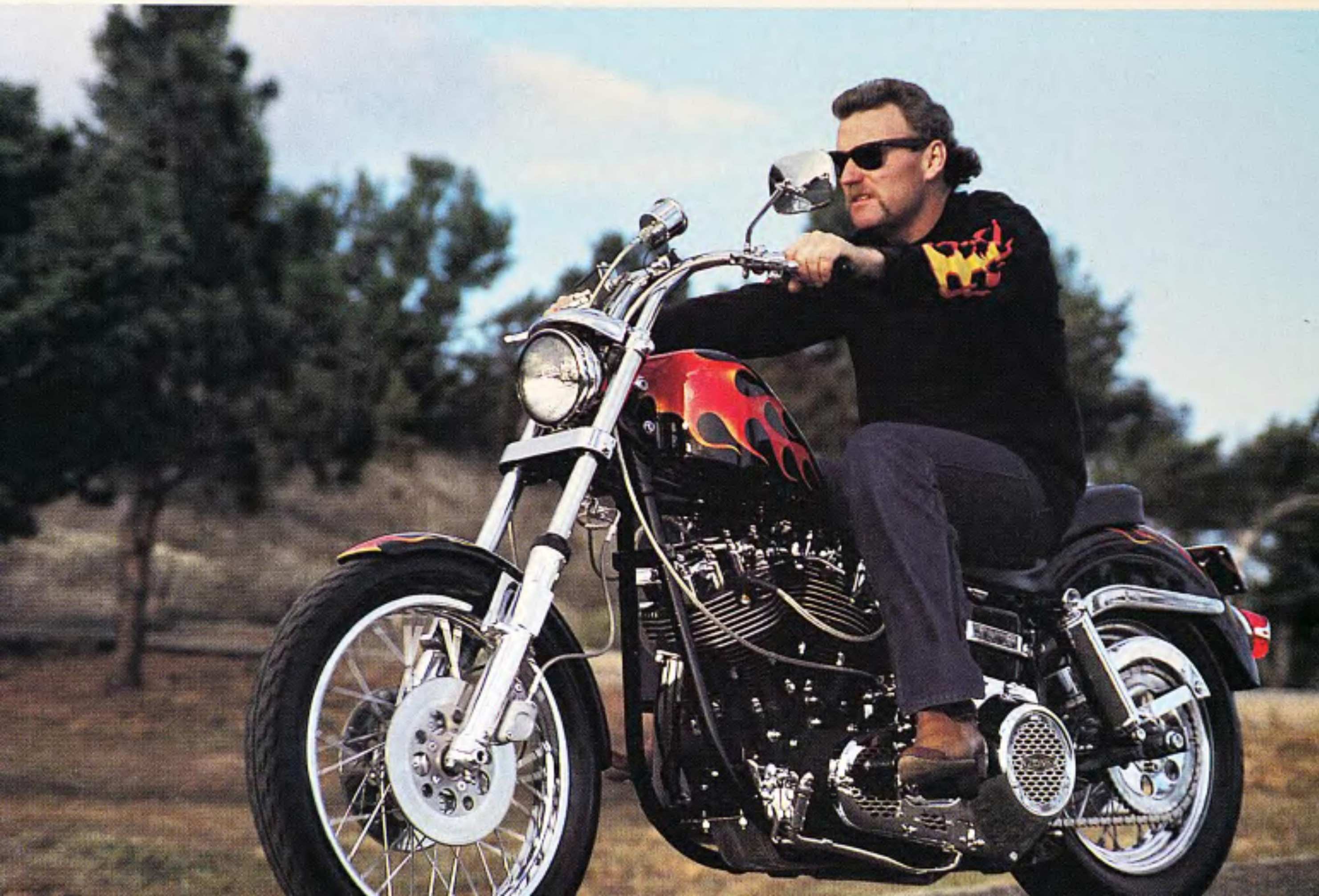
Model: shovelhead

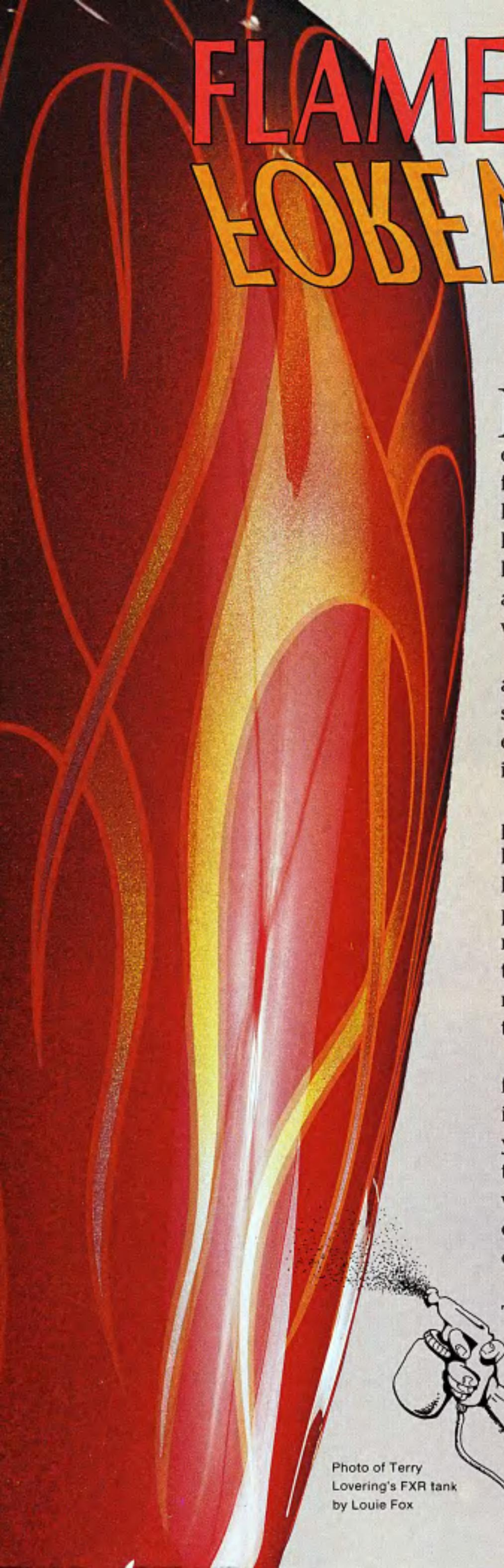
Forks: H-D Low Rider, 2 inches over, polished legs

Wheels: front:19-inch, H-D hub, Continental tire, disc brake; rear:16-inch H-D hub, Continental Blitz tire, disc brake

Finish: all paint by Jay R. Julson, lacquer on flames and frame, clear Imron on tank, chroming by Valley Plating, VTA

Credits: thanks to Jay Julson, Performance Cycle, Larimore, and my brother Steve for their help.





FLAMES FOREVER
FOREVER FLAMES

Let's see whatcha got

Flames. There are long ones, real ones, scalloped ones, molded ones, narrow ones, red ones and ones emblazoned with various hues of the rainbow. Hell, flames have been indicative of the custom look for as long as lacquer and Bondo have contoured frames. Brothers are even stitchin' flames onto tennis shoes and leather vests, silk screenin' 'em onto T-shirts and shorts, and engravin' 'em into flashlights. The craze has gone wild.

Well, the brothers and sisters here got to arguing about which flames were the best. So we decided to settle the squabblin' by putting the question to the experts in the field—you. We want to see the best flames in the country, and we'll pay for the best.

If youse got some great shots (color slides or color prints) of flames—on motorcycles only, natch (did we hafta say that?)—send them to Flames, c/o *Easyriders*, Box 3000, Agoura Hills, CA 91301. Keep in mind that the photos are almost as important as the flame job itself, so make 'em crisp and properly lit. And don't forget to put the photog's name and address, along with the creator's name and address, in the envelope. We won't be returnin' any shots.

When we've got what we believe to be the hottest flames in the country in our fridge (cause the file burst into flames), we'll publish the scorching selection for you to view. The best blaze will receive a $200 gift certificate from our generous selves, the two runners up will receive $100 gift certificates, and the other published shots will catch $25 gift certificates from the crew here.

Let's see what the best looks like. There are some nice flames lapping at this issue right now—check out the Reader's Ride on Page 44 and the last bike feature on page 98. Not a bad flare-up for one issue.

—Weed

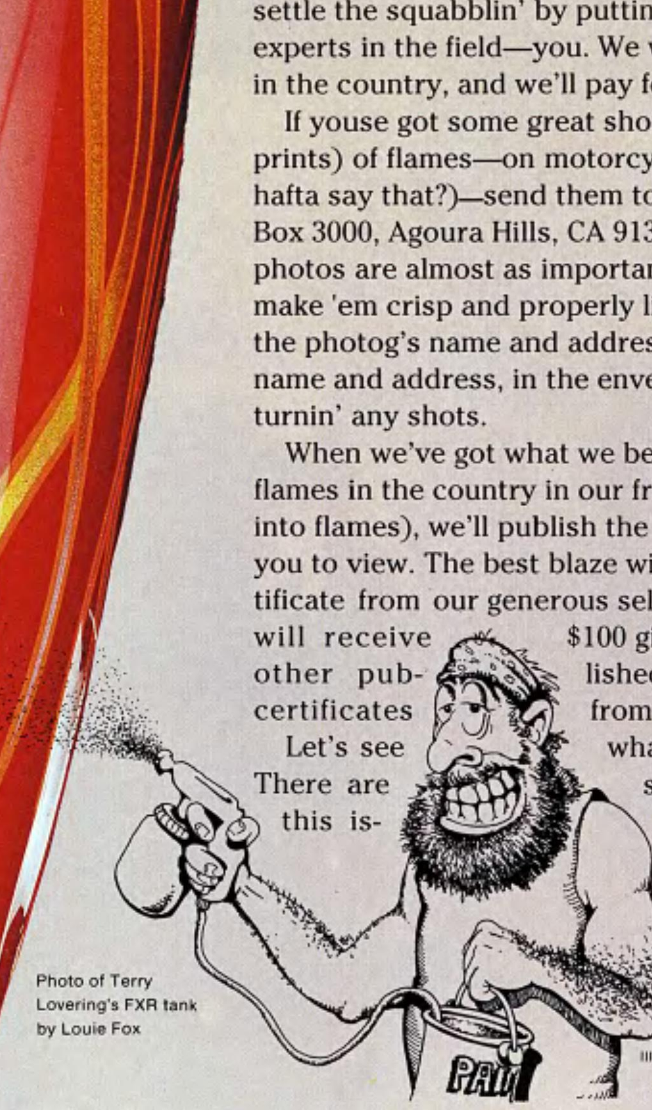


Photo of Terry Lovering's FXR tank by Louie Fox

Illustration by John Towle

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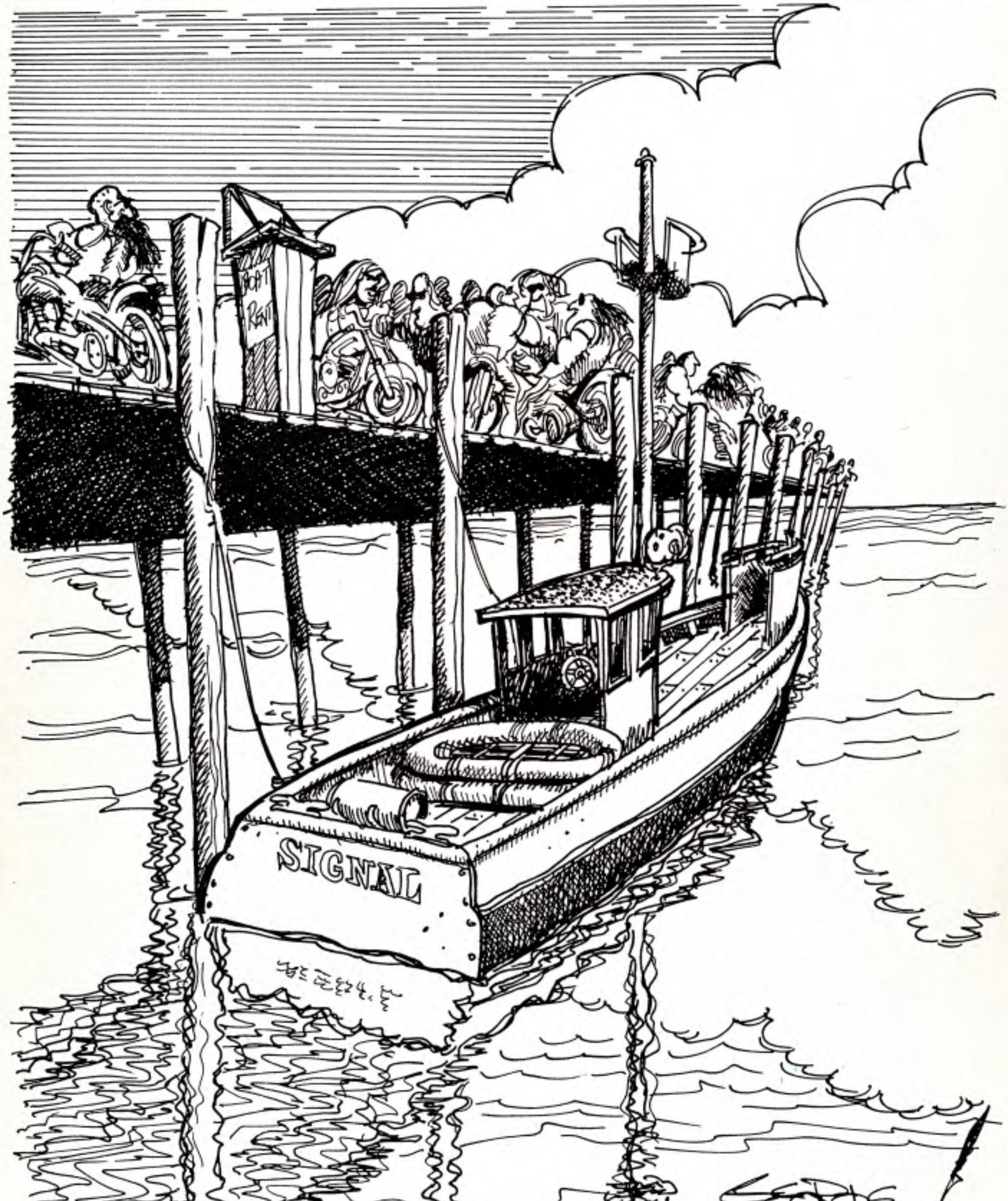
BIKERS AT SEA



Illustrations by George DiLucca

BY J.J. SOLARI

SIGNIN' ON TO A STOUT SHIP

We roared along the pier. There were about 30 of us, I guess.

The burly dockworkers eyed our bikes with envy. We gave 'em the benefit o' the doubt and assumed it wasn't our girlfriends they were eyein'. I mean, heh, heh, you ever seen our girlfriends?

The whole wharf shuddered and shook as we idled up to the last shack on the grimy, smelly timbers.

The big sign above the shack said, "WHALEWATCH DEPARTURES."

There were mobs of "normal" people who all drew back in horror.

We stopped and turned off our engines.

Our leader, Rumb-Dum, unhorsed himself and called to the crowd, "Sorry about the noise, folks!"

This seemed to calm them immediately. At least to some extent.

One of the "normies" gasped to her husband, "*Are they going with us?*"

This sort of thing bothers a lot of bikers. But it didn't bother us at all. We know the kind of effect we have on people. We don't mind it. We encourage it.

Rumb-Dum called out to everyone, "Relax, folks. We'll be chartering our own boat."

We noticed when he said this that some of the "normy" women started to show looks of disappointment. Some of the uglier normy ladies. Toothless went over to one of them and started chatting with 'er, spitting and spraying all over 'er through the continuous gaps in his toothline.

Meanwhile, Rumb-Dum went up to the dilapidated boathouse and said to the guy working there, "We wanna go on a whale watch."

The guy looked Rumb-Dum over and said through his cigar, "What makes you think the whales want you lookin' at 'em?"

Honest reactions don't bother us. Wiseass remarks do.

Rumb-Dum backed away from the shack, walked over to the edge of the pier, and looked out at the harbor. Then he went back to the counter. He asked calmly, "How much will it cost for us to rent our own boat?"

"Including insurance for when you completely destroy it?"

Rumb-Dum looked at him without saying anything for a while. Then he said, "Yeah. Including insurance."

The guy blew a column of cigar smoke in Rumb-Dum's face and then leaned slowly forward and said, "About a zillion dollars, asshole."

Rumb-Dum said, "Who owns this shack?"

The guy blew another tube of smoke in Rumb-Dum's face and said, "I do."

Rumb-Dum turned and came back over to us.

"We can't get a boat," he said.

There was a long, continuous moan and groan from the whole troop. Dudes started kicking imaginary stones with their boots and pacing around with their hands thrust deep in their pockets, lookin' glum.

Meanwhile, one of the "normal" people over at the boatshack was causin' a commotion.

"No more boats? Whaddaya mean, no more boats? We all have tickets for the 8 a.m. trip!"

"That's the last trip this year, and the boat for it broke down," the cigar-smokin' lummox said blandly to the guy. "You send to that address on the backs o' yer tickets, you'll get a refund."

The guy goes back to his own crowd. "No more boats!" he yelled.

Now all the "normies" were pissed off, too.

"But this is the last day of the annual migration!" another one said. "They'll be down in Mexico for the next six months!"

They were gettin' a lot more hostile than we were about this.

"Too bad we're not pirates," Assbreath said, spittin', sullenly. "Then we could get our own fuckin' boat whether anyone liked it or not."

Somethin' came over Rumb-Dum. "Not pirates?" he said. "Not pirates?" he said again, his eyes glowing weirdly. He pulled Assbreath by his vest up against his own chest and yelled into his ugly face. "You think just because we ain't never been to sea we ain't pirates?"

"Why . . . no . . . of course not . . ." Assbreath said, blinkin' nervously.

Everyone, includin' normies, was watchin.

Rumb-Dum let go of Assbreath, stood back, and shouted to us all, pointin' over at the cigar goon.

"Would we let this jerk keep us out of California?"

Everyone shouted, "No way, man!"

"Would we let him keep us out of the United States?"

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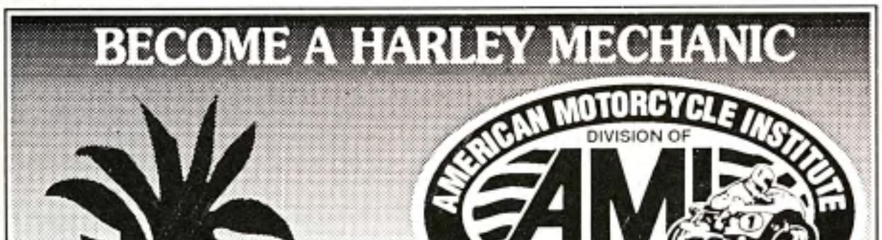

Same response.

"Then are we gonna let him keep us off the whole damn Pacific Ocean???"

"NO FUCKIN' WAY!!!"

We were all worked up, I admit. And I admit we didn't know what we were all worked up about, exactly. But we were all worked up.

The guy in the shack seemed to sense this and picked up a phone.

Rumb-Dum saw this and tromped over and snatched it outta his hand.

"Who you callin'?" he said.

". . . you guys are crazy," the guy stammered.

"Who owns that boat?" Rumb-Dum demanded, pointin' to a rusty scow bangin' against the pier.

"The . . . the U.S. Navy," the guy said.

"The Navy owns *that pile of shit?*"

"It's an old sub chaser," the guy squeaked. "They threw it together after Pearl Harbor. It's all spare parts. I don't think it's ever been out to sea. It ain't even got engines."

Rumb-Dum let go of 'im and shouted to us, "Do ya hear that? It ain't got no engines!"

Everyone chanted, "NO ENGINES!"

"Are we gonna not commandeer it just because it ain't got no engines?"

Everyone chanted, "YES!"

Rumb-Dum grabbed the nearest shoulder and pulled it toward him.

"What did you say?"

"I said 'No'."

He walked over to another guy.

"What did you say?"

"I said 'No', too."

Rumb-Dum pushed him away and shouted, "You mean to tell me not one o' you boneheads has a boat engine?"

"I got a bike engine ," Lizard said meekly.

Scrote raised his hand and said, "I got one, too."

"Hey, we all got engines." Stiffner shouted. "We got *30* engines!"

There was a big cheer from all of us.

Then Stiffer said, scratchin' his chin," But they ain't boat engines."

Rumb-Dum shouted, "A minute ago we had NO engines! And now we got *30* engines! But we can't go to sea because they ain't BOAT engines? *Is that what you're tellin' me?*"

"Uh-course, if we, like, put the bikes on some kinda pontoons, or outriggers, turned the back wheels somehow into paddlewheels, tilted the backsides o' the bikes down so's that the paddle-wheels actually touched the water . . ." Stiffler said, still scratchin' his head. ". . . then they'd be boat engines. Shit, we have 30 boat engines."

No sooner did he get the words out of his yap than Rumb-Dum shouted, "*Avast, ye lubbers! Prepare t' board the rusted hulk! The sea is ours!*"

THE BOARDING PARTY

Actually, saying the sea was ours was something of an overstatement. We didn't even have possession of the dock yet. We were, however, gradually acquiring the boat shack. It was in the process of being dismantled, board by board, nail by nail, timber by timber. As for the "normies," they were in kind of a frenzy; half of them trying to get us to stop what we were doing; the other half asking us if they could come with us. While we were taking the shack apart and laying planks across to the scow and walking our bikes on board, Rumb-Dum was announcing, a little bit like Long John Silver now, "*Aye, yer awll welcome t' come aboard, hardies, harharrrr!*"

There was a good deal of tourist excitement at this, which we thought was a little, oh, I don't know, foolhardy, it seemed to us, under the circumstances.

But once the planks were laid they just walked across like decent morons, and went over and peered over the sides—looking down at the booger-green harbor water and floating soft drink cups like, well, "normal" tourists.

The shack was gone now. It was as if ants had carried it off piece by piece. It just wasn't there anymore.

Only the man remained—without his cigar. Tripe had taken that and was stinking up our vessel with it.

Why the man was down on his knees touching loose ends of wires together, we couldn't figure out—until eventually a dock alarm went off.

"Belay that!" Rumb-Dum called over to the guy.

He just held the wires together.

"Belay him!" Rumb-Dum said to Monster.

Monster went over, picked the guy up, carried him over to the edge of the dock and dropped him into the harbor. This caused the alarm to stop.

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PREPARING TO SAIL

Our vessel was the *Signal*. I say "was" because Maverick was now hangin' off the backside with some paint, changin' the name to the *Lost At Sea*.

Sneer had turned his skull and crossbones T-shirt into a Jolly Roger and was runnin' it up the flagpole.

There were these two real old fuckin' women on the boat, an' Gearhead an' Loser were turnin' these two granma's 'round real slow and appraisin' 'em like sly buccaneers; like these was two real prime pieces o' boudoir fodder they'd shanghei'd outta some foreign port an' they was real proud o' their selection.

Everyone was doin' *somethin'* stupid, and the ones that weren't were doin' *nuthin'* stupid; just rammin' their fists against their hipbones and barkin' orders. Meaningless orders. Meaningless *sea* orders.

"Lower the raisements! Hoist the belfry! Cut the spackle! Keelhaul the turnstiles! Land the lubbers! Blimey the scallions! Dredge the dungeons! Heave to and fro! Caterwaul the giblets!"

It was ridiculous. If they'da been makin' a movie of us shitheads it woulda been called, "The Toking Pirates," or "Buccaneers On Hemp." Or more likely, just simply, "The Stupid Assholes."

At any rate, we weren't so stupid we couldn't get the boat moving. Before anyone realized it, we were actually . . . *underway!* At least in the strict sense. The boat was *movin'*, at any rate. Well, at least the front end was. Well, at least the *nose* was startin' to point out toward the sea.

At this point, six of our own guys ran to the back rail, leaned over, and puked.

Real nautical types.

Meanwhile, back ashore . . .

(Get a load o' me: "back ashore." As if that was somewhere way back in the distance. Shit, *we* were still back ashore. Only the boat's *schnoz* had made any moves toward the seven seas. A better way to put it would be...)

An inch away, right behind us, on the dock, the guy from the missing shack has climbed outta the water and started jammin' wires together again. In a minute, alarm bells were goin' off all over the dock. Horns were goin'. Sirens were goin'. In fact, everything was goin'—'cept us. We were still right there. But the *front* of the boat . . . *it* was still movin'. It was movin' in a half circle, 180 degrees. We're now about to be reparked at the dock, only facin' the wrong direction–toward the freeway.

TAKING COMMAND

Needless to say, there was a lotta chaos on the boat. And the straight tourists . . . well, they were startin' to get the feelin' that this wasn't no ordinary cruise.

Meanwhile, Rumb-Dum had declared himself "captain." We couldn't call him Rumb-Dum no more, he told us, we had to call him "captain."

Well, Captain was standin' at the front of the boat on this platform deck—with his fists on his hips,

naturally—shoutin' to us like he's Ahab, or somethin'.

"So, it's whales ye be wantin', is it? Well, I'll give ye whales." he said. (I guess he thought he *was* Ahab.) "I'll give ye whales ye'll sing t' yer gran'children about. IF ANY OF US LIVES TO HAVE ANY! YAHAHAHA . . ."

He stood there with his head thrown back and laughin' for I guess a good five minutes.

By this time, all the "normal" people on the boat had turned white. Well, they were white to begin with, actually, but at this point, they were *really* white. They were damn near see-through, they were so white.

"I thought we were just going on a whale watch," some woman said, nervously.

The Captain jumped down from the platform deck and walked up to her. "'Whale watch'," he said. "What the hell is a whale 'watch'? This is a whale *hunt!*"

The woman fainted right on the deck.

Fact is, you're not supposed to hunt these things. You're not even supposed to 'watch' them with too much intensity, or they throw you in jail. I guess all whales are considered sacred. These California swim-bys are considered even more sacred. People actually make pilgrimages to these ones.

Well, I guess the Captain didn't know that.

"Throw this woman overboard!" he hollered.

So, what the hell, we threw her overboard.

Now, before you start gettin' too uppity, remember, these people weren't even supposed to be *on* there. 'Course, *we* weren't supposed to be on there either. But at lease we *knew* we weren't supposed to be on there.

Anyway, it didn't make no difference. We were still only two feet away from the curb. Eventually someone on the dock hauled her out.

OUT TO SEA

Up to that point we were only being propelled by:

a. people splashing ropes against the water

b. people jumping up and down yelling

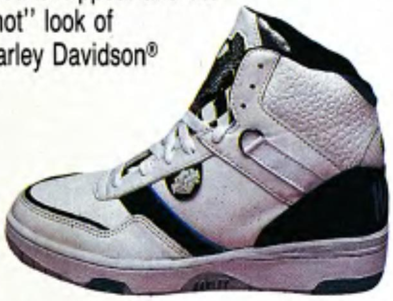
c. people blowing toward the shore and

d. people pushing against the front of the boat against anything that was nailed down; their feet slipping in-place like dogs running on linoleum.

Continued on page 76

HARLEY-DAVIDSON USA

IXSPA 2000® is pleased to introduce the first licensed Harley-Davidson® active footwear line for bikers. This line is geared towards members of today's generation that like the nostalgic, sneaker appeal and the "hot" look of Harley Davidson®

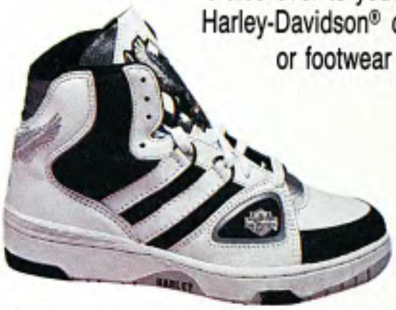


Sportster®
Full grain leather perfed body upper with solid rubber wing outsole.
99010: White/Black/Orange
99011: White/Black/Blue
Suggested Retail: $75.00

Harley Sneaker
Split suede upper with gum rubber outsole.
99040: Black/Harley Orange
99041: Black/Blue
99042: Black/White
Suggested Retail: $42.00

Outsole design of Sportster & Heritage

The reemergence of Harley-Davidson® motorcycles has made their licensed sneakers the in-fashion look for footwear. If you would like a pair of Harley-Davidson® sneakers, just put a glide in your stride and cruise over to your local Harley-Davidson® dealer or footwear store.

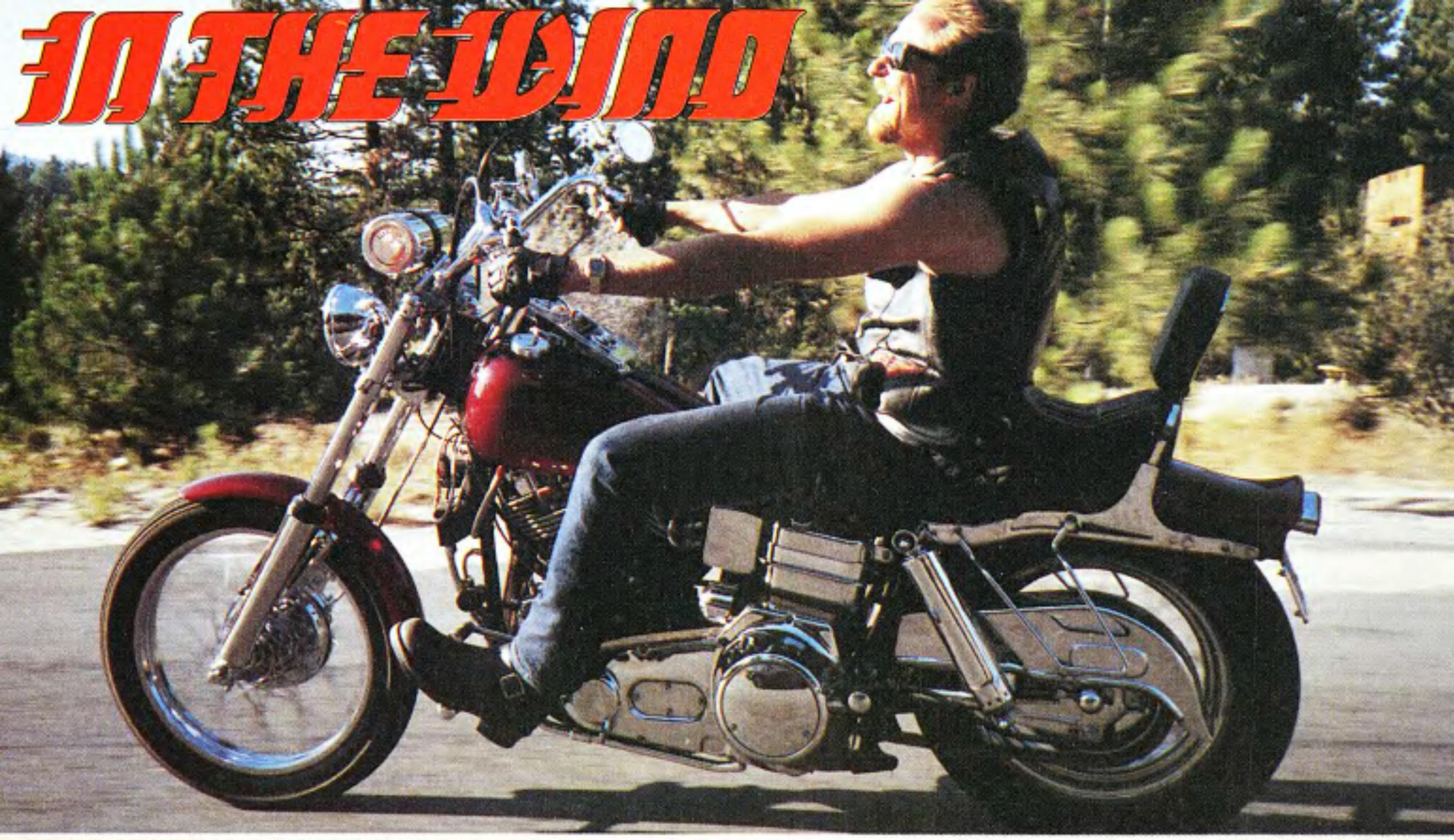


Heritage®
Full grain leather textured elephant hide pattern with solid rubber wing outsole.
99000: Black/White
99001: White/Black
Suggested Retail: $85.00

If there is not a Harley-Davidson® dealer in your area carrying these items, send check or money order payable to: G.F.I. Holding Company, Inc., 14 Washington Rd., Building 7, Princeton Jct., NJ 08550 or call 1-800-326-6777. State tax applied as required by law. All orders subject to a $3.00 shipping and handling charge.

HAWAII
ALOHA
ALOHA STATE
RUDY
MAUI

IN THE WIND

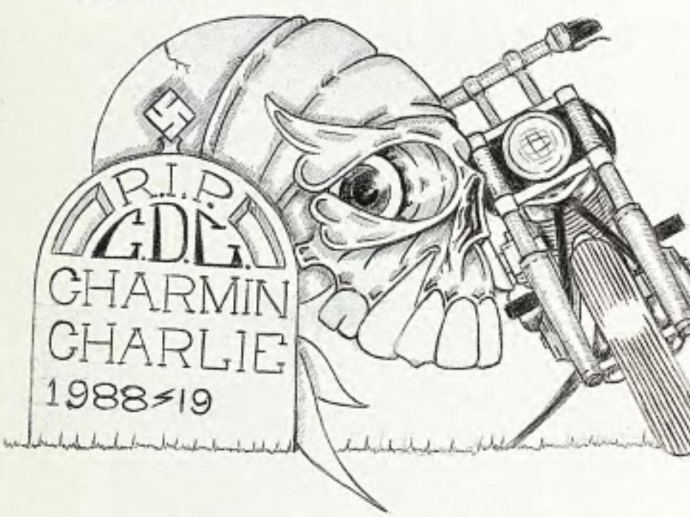


—Michael McPherson, Petaluma, Calif.

Each month we select the best pictures our readers send us and print them here. We appreciate them all, but we can use only good, in-focus, black-and-white or color prints (any size) and color slides (either 35mm or 2¼ x 2¼) — nothing else. Whether it's the exhilaration of a dude and his chick flyin' down the highway or the let-it-all-hang-out exuberance of a biker bash or the eyeball-poppin' sight of a sexy honey showin' her stuff — these photos typify the fun, excitement, and freedom of biking. (Oh, yeah, dig this — we now pay $30 for *every* black-and-white photo we print, $100 for every color photo we print *full-page*, $50 for every color photo we print *half-page*, and $40 for every color photo printed *smaller than half-page.*) Please label all photos with your name and address. Send photos to *Easyriders*, Box 3000, Agoura Hills, CA 91301.

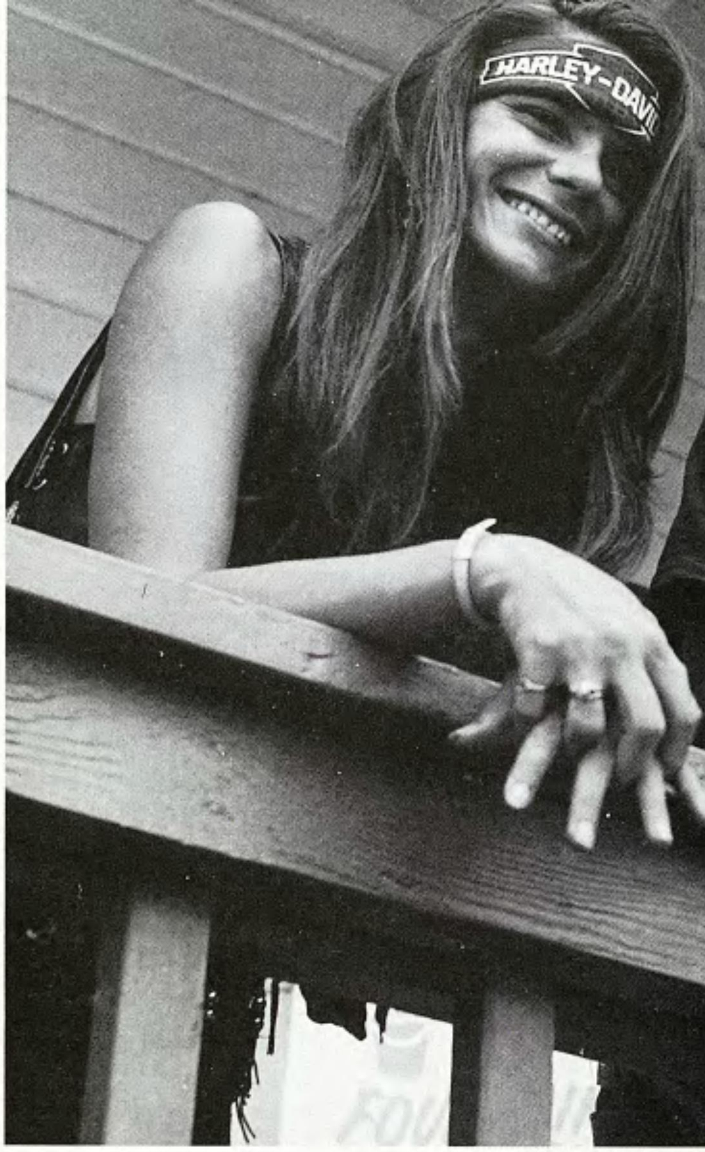
—John Foster, Curlew, Wash.

—Dirty Ernie, Neb.



—Bernard Andre, Paris, France

—Envelope art from Charlie Shelton, Susanville, Calif.



—John Lewis, Flint, Mich.

—Wino Joe, USA

—Blue Bike Mike, Newburgh, N.Y.

—Harry Dunn, Dayton, Ohio

—Anton Volgger, Zurich, Switzerland

HIGHWAY RIDIN' LONER

I rode away and left you
there was no lookin' back
A highway ridin' loner
on a panhead painted black

My need for freedom was stronger
than the bond that we did share
And though the years have passed
I regret that I still care

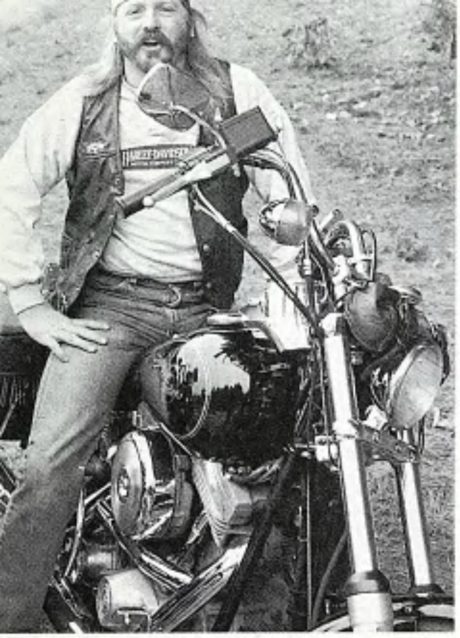
But one thing is for certain
and I'll make a promise, too
If the wheels ever stop spinnin'
then I'll come back to you

—Nomad Brad

—Linda Barbour, Blessing of the Bikes, 1989

—Diana Davis, Lansing, Mich., 1949

—Mickey John, Dallas, Tex.



—Cheryl Senter, Lawrence, Mass.

—CAAS, Bristol, N.H.

—John Lewis, Flint, Mich.

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Harley-Davidson® dealer.
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HARLEY-DAVIDSON
CLOTHES
AN AMERICAN LEGEND
HARLEY-DAVIDSON
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OCTOBER Foxhunt WINNER

There was a high-grade, tensile-strength hardness upon our first viewing of Jenny after she doffed her duds at the photog's studio. The drool bucket was overflowin'. Damn, we had to reel Clean Dean's tongue back in, and I just sliced mine off at the root with mah trusty Buck to avoid embarrassment.

Jenny is well-endowed and well-protected by her ever-lovin' ol' man, Scratch-voice Joe. I think our reputation preceded us here. We reclined and watched as she made Charlie's shovel disappear in front of us. Nice bod, babe. —Silentmouth

I love the feeling of riding on the back of my baby's Hog.
There's only one thing more exciting to put between my legs.
Mandy, Florida—#401

I only ride the best; my ol' man and Harley-Davidson
Kimberlee, Colorado—#402

Can't Find a Stamp? Now Ya Can Phone In Yer Vote. Call 1-900-234-BIKE. 89 Cents a Minute.

This is dedicated to the Harley riders of the world. I can show a side to Harley riding that all bikers can appreciate.

Kelly, Texas—#403

I love to ride on a Harley-Davidson and desire the men who ride them.

Colleen, New York—#404

I love Harleys and the lifestyle. This one's for Capt. John and his hot hunk of Milwaukee steel.

Sherrie, Arizona—#405

I didn't know *Easyriders* existed a year ago. Now I'm free and love riding on a Harley. It's the best feeling in the world.

Sheila, Illinois—#406

MB *Products*

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THE STRUTLESS® BIG-TWIN FENDER
For Big Twins with four-speed frames. Fender will carry passenger's weight easily. All steel, mig welded. Requires very little molding, easily bolted on. Part #1010: $149, shipping $10. U.S. Pat. #301391020. Bike pictured has short shocks #2222. Taillight: $18.

SPORT BOB
One of our best-selling fenders, with welded in taillight bracket. Fender is all steel, 1979-81 Sportsters, part #5050. 1982+ Sportsters, part #6060. Price: $89, shipping $8. Taillight: $18. Bike above shown with our short shocks. Part #3333.

THE STRUTLESS® SPORT FENDER
For 1952-1978 Sportsters. All steel, mig welded, and, as with all our bob Fenders, the taillight bracket is welded in place. Part #4040. Price: $149, shipping $10. U.S. Pat. #301391020. Bike shown has our short shocks, Part #1111. Taillight: $18.

THE STRUTLESS® DRESS FENDER
Hinge still works. All steel, mig welded. Will carry passenger's weight easily. No taillight cut-out, easily bolts on. Part #2020. Price: $165, shipping $12. U.S. Pat. #301391020.

THE STREAMLINER
For 5-speed frames, uses stock fender rails. All holes drilled, taillight bracket welded in, and seat holes drilled with nuts welded to fender. Five-speeds to 1986, part #7070. 1987+, part #7087. Price: $115, shipping $8. Taillight: $18.

STRUTLESS® FENDER FOR SOFTAILS
Designed for 1984 & 1985 Softails — '86 and later Softails can mount this fender if frame fender struts are removed. Taillight bracket welded in — all you need is a taillight. Part #0303. Price: $195. Taillight: $18. Dresser style also available. Price: $239 (includes shipping).

LOWER YOUR HARLEY with Mike's Short Shocks or send us yours and we'll shorten them

DON'T WANT TO BUY NEW SHOCKS?
Send us yours and we'll shorten them. Ship your shocks to us by post office or UPS to address above. Enclose a money order for $65. This includes the shipping back to you. Turnaround time at M.B. is one to two days. For two-day airmail back to you, enclose **$75**.

Shortened Lengths

'79 + later Sportsters	11.5"
'82 + later 5-speeds (no air shocks)	11.1"
'52 to '78 Sportsters	13.5"
'73 + later FX, FXE, FLH 4-speeds	11.1"
'58 to '72 FLH round swingarm	13.0"

MIKE'S SHORT SHOCKS
Lengths are measured from center of eye to center of eye. For '79 & later sports and '82 & later Big Twin 5-speeds. Measure your shocks eye to eye and subtract our shock length to find how much your bike will be lowered. Specify shock length when ordering. Prices include shipping.

BELOW FITS '79 & LATER SPORTSTERS AND '82 & LATER BIG TWINS W/5-SPEED FRAMES

Lengths in inches	Style	Part #	Price
11.1 or 11.5	A adjustable spring tension	#3311	$159
11.1 or 11.5	B adjustable spring tension	#3333	$185
11.1 or 11.5	C adjustable spring tension	#3322	$219
10.7 or 11.5	Gas shock, chrome top, chrome spring, black shock black adjustor	#3300	$179

BELOW FITS '52 -78 SPORTSTERS

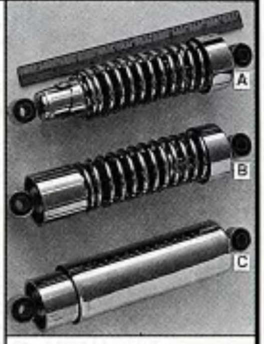
13.5	Lowers bike 1.5" chrome spring, looks like stock adjustable	#1111	$159
13.5	Lowers bike 1.5" full chorome covers adjustable	#1122	$169

BELOW FITS ALL FX, FXE, FLH 4-SPEED FRAMES W/SQUARE SWINGARM '73 + LATER

Lengths in inches	Style	Part #	Price
11.1	Lowers bike 1.5", chrome spring, looks like stock, adjustable	#2211	$159
11.1	Lowers bike 1.5", full chrome covers looks like stock, adjustable	#2222	$179

BELOW FITS '58-72 FLH with ROUND SWING ARMS

13.0	Lowers bike 1 inch, chrome spring, looks like stock	#4411	$159
13.0	Lowers bike 1 inch, full chrome covers, looks like stock	#4422	$179



LATE SPORT & 5-SPEED SHOCKS SHOWN ABOVE.

THE SUPER FLOW AIR CLEANER NOW WITH CHROME COVER

Flow tests proove the Super Flow Air Cleaner is the hightest flowing air cleaner money can buy. Flow Bench Test shows the following:

Stock Air Cleaner	116 C.F.M.
The "Breather" Air Cleaner	138 C.F.M.
Advertised as Flowing 300 C.F.M.	138 C.F.M.
S&S Super Air Cleaner	145 C.F.M.
Super Flow	176 C.F.M.
Velocity Stack	182 C.F.M.

All flow tests performed at a vacuum of 6 inches of water. C.F.M. = Cubic Feet of air per Minute.

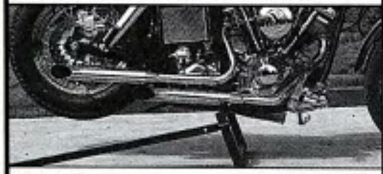
PART NO.	DESCRIPTION	PRICE (includes shipping)
0077	To be used with stock 8" round evolution cover	$45.00
7777	Fits S&S, Tilloson, Keihn & Bendix w/chrome outer cover	$59.95
6677	Fits S.U. Carb w/chrome cover 7"	$59.95
8877	Fits 1988 + later Sports and 1990 Big Twins. The New Yomm, Keihn C.U. Carb	$69.95

Air filter element is not supplied, use 6" S&S type.

OIL COOLERS
Pat. #7090923. Made in U.S.A.
Designed by M.B. These aluminum oil coolers dump heat to the surrounding air flow the same way as the cooling fins on the engine. Get rid of large amounts of heat. Prices include shipping.

PART NO.	STYLE	TEMP DROP	PRICE
B			
8080	B - 4 Fin Highlighted fins	24-29	$59.00
8888	B - 4 Fin Polished	24-29	$79.00
1001	C - 5 Fin Black 25-36		$79.00
1002	A - 5 Fin Higlighted Fins	25-36	$79.00
1003	A - 5 Fin Polished	25-36	$109.00
1004	D - Clamp on vertical cooler	25-30	$79.00
1005	D - Clamp on vertical cooler	25-30	$99.00

NEW CLAMP ON COOLER ABOVE



BIKE LIFT
Two piece, all steel, mig welded, does the same thing all the rest do, part #0030. Price: $39.95, shipping included. Double Lift lifts the whole bike, part #0031. Price: $84.95. Top bar needed for longer front ends (for Double Lift only), part #0032. Price: $5.95.

SKULL & DICE
For any use you can imagine, but usually used for shift levers, dipsticks, handles on cars or trucks, and so on. Prices include shipping.

Dice is machined from billet aluminum and highly polished, part #0711. Price: $24.95.

All skulls are polished. Aluminum skull, part #0020. Price: $24.95. Brass skull part #0026. Price: $29.95. Chrome brass skull, part #0024. Price: $35.00.

OIL GAUGE MOUNTS
All are original designs of Mike Bernstein. The purpose of each gauge mount is for the easy reading of the oil pressure while seated on the bike.

Top Right: the rocker box oil gauge mount for shovelheaded Sports & Big Twins Pat. #301703. '71 & later, part #0011, price $14.95; '52 to '70 Shovels, part #0022. Price: $14.95.

Middle Right: Gauge mount for Evolution Sportsters. All fittings & lines included. Pat. pending. Fits with stock Sportster tank part #0033. Price: $34.95. Fits with wider-than-stock tank, part #0044. Price: $34.95.

Lower Right: Big Twin Evolution gauge mount. All fittings and line included part #0505. Price: $24.95.

Oil Gauge, part #9999. Price: $18.95

BIKER VIDEO
XXXX-RATED
This is a very sexually explicit video. You must be over 18 to order. VHS only. 110 minutes in color. Yeah, there's a story, but more important there's lots of sex, drugs, weapons (all kinds), rock'n'roll, naked women, comedy, bikes, sex, gunfire, sex, and more sex. The flame-throwing dragon bike, the nympho hitchhiker, big tits, bath tub scene, and two-foot dildo. Made by bikers with bikers for bikers.

You'll laugh so hard your balls will fall off.

Video #2002 $19.95 & $3 shipping. No COD orders except with other parts. Send check or money order. Phone orders, use your VISA or MasterCard.

Easyriders Fox Hunt

Make $500 by being selected as the winner and modeling for an *Easyriders* feature! Help pick the winner by calling 1-900-234-BIKE (89¢ per minute) New winner every month!

OKAY, MEN — here's a chance to share your favorite hard-belly with all bikerdom on the pages of *Easyriders!* We're huntin' for the foxiest, real-live, bike-lovin' women to show their stuff.

It works this way—if your entry is selected as the monthly winner, you get $150 for sendin' in the photo; the cutie gets $350 for modeling at our studio or choice of location. (Girls, send in your own photo and grab the whole $500!) We'll even throw in round-trip air fare and deluxe accommodations at a hotel Spider doesn't know about (or isn't allowed into) and maybe—just maybe—even a ride on one of our Hogs.

The contestants are selected by our lecherous staff, and the winner is determined by your votes, based on how many votes are received over the phone by calling 1-900-234-BIKE and punching in the Fox's extension number adjacent to her photo (if a brother can't get through on the phone, he can still send his vote by mail).

Final judging will partially be based on the contestants' reasons—in writing and in a taped phone interview—for wanting to pose for *Easyriders*. Potential voters will be able to hear the taped interviews at an 89-cent-per-minute rate.

All entrants must be 18 years of age or older, and the model release form on this page must be *completely* filled out, signed in front of a notary, and sent along with the entry photos. Entries without notarized releases cannot be used, unless the model release form is accompanied by a photocopy of the model's driver's license, showing signature and photo of the model. (It's easier than it sounds.)

Ladies, one last favor. In your own sweet, legible handwriting and in 25 words or fewer, tell us what you like best about motorcycling (bikes, parties, men, etc.). Remember, your message will also be taped over the phone for the voters to listen to when they call to vote—and it just might make the difference between a no-go and a hell-yes, so give it your best shot.

Photos must be black-and-white or color prints or color slides—no negatives (color slides are best). Sorry, no photos can be returned; all entries become the property of *Easyriders*.

Readers, exercise your God-given right as a biker and a reader of this rag. You can call in for this issue starting February 1, 1990. It's easy. Look the girls over and note the extension number of the lady who entices you the most, then call 1-900-234-BIKE, and Clean Dean will answer and take you through the motions. You'll get to find out just how far these girls will go to get your vote. If you're not into her comments about our lifestyle, you can vote for another girl. If, for some reason, Ma Bell's on the rag and you can't get through, write the name of the girl you like on a postcard or the back of a sealed envelope and send it to #201 *Easyriders* Fox Hunt, Box 3000, Agoura Hills, CA 91301.

Here she is, bros, the 11th monthly winner in our 11th Annual Fox Hunt—Penny, #402 from Union City, Georgia. See more of her next issue.

The deadline for voting for this month's issue is February 28, 1990. We'll print the winner in the July issue.

Don't forget to vote. These girls are depending on you.

FOX HUNT
Box 3000
Agoura Hills, CA 91301

I hereby give *Easyriders* Magazine, its successors and assigns, and those acting under its permission or upon its authority, permission to copyright and/or publish any photograph and/or use any taped interview of myself with or without using my name, and to keep changes in or additions to such photographs, portraits, or interviews in such manner as shall seem proper to their use. I also understand that editorial matter will accompany these photos. I certify that I am of full age (18) and am possessed of full legal capacity to execute the foregoing authorization.

I further agree that if I am selected, that for valuable consideration this will serve (along with other model releases I will sign) as permission to publish photos from the *Easyriders* photo session.

201

Model's Name ______________
Address ______________
City ________ State ________ Zip ____
Daytime Phone (   ) ____ Evening Phone (   ) ____
I am ________ years of age, born ________
I will pose Topless ________ Full Nude ________
I will give a 30-second taped interview ________
Model's Signature ______________
Notary ______________

Instead of Notary, you may send a photocopy of your picture I.D. that shows your signature and photo.

Photographer's Name ______________
Address ______________
City ________ State ________ Zip ____
Daytime Phone (   ) ____ Evening Phone (   ) ____
Photographer's Signature ______________
Notary Seal

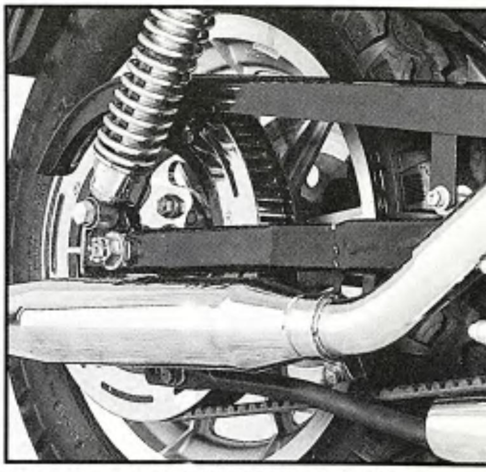
In your own handwriting and in 25 words or fewer, tell the staff what you like best about motorcycling.

What I like best about motorcycling: (25 words or fewer)

____
____
____

Sportster Rear Belt Drives— That Last

Let Phil Ross of Super Max take ya through the motions



This unit was installed by Jim Lopes on his wife Gail's 1989 Sporty.

Phil is the proverbial, belt drive perfectionist. He's built a number of products that many of us use on our bikes on a regular basis. This particular project has been slicing its way onto the drawing board ever since Phil created his Super Max Belt Drives in the early '70s. And now, Sportster owners nationwide can cut vibration and maintenance by installing a belt drive to the rear of their scoots. No more messy chains floppin', singin', jerkin', or rustin' up Sporty rear ends. A great deal of thought and planning has gone into this installation and only the best, and strongest belts are being used—the 1 1/2-inch RT Gates, poly chain. If you break one of these, they are also available from dealers—the Softail belt fits Huggers and the stock four-speed belt fits most other applications.

Below are instructions for installing the Super Max final drive on a 1983 Sporty. Various model years involve different alterations. We'll cover a few at the end of this article, but for the straight dope you can contact Phil at (213) 516-0500. And if the modifications seem too much for your tool box, Phil will modify the swingarm and transmission sprocket cover for a small bag of gold, in about a week, and ship 'em back to you. Here goes:

Installation of the Super Max final drive on the 1983 XLX Sportster.

Time installation started: 9 a.m.
Time installation finished: 3:15 a.m.
Installation performed by Ron Standeven, owner, Palmdale Harley-Davidson, Palmdale, California. The following is a step-by-step account of the installation of the rear belt to a 1983 Sportster. Super Max Products furnished the basic kit, which was two pulleys and a belt. All of the spacers and so forth that were used were common to most motorcycle shops. (See parts list.)

1. Remove rear brake caliper.
2. Remove rear chain and right shock.
3. Remove axle and rear wheel from the motorcycle
4. Remove sprocket from wheel.
5. Install rear belt pulley on wheel, using flat washers under the bolt heads.
6. Level the motorcycle swingarm, (from side to side) . . . Put the axle through the slots and check it with a level. (Best bet here is a good protractor) . . . When your level is obtained, strap down the bike and be certain it (the bike) is secure and will not move. This is very important.
7. Run the nuts on the axle adjusters back until the adjusters are all the way to the front of the slots.
8. (a) Install the axle (that is supplied) through the slots (also the adjusters), recheck the level of the swingarm, and, at this point, clamp on a piece of angle iron and be sure it's the same level as the axle (to use as a reference point when the swingarm is finished).

(b) Install the axle flat washer and axle nut, leaving a .500 gap between the flat washer and the swingarm, (right side of swingarm).

(c) Install a Port-a-Power or a hydraulic jack between the swingarm just behind the bend of the swingarm. (See photo)

(d) Heat the swingarm to a slight red glow for the bending operation that is to follow. (DO NOT OVERHEAT). Keep the heat between the head of the Port-a-Power and to within .500 inch from the welded portion of the front of the swingarm.

(e) Slowly apply pressure to jacking device to spread the swingarm .500, checking the front of the spreaded area as well as the back— remember to check for LEVEL . . . MOST IMPORTANT . . . We don't want any ill-handling bikes, so check your work . . . ONLY YOU ARE RESPONSIBLE.

(f) Sand and repaint right side of the swingarm.

9. (a) Remove the right foot peg and "C" clip which retains the brake pedal.

(b) Remove the Phillips Screw and clamp, which are located directly above the master cylinder.

(c) Unbolt the master cylinder and remove the cylinder and pedal simultaneously.

(d) Bend the brake line slightly to hold the master cylinder out of your way.

(e) Remove remaining allen screws in the side case.

(f) Remove brake stop.

10. Remove transmission chain sprocket. (Use a puller.)
11. Remove the mounting "Hex" and install a .170-thick spacer (or 3 flat washers) behind the Hex. Reinstall Hex.
12. (a) Place the transmission belt drive pulley on the shaft so that the mounting "Hex" may be marked where it will have to be ground for clearance.

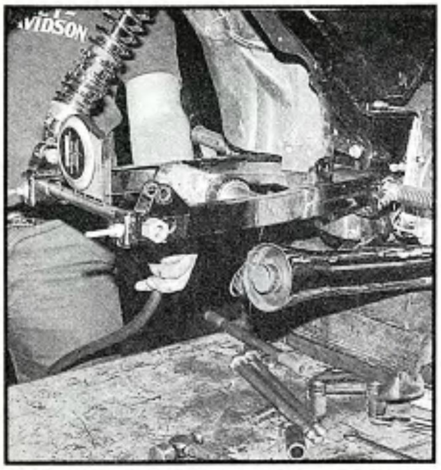
(b) Use a scribe or marker to determine the area that will have to be ground.

(c) Remove the trans pulley and the mounting "Hex" from the case.

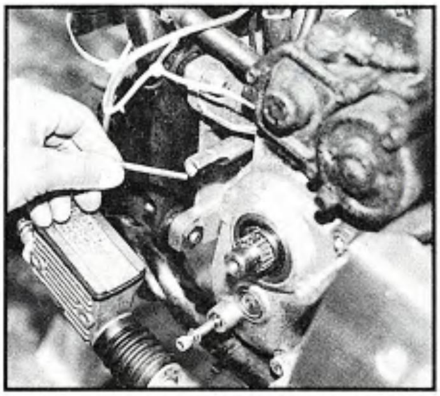
(d) Using your mark for a reference, grind away the area that interferes to a depth of .250 and allow an extra .050 for pulley expansion (Radial) Reinstall "Hex" and don't forget the spacer.

13. Reinstall the transmission pulley, using an impact wrench... then spin the pulley to be certain that there is sufficient clearance. (Bike must be in neutral.)
14. Side cover modifications. (This can be done by hand—but a mill makes the job easy.)

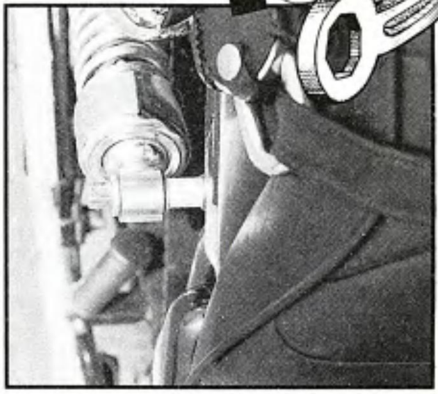
(a) Layout . . . To find the center of your



On the 1979 to 1983 models, the swingarm can be widened without being removed from the machine. Do not overheat.



Be certain to install the spacers behind this mounting Hex before you grind for clearance.



This is a shot of the top shock mount of Gail's 1989 Sportster. Early shock mounts demand different techniques to modify. Some harder, some easier.

Photos from Phil Ross and Peter Dokus

side case measure in 2.9 inches from the front of the case, at the same time keeping in mind the location of the size and center of where the pulley will be.

(b) Measure upward 3.250 from the center of the lower hole. Intersect the lines on a level of 90 degrees to each other and this will be your center.

(c) Remove the brake arm pin from the side cover.

(d) To acquire the correct spacing on the side cover, and if there are no custom spacers available, you can silicone 3 flat washers together and install them on the trans mounting tubes before you cut the side cover, meanwhile the silicone can be setting up. When reinstallation is under way the washers will be secure.

(e) Counter sink the brake arm shaft hole for a 1/2x13 allen bolt or remove the top of the existing bolt with a grinder or in the lathe (about 1/2 thickness is usually enough). This will give you more clearance for the transmission pulley.

(f) To clear the side case a mill should be used and makes the job a clean one. However, hand grinders may be used to clear this cover. At Super Max we also offer machine shop services for this particular operation for your convenience. (Seven working days in our shop.) To set up the side cover in a mill, you may use the brake pedal hole to secure the cover to the mill table and an additional support should be used on the opposite end of the cover to give it all of the security it needs for the cuts. (Clamp down securely, flying parts injure severely.)

(g) Remove the webbing to the two different levels(call Phil for his handy drawing).

REAR WHEEL PULLEY

15. (a) Reinstall the rear wheel into the swingarm with all of the proper spacers. (.500 is what we used.)

(b) Put the wheel all the way forward in the axle slots.

(c) Slide the belt onto the trans pulley and then over the rear wheel pulley, then slide the flange back onto the pulley.

(e) Loc Tite all of the 10x24 allen screws back into rear pulley (and flange if you remove it).

*Special note . . .

If you should strip the side holes simply rotate the side flange 1/4 turn to give you some virgin material and re-drill the holes one at a time with a 5/32 drill. The pulley will accept the threads with no tapping necessary.

16. Reinstall the side cover with one bolt and reach in to spin the trans pulley to be certain that it does not rub. If all's clear, you can bolt down the cover. There will be about a .150 height difference.

17. (a) Reinstall the lower shock mount bolt.

(b) Reinstall the top shock mount bolt plus the .500 spacer that is needed here to realign the shock. (Must be straight up and down.) Your level used sideways here may help.

18. Optically check out all clearances. The belt must be tracking true and have about one-inch deflection when on the floor.

19.A square or straight edge should be used to check for pulley alignment.

20. Rear chain guard . . . Hammer flat the rear bracket on the stock guard. Repaint tab.

21. Bolt the forward bracket to the outside of its mounting tab. Change the bolt to a 1-inch long and install a flat washer and nut. (Looks better.)

22. Install pant leg guard with two .250 spacers to keep it off the belt.

23. Reinstall brake caliper and all covers checking brakes prior to riding.

SPACER AND PARTS LIST

1. 5 ea. 7/16 flat washers for rear wheel.
2. 1,1973+ Big Twin axle. (Not required.)
3. 1 ea. .170 spacer for side cover mounting "Hex."
4. 6 ea. 6 3/8 flat washers for side cover spacers. (3 times for each stud.)
5. 1 ea. 1/2x13 allen bolt. (Brake pedal shaft.)
6. 1 ea. .600 spacer for top shock mount.
7. 1 ea. 1-inch long 1/4x20 for front chain guard mount.
8. 2 ea. .250 spacers for pant guard.

Now, that wasn't too bad. You can bend/modify all 1979 to 1983 swingarms, but 1984 to 1989 models have additional sheet metal that runs to the bend of the swingarm and must be cut and spliced—not for me. Send the swingarm to Phil or ask him for the plans and take it to a capable welder. In 1979 the factory put the master cylinder behind the sprocket cover, also on XRs. The master cylinder must be moved. The 1984 models need only longer bolts to adjust the right shock, in '87 models the permanent shock mounts need spacers.

Phil also has kits for Huggers or K-models. The Hugger demands different gearing and the K-models and early 1957-1958 models require more work, but it can be done. And if you want to change gearing, numerous pulleys are available and disc brakes are required for earlier Sportsters.

The above should give you the basics, but don't hesitate to call Phil, Tuesdays through Fridays, if you have questions or run into a problem. Keep those Sportys alive and runnin' quiet and smooth.

—Wrench

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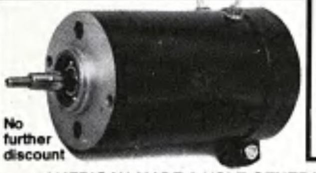

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AMERICAN MADE 6-VOLT GENERATOR

29975-58A Generator less dr/gear, blk.... $149.95

20% APPLIED

DRESS-UP KIT FOR SOFTAIL FENDER STRUTS

8911-5K Dress-up kit, chrome ....84-* FXST $27.96

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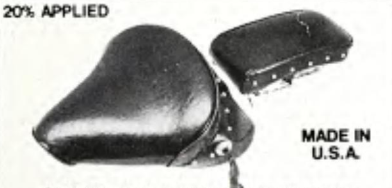

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DS-156 Seat, deluxe, plain, studded $66.36
DS-131 Seat, deluxe, plain.................... $47.96

2" DELUXE STUDDED PILLION PAD

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EASY BOY LITE CLUTCH

17-115 Easy Boy Lite Clutch...... 87-* FXST, FLST FLH, FXRP, 86-* XL $29.95

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27008-83 Intake manifold ... . 83-* FL, FX $47.96
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27012-83 Intake manifold ... spigot mount 88-*, 883, 1100, 1200 XL................ $47.96
Above item 27012-83 requires part #17-372 Adaptor, flange style..................... $12.76

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ADD $50.00 FOR STOCK TREES

NO FURTHER DISCOUNT ON FRONT-END KIT

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Complete dual disc front-end includes: Econo-Glide in stock or 2" over lengths w/custom trees, Glide risers w/ choice of handlebars, master cylinder, brake lines, black calipers, axle, 21" front wheel w/ disc rotors, tire & tube front fender.

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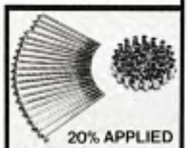

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MANLEY ENGINE VALVES

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99011 Exhaust (OEM 18082-57)............ $37.28

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99010 Intake (OEM 18074-66)............... $37.28
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FOR SPORTSTER MOTORS 1958-85

99034 Intake 1958-69 .... $54.08
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99000 Exhaust 1958-85 .... $51.36

FOR SPORTSTER MOTORS 1970-85

99001 Exhaust 1⅝" (OEM 18080-60R)................. $51.36
99002 Exhaust 1¾" Street.............................. $51.36
99003 Int. 1 15/16" .080 longer (OEM 18069-65R) ... $54.08
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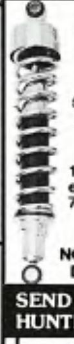

SHOCKS FOR LATE MODEL SPORTSTERS

54504-75... .... $164.95

12.50 eye to eye. Fits 79 to 86 XL.

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STOCK REPLACEMENT ELECTRIC START SWING-ARM OIL TANK

8018 Oil tank ... 65-* FL FX $119.96

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SPROCKET COVERS FOR SPORTSTERS

34872-57 Kick/elec. ..... 54-70 XL $39.95
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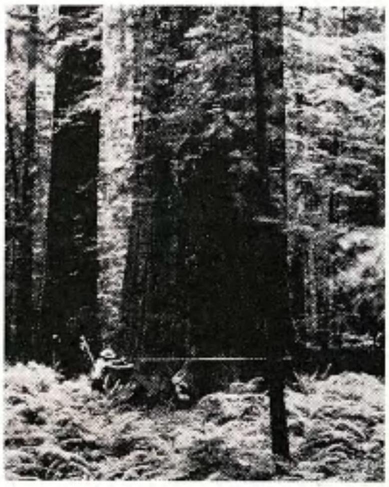

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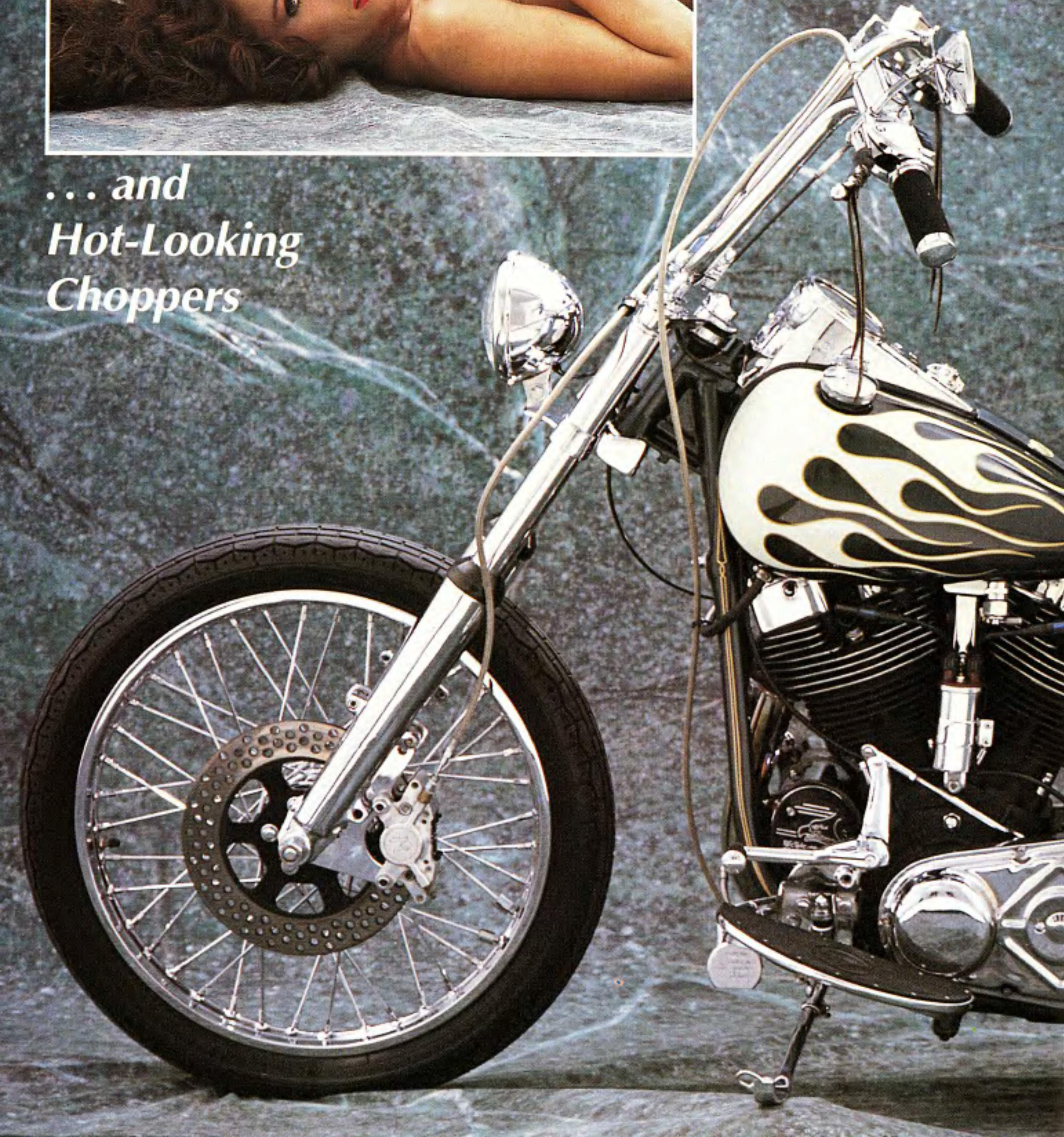
LADIES
LOVE
OUTLAWS

. . . and Hot-Looking Choppers



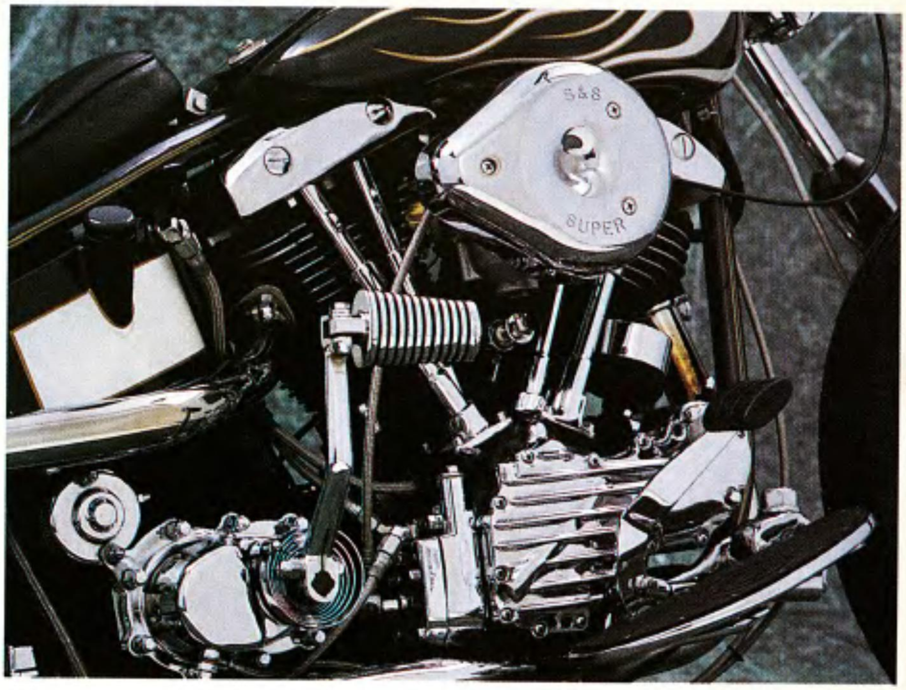
Ladies Love Outlaws

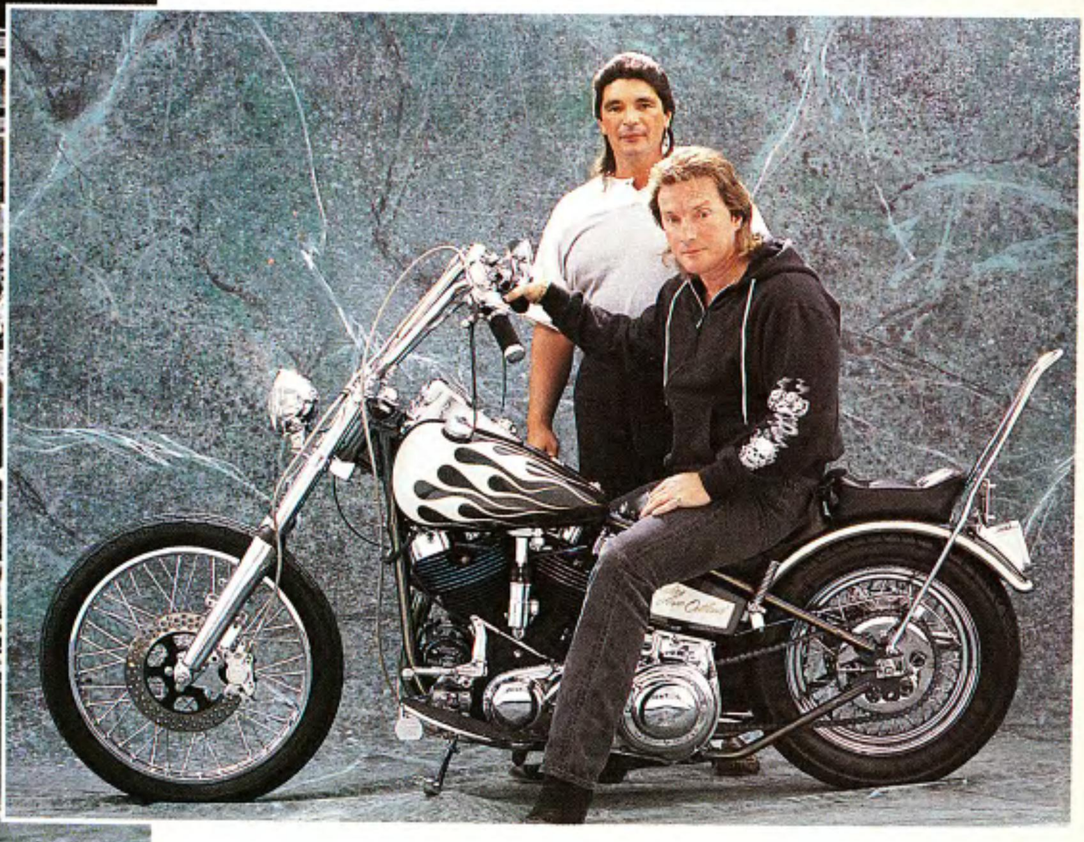
"Ladies Love Outlaws"

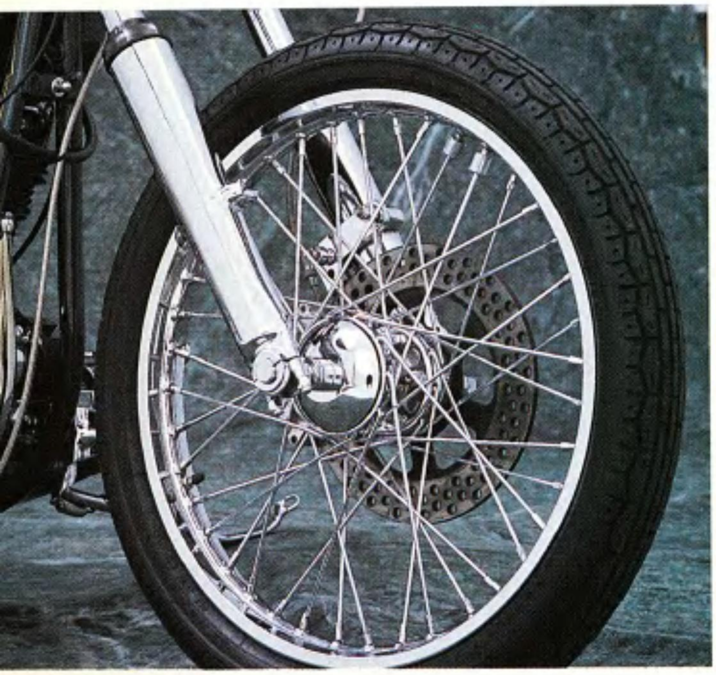
We've all done dumb stuff. Things ya don't do much braggin' about to yer granny, ma, or kids. Who knows why we do 'em? Thrills mostly. Hey, but shit happens. And regardless which direction, ya gotta move on. Some people refuse to learn from their mistakes and move backward. Others take heed of their own past history, make personal corrections, do their correction time, and come out on top, moving forward.

Charlie McDonald could give some lessons on livin' in lockup, as well as lockdown. Incarcerated for 17 of his 37 years, McDonald finally figured, after pretty much completing the California pen circuit, that he didn't enjoy his repeat status.

Charlie made serious changes in his outlook on life that made it easier to accept himself as more than a pistol-totin', bandolero-bulgin', buffed-out badass. He found an alternative to drugs and the continuous downward spiral they had trapped him in—buildin' bikes. It is a concept he feels others, who are in the same predicament he was in, may want to consider. "If people are tired of paying







Photos by Raiko Hartman

Owner: Charlie McDonald	**City:** North Hollywood, California	
General	**Frame**	
Fabrication by: Troy Tumm/owner	Year: 1959	
Year and make: 1959 H-D	Builder: custom	
Model: FLH	Type: rigid	
Value: $20,000	Rake: stock	
Assembly by: Troy Tumm/owner	Stretch: factory	
Time: 6 months	Other alterations: hardtail welded on	
Chroming by: AAA Plating	**Accessories**	
Engine	Bars: apehangers (legal)	
Year: 1959	Risers: H-D	
Model: pan/shovel	Fender(s): flared 6 inch flat	
Rebuilder: Williams Motors	Headlight: Bates	
Ignition: auto advance	Taillight: tombstone	
Displacement: 96 cubic inches	Speedo: stock	
Lower end: S&S	Front pegs: running boards	
Balancing: Painter Joe/Wil. Mtrs.	Rear: Jammer	
Pistons: S&S	Electrics: 12-volt	
Cases: H-D	Gas tank: 3½ gallon fatbobs	
Heads: '66-'69 shovel	Oil tank: Jammer wraparound	
Cam(s): Andrews B grind	Oil system: late model	
Lifters: S&S solids	Primary cover: Paughco	
Carb(s): S&S Super B	Seat: Barr Enterprises	
Air cleaner: S&S	Sissybar: yes	
Pipes: drag	Height: 36-inch	
Muffler(s): nope	Material: 9/16 round	
Transmission	**Forks**	
Modifications: STD & Andrews	Type: wide glide	
Year: new	Extension: 2 inches	
Shifting: foot	Builder: H-D	
Engine sprocket: Primo belt	Special features: chromed legs	
Trans sprocket: 23	**Wheels**	
Wheel sprocket: 47	**Front**	**Rear**
Painting	Size: 21-inch	Size: 16-inch
Molding: Lenny/N. Hollywood	Hub: Star	Hub: H-D
Painter: Lenny	Rim width: 2 inch	Rim width: 3½-in.
Color: aqua green	Tire: Continental	Tire: Continental
Type: Deltron	Brake: Perf. Mach.	Brake: Perf. Mach.
Special paint: flames, gold pearl		
Other special modifications: hydraulic clutch, lightening gears, hand painted speedometer face		

those prices, there is something else out there. Your life *can* be better without dope."

Now Charlie's only outward memory of confined days-gone-by are a back and body full of tattoos (including "Ladies Love Outlaws" above his heart) along with the bigtime, buffed results of workin' out at the iron pile.

'Course on the new-times front there is his longtime bro, Rocky, who'd also been through the mill and now, inspired by Charlie, is gettin' clean himself. The two continually provide support and encouragement for each other, a kind of two-way street for the both of them. That street has merged for Charlie with a foxy little lady, a real doll named Alison, who backs her man and who putts her own feature-worthy Sportster. And maybe the best addition to the equation—his very own classic shovel/pan chopper.

After an adult-long life of lookin' at other dudes' fine rides, from inside a cell, he decided there was no reason on earth that he couldn't create the same on the outside, even though he never had been much of a wrenchin'-type before.

Upon his last release, a few years back, he picked up his first bike— bought with hard-earned money, after he was able to put a few bucks together by gettin' into the video business.

The transition into his own biz allowed him to rebuild his first bike two years ago. As he says, "It needed a little cosmetic work." His new, altered perspective would fit in nicely with altering the shovel, as well as making motorcycles and machines his new hobby.

He learned by doing, trial by error. Charlie started to rebuild one part at a time in his garage. "I'll just change this, no, now this, maybe that." Next thing he knew the king and queen seat and sissybar were history, the frame was up on milk crates and the engine was apart. When things started moving at a faster pace, he enlisted the help of a few local shops for information, and Williams Motors in Van Nuys, California, for a complete rebuild that was over his head. Troy Tumm, an independent wrench, helped put the scattered parts back together in sharp shape, while Painter Joe at Williams Motors fixed him up on the balancing and up-to-date, road rippin' innards. A friend named Lenny did the basic paint and lettering.

Charlie's 96-incher attracts looks from the ladies. It attracted Alison to him, and worked magic for this October Fox, Jenny, who was more than happy to display her wares to you while reclining upon this former outlaw's pride. Ladies may love outlaws, but it's more the attitude than the rap sheet.

—Buster

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What's Happenin'

Here's your guide to what's happenin' in your area in February and March. To have your events listed, get the information to us at least three months in advance—or call the new What's Happenin' hot line, punch in the Gripe Line, and for 89 cents a minute you can leave a message that we'll add each Monday to a set of recorded messages consisting of the latest, up-to-the-minute events listings. To find out what's happenin' in any state, just punch up the state's number code (listed below) and be informed. We are as accurate as possible, but event dates are often changed after publication—so check with the sponsors before you putt across the state. Send your info to What's Happenin', Box 3000, Agoura Hills, CA 91301.

California

***EASYRIDERS* 2ND ANNUAL INVITATIONAL BIKE SHOW—February 23-24-25** in L. A., at the Los Angeles Convention Center. $25,000 purse.

Canada

8TH ANNUAL NOBODY SHOW UP BASH—March 31 in St. Jacobs in Ontario at the Three Bridges Lodge. Tickets are $10 in advance, $12 at door. Door prizes and a hot and cold buffet. Dance from 8 p.m. to 1 a.m. For info, write BRO, Waterloo Region, Box 1663, Kitchener, Ontario, N2G 4R2, or call Rob at (519) 747-0778.

Colorado

12TH ANNUAL COLORADO MOTORCYCLE SHOW & SWAP—February 10-11 in Denver at the Regency Inn at 38 & I-25. For info, write or call Colorado Custom Cycle at Box 15022, Como, CO 80432, (719) 836-2403.

Florida

DAYTONA BIKE WEEK—March 5-11 in Daytona Beach.

DAYTONA BEACH ABATE PRODUCTS & INFO CENTER—March 3-10 in Daytona at the Rat's Hole Building, 801 Main St. For campground info, send a SASE to Box 3483, Daytona Beach, FL 43118 between Feb. 1-15.

LADIES ONLY RIDE—March 8 starting in Ormond Beach at the Bel Air Plaza, 2621 N. A1A, across from the Holiday Inn. Sign-in from 10 a.m. to 11 a.m. Run leaves at 11:05 a.m. and ends at the Pub 44. Sponsored by Leather & Lace, Lady Motorcycle Riders Association.

OPEN HOUSE PARTY—March 9 in Daytona Beach at the American Legion Post, 154 Volusia Ave., from 3 p.m. to 11 p.m. Sponsored by Leather & Lace, Lady Motorcycle Riders Association.

ABATE OF FLORIDA BIKE WEEK CAMPGROUND—March 5-11 in New Smyrna on Hwy. 44 across from New Smyrna Speedway. For info, call Mac Burns at (904) 736-6625.

Georgia

1990 ABATE RUN TO THE SUN—March 2-3-4 in Unadilla. Sponsored by ABATE of Georgia. For info, write Box 669, Pine Lake, GA 30072, or call (404) 294-8982.

Illinois

3RD ANNUAL MOTORCYCLE SWAP MEET—February 18 in Chicago at the International Amphitheatre, 43rd and S. Halstead. Admission $5. Sponsored by J&P Swap Meet Promotions. For info, write Box 135, Anamosa, IA, or call (319) 462-4605.

ABATE OF ILLINOIS SEMINAR—February 24-25 in Rock Island at the Sheraton Hotel, Hwy. 92 to 17th St. & 3rd Ave. Guest speaker Wayne Curtain, director of MRF. For info, call (800) 87-ABATE (in Ill.), or (309) 343-6588, or (309) 787-2964 eves. For hotel info, call (309) 794-1212. Ask for ABATE's special rate.

Indiana

3RD ANNUAL MOTORCYCLE SWAP MEET—February 25 in Indianapolis at the Indianapolis Conventional Center, Exhibit Hall A, 100 S. Capitol Ave. Admission $4. Sponsored by J&P Swap Meet Promotions. For info, write Box 135, Anamosa, IA 52205, or call (319) 462-4605.

Maine

14TH ANNUAL GREAT NORTHERN MOTORCYCLE SWAP MEET—February 11 in Augusta at the Augusta Civic Center from 9 a.m. to 5 p.m. Admission $5. Sponsored by Saracens MC. For info, write RR 1, Box 203, Turner, ME 04282, or call (207) 225-3985, or (207) 784-0605.

Missouri

4TH ANNUAL ALL MOTORCYCLE SHOW & INDOOR SWAP MEET—March 23-24-25 in St. Joseph at the Missouri Civic Arena. Sponsored by Freedom of Road Riders, Local 6. For info, write 1423 S. 13th St., St. Joseph, MO 64503, or call Melody at (816) 233-1237 or Janet at (816) 279-7535.

Nebraska

4TH ANNUAL BIKE SHOW & SWAP MEET—February 24-25 in Lincoln at the State Fairgrounds Agricultural Hall. Sponsored by ABATE of Nebraska, District 2. For info, write Box 30094, Lincoln, NE 68503.

North Dakota

FREEDOM RIDERS BIKE SHOW—March 3-4 in Bismarck at the Holiday Inn. For info, write ABATE of North Dakota at Box 383, Bismarck, ND 58502, or call (800) 247-1213 (in N.D), or (701) 223-5609.

FM CRUSADERS BIKE SHOW—March 17-18 in Fargo. Sponsored by FM Crusaders. For info, write ABATE of North Dakota at Box 383, Bismarck, ND 58502, or call (800) 247-1213 (in N.D.), or (701) 223-5609.

Pennsylvania

9TH ANNUAL SWAP MEET—February 24 at the East Butler Firehall from 9 a.m. to 6 p.m. Admission $2 for ABATE members, $3 for nonmembers. Sponsored by ABATE of Penn., Butler County, Chapter 13. For info, write Box 252, Lyndora, PA 16045, or call T.K. at (412) 285-9059.

2ND ANNUAL MOTORCYCLE SWAP MEET—March 25 in Harrisburg at the Farm Show Complex. Sponsored by J&P Swap Meet Promotions. For info, write Box 135, Anamosa, IA 52205, or call (319) 462-4605.

Texas

SPRING HARLEY-DAVIDSON SWAP MEET/EXPO & SHOW—February 25 in Arlington at the Arlington Convention Center. Admission $7. Swap meet, bike show, cash door prizes, dealer displays, and other entertainment. For info, call Bob Bagwell at (817) 488-9133.

Wisconsin

10TH ANNUAL MOTORCYCLE SWAP MEET—February 11 in Eau Claire at the downtown civic center from 10 a.m. to 5 p.m. Admission $3. Beer and food available. For info, write Fast Eddie at 5410 Winget Dr., Eau Claire, WI 54703, or call (715) 834-8389.

8TH ANNUAL MOTORCYCLE SWAP MEET—March 25 in Madison at the Dane County Expo Center. Sponsored by J&P Swap Meet Promotions. For info, write Box 135, Anamosa, IA 52205, or call (319) 462-4605.

900 phone number state codes – alphabetically

Alabama	01	Louisiana	18	Ohio	35
Alaska	02	Maine	19	Oklahoma	36
Arizona	03	Maryland	20	Oregon	37
Arkansas	04	Massachusetts	21	Pennsylvania	38
California	05	Michigan	22	Rhode Island	39
Colorado	06	Minnesota	23	South Carolina	40
Connecticut	07	Mississippi	24	South Dakota	41
Delaware	08	Missouri	25	Tennessee	42
Florida	09	Montana	26	Texas	43
Georgia	10	Nebraska	27	Utah	44
Hawaii	11	Nevada	28	Vermont	45
Idaho	12	New Hampshire	29	Virginia	46
Illinois	13	New Jersey	30	Washington	47
Indiana	14	New Mexico	31	West Virginia	48
Iowa	15	New York	32	Wisconsin	49
Kansas	16	North Carolina	33	Wyoming	50
Kentucky	17	North Dakota	34		

BIKERS AT SEA

Continued from page 53

But now the tub was actually starting to move away from the dock. And, boy, was it noisy. The bikes were on pontoons, the rear wheels were on the water, paddles were on the rear wheels, and the throttles were on full. It was so noisy it felt like blood blisters were forming on our eardrums.

All the "normal" passengers ran to the back of the boat and jumped off.

Captain strode to the back of the boat and looked down at them in the water with a real faraway look in his eyes—like he was thinkin' about turnin' around and rammin' them.

"Half my crew . . . gone . . ." he said. They weren't the only thing that was half gone.

He turned to us, a bit more fortified, and hollered, "There'll be more o' the profits for *us*, now, me hardies!"

We all looked at each other like he'd shipped out a bit farther than the boat. But then we figured, whatdafuck, forget about it. I mean, sure, we're a bit on the conservative side when it comes to our politics, maybe, but we're *real* liberal when it comes to a dude's personal behavior.

Anyway, in a very short time, we were actually doin' . . . well, you know . . . *knots!* I don't know *how many*, but, well, pretty good!

Behind us, and fadin' fast, was the dock. Little rowboats were goin' here an' there, pullin' former shipmembers' outta the drink; and by the time anyone got organized enough to come chasin' after us, we were over the horizon. There's a hell of a lotta horizon on the Pacific.

THE WHALE WATCH

Well, we'd been out to sea for about three hours, an' we were havin' a great time—'cept for all the continual roarin' o' those motorcycles. Most of us had never been to sea before, as was evidenced by the amount o' puke we had to walk through to get from one part o' the deck to another. But nobody seemed to mind a little vomit. We were used to vomit.

We were amblin' the decks, slammin' down beers from our saddlebags, and singin' land shanties—we didn't know any *sea* shanties—when suddenly we heard from high above . . .

"*Tharrr she blowwwzz!* . . ."

We all stopped and looked up. There was the Captain. He was up on a tower, leanin' over a rail and pointin'.

We looked out where he was pointin' and seen big black shapes, movin' slowly, and sprayin' white spit high into the air.

This was a whale watch, so we looked back up and said, "Okay, thanks," and began to watch them.

The Captain came hurrying down the pole, jumped to the deck, and headed toward the back of the boat—limping on one very stiff leg (like Chester in *Gunsmoke*).

"Maybe he hurt hisself when he landed," Stonehenge said to Oilrag.

"Maybe he's lost his fuckin' sea-goin' mind," Oilrag suggested back. "Next, he'll have a fuckin' parrot on his fuckin' shoulder."

Captain went over to a large greasy tarp and yanked it off a very big barrel. He then rolled the barrel onto a couple of huge prongs on the deck and he yanked a cord. The prongs sprung with a bang, and the barrel sailed off through the air.

He had just launched a depth charge.

"What the hell was *that* thing doin' there?" Scrote asked in awe.

Everyone watched it sail through the air. Everyone said, "Shit."

It landed so far away we didn't even hear the splash.

"No way that thing's gonna go off," Monster said. "The thing must be 50 years old. The thing's pro'bly empty. It's just gonna float."

It didn't float. It sank.

For 20 seconds everyone watched intently, and said things like, "No way it'll go off." "Relax, it's too damn old." "Don't worry. It'll be a dud."

It wasn't a dud.

A bright yellow flash engulfed the sea. Then it disappeared. Then nothing happened.

Then all hell broke loose. A huge bubble of ocean bulged up and then deflated. A shock wave rocked the ship, and a waterfall, like an upside-down Niagra went shooting skyward, and then rained down again with a crash—followed by a long silence.

The silence was followed by a dozen whales bobbing to the surface like huge, slow motion corks; rolling over onto their sides, and not doing anything ever again.

Cause and effect. Underwater explosions create waterfalls and dead whales. It could have been that they were dead already and stuck under some deep rocks and the explosion dislodged them and brought them to the surface. We did a lot of conjecturing like this, figuring it might be useful in a court of law.

"Why do you suppose he *did* that?" Toystore asked, clawing his head.

"MAN THE BOATS!" Captain yelled, pullin' some more tarps off some hangin' rowboats.

"What the hell's he talkin' about?" Toystore then asked, scratchin' his head so hard it was startin' to bleed.

Captain then shouted joyously, "*Haul them aboard, ye lubbers! We'll have oil fer our lamps this winter, aye!*"

"What lamps?" Mutton said. "What

the fuck we gonna do with a bunch of whale oil?"

"The guy's gone crazy," one of the petty officers said.

"I'll say he has," Monster said. "This is all beginning to sound like *work*!"

We grabbed Captain at that point and threw him overboard.

The *Lost At Sea* had been long-stopped by this time, so there wasn't much chance of him floating too far away. In fact, he started swimming toward the ship immediately.

"Mutiny!" he kept shouting from both above and below the surface.

Now that the ship was stopped, we began to take notice of our surroundings.

Our surrounding consisted mostly of whales. They weren't doing much, actually. Just slowly milling about. Like they were temporarily taking a break from the duties of whale life. Which consisted of doing nothing, we decided.

We lowered a couple of boats and decided to get out among 'em and, well, *watch* 'em. This was a whale watch, after all.

THE OCEAN GIANTS

The dudes who were still on the boat recommandeered the vessel and left Captain in the water to bang against the side of the boat with his fists until he calmed down.

As for those of us in the two life-boats, well, we were able to loaf along in the middle of the whole loafing

whale herd. We watched 'em mill around and had the very unpleasant experience of feeling the breezes blow their sprays of shrimp-scented whale spit right into our faces.

They seemed awful docile, and one guy suggested that they might be in a stupor from the explosion. Someone else said no, that they were just naturally dumb—like buffalo.

Sometimes we'd come so close we could actually touch them, and one guy leaned over and started pushing against one, trying to turn it around without its noticing it to try and "head him back to Alaska while he's thinkin' he's still goin' to Mexico." He said that would be "pretty funny."

Another guy tried to get them to turn toward the mainland so they would beach themselves. "You can observe them a lot better when they're out of the water," he said.

Eventually this got a bit boring so I suppose it was only a matter of time before someone suggested we try putting stuff into their blowholes.

One guy put in his boot, and the whale swam around for a while with the guy's boot stickin' out of his head, and then he blew it off into the water.

Another guy put his girlfriend's bra in there and the whale swam around with a bra sticking out of his head. The whale eventually blew the bra into the water.

There was a broom in the boat, and one guy put the broom handle into the hole with a T-shirt tied to the bristles.

The whale swam around with a flag in its head, and then blew it out into the water.

Some guy—I don't know what the hell he was thinking of—dropped his watch down the hole. It came flying back out again and landed 100 feet away in the water and sank.

Well, the guy got real agitated. I mean, he got *real* agitated. It's like he took the whole thing personal.

Well, I don't know where he got it, pro'bly from his saddlebag—we were always getting weird things all the time from our saddlebags.

Anyway, he drops a lit stick of dynamite down the whale's head.

What happened then was a lot like what happened in the water when the depth charge went off. Except that this wasn't happening in the water. It was happening in a whale.

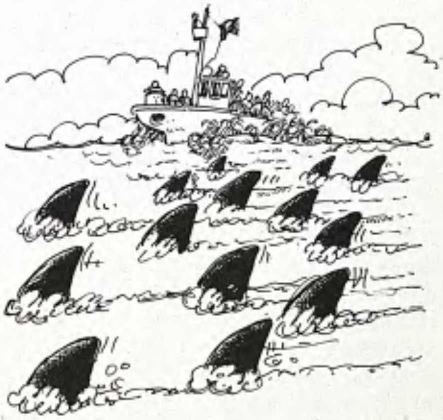
Well, there was smoke from the fuse comin' out of the whale's blowhole, and then suddenly the whale turned bright yellow. We heard this muffled "KLUMP," and the whale turned its normal color, and expanded. Then it shrunk back down, and nothing happened. Then about three tons of whale mush came gushing out the top of its head and came down in red torrents all over our heads and all over the sea.

It was the most nauseating thing any of us had ever seen.

We all looked at Gangrene—who had thrown the dynamite—and told him to throw the rest of the dynamite overboard.

"Great," he said, and lit another stick. Someone snatched it from him and pulled the fuse out. His enthusiasm fell a little when he found out we meant to throw it unlit.

HELL AND HIGH WATER



Well, as it turned out, we picked the wrong moment to sink the dynamite to the bottom of the ocean, because out in the distance we saw this armada of "whale watch" excursion boats bearing down at full tilt toward us and the *Lost At Sea*.

Coming from another direction there was another armada bearing down on us, only it wasn't an armada of ships. It was an armada of sharks. Black fins, thick as grass, were cutting through the water, heading for the debris of the dynamited whale that was floating all over the water like tuna chum.

Needless to say, we were scared shitless. We had to decide which group to tangle with.

We decided on the humans, for the simple reason that once you knock a human's teeth out, that's pretty much the end of it. You knock a shark's teeth out, he just pushes another row forward and you have to fuckin' start all over again.

We paddled back to the ship as fast as we could, which ain't too fast, since we were usin' our hands. (We'd thrown the oars overboard to lighten the load.)

We pulled Captain out of the water and climbed back on board.

There was a mad scramble to find more depth charges. We pleaded with Gangrene to see if he had more dynamite in his saddlebags. He just spat on the deck and told us he hoped we all died.

Death was certainly a possibility: Bullets were clanging against the ship's metal from the oncoming animal lovers' shark rifles, the lead plopping to the deck and rolling around under our feet. The search for more depth

charges proved fruitless, and we decided, after much frantic discussion, that we were probably doomed.

As it turned out, we didn't need more depth charges, the first one was still hard at work: The boats started plowing into dead, half-submerged whales, and the people on board fell to the decks like bowling pins (a lot of them fell way beyond the decks). We then realized how right Captain was to have fired the first depth charge in the first place. Otherwise, those carcasses wouldn't've been there, and we'd've been screwed.

Meanwhile, the sharks hit the dynamited whale juice like the whole NFL and sent up a spray of chaos like a liquid train wreck. The whole ocean was athrash, and both dead and live whales were being pulled under like fishing corks and reappearing again like huge black bars of bobbing soap. It was like rapids in level water. And more sharks were arriving all the time. It was like the water was being turned *into* sharks; like there was some sort of underwater Moses doing some weird new tricks.

For two hours the sea looked like the surface of an amphetamine washing machine.

Some time in the middle of it, a Navy gunboat had eerily appeared and parked itself a ways off.

We didn't know what they were gonna do, but we agreed that it pro'bly wasn't gonna be to try and get us to go to Annapolis.

Outrunning them was out of the question, but it seemed like they were gonna wait for the shark melee to end before they did anything.

Two hours later, the ocean was quiet as a meadow pond. A loud announcement from the Navy boat broke the silence.

"You are arrested for piracy! Pull to and prepare to be boarded!"

"*Ha harrr,*" Captain said, tying his red bandana onto his head and tying one of Brenda's brassiere cups over one eye. "*Now we'll be gettin' ourselves a real vessel, ha harrr.*"

Shit, he was at it again.

We all leaped on him, pulled him to the deck, and then had No Douche Mary drop her drawers and sit on his face. Eventually he was unconscious.

There was no way in hell we could've gotten away. But just because a situation is hopeless is no reason to give up ship.

Miraculously, five whales had escaped the shark attack unscathed. So far they hadn't done one thing to save themselves and so it goes without saying that at the moment they weren't doing anything except sipping plankton, going *whoosh*, and making pretty rainbows over their heads.

Someone suggested we hitch reins up to the whales and have them pull us back to shore.

It was crazy.

We liked it.

It would be impossible, but at least the least difficult aspect of it would be to get cooperation from the whales. Fact is, we'd seen worms in candy bars that were sharper than these "giants of the sea." They sure weren't the sea's *intellectual* giants.

Sure enough, it was no trouble at all to get a system of ropes, nets, canvas and braces attached to the brutes.

Once we got back on board we realized that the only hard part was going to be to get them to move. At the moment they seemed to be in a deep depression that the sharks had left them undevoured during the main course and were probably hoping they'd come back and eat them for dessert. It's no wonder the things were going extinct. You sure don't see *sharks* and *plankton* going extinct. That's because sharks and plankton have some fucking *brains*.

Anyway, the whales wouldn't move. Someone suggested Rhonda take her clothes off. That was usually enough to get *us* to flee, but then we decided the sight of her naked would pro'bly make the whales try to come aboard to mate, thinking she was one of them. One of Beanhead's farts up their noses would have done it. It always worked with us. But did whales have noses? Fuck if we knew. And where were they? They could've been on their fuckin' elbows, for all we knew.

We jumped up and down. We yelled. We shouted. Mildred sang.

Once again Captain had been right: it was time to go down fighting.

And where better to ride into Valhalla than from atop our bikes?

RIDE INTO VALHALLA

We scrambled out onto the outriggers, and putting jacknives, combs, and pieces of wood between our teeth, we all said "HaHarrr!" We kickstarted all 30 of those everlovin' engines.

You ever seen whale hair?

We did.

It was all over their slimy bodies, and it was standing straight up, like they were cats.

Well, we'd always said they was stupid, and now they were provin' it: those massive slugs wanted nuthin' better than to *escape* the sweetest sound on this fuckin' earth.

With a loud *snap*, every rope pulled

tight. We were damn near yanked off our bikes. And we were heading full steam back to North America.

Man, what a ride! It was like something out of the Biker Book of Religious Experiences. Bein' pulled by those five huge Jonah-eaters, I'll tell ya; whatever happened to us after this, we couldn't have given a lesser fuck about. Like mighty sea serpents, their bodies bent and bowed like see-sawing engines from another universe. We were on a high no drug would ever duplicate. Three dozen hellraisers were bein' pulled by five whales through the sea, on a collision course with the New World of America, the Land of the Free.

Hallelujah!

VOYAGE END

The five whales hauled us back into the harbor and brought us right up to the very dock we had left from. It was almost as though they had followed a scent. They probably thought that the *Lost At Sea* was a disabled whale and had escorted it back to its original nesting site. Returning to locations was their specialty, after all.

We got everything unloaded just as quickly as we could. And that was pretty damn quick.

The dock was abandoned—the

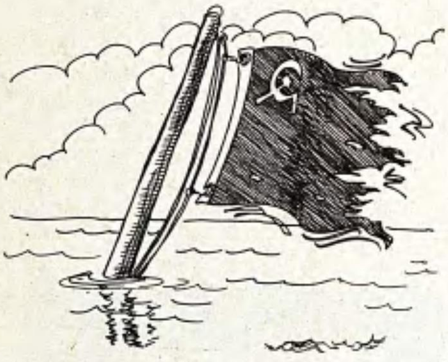
authorities probably figured it was temporarily cursed.

We unhitched the five leviathans, sat atop our own steeds, and waved goodbye to them. As they cruised around the harbor, we watched them blow rainbows over their heads and get butchered and battered to pieces by international shipping.

We were sorry to see them go, but we weren't in any way surprised. They had remained sublimely stupid to the very end.

We roared off in a blaze of glory, and in the knowledge that we'd had a completely successful whale watch. There were about 50 whales in the original herd, and we got to watch them all. Unfortunately, the only thing we got to watch them do was die, but we figured we had probably just gotten there on a bad day.

SHIP'S LOG, FINAL ENTRY



Since that day, there has been talk of retribution from various quarters—chiefly the U.S. Navy. But we're not really too worried about it. You see, we know something they don't—something they're not going to *want* to know, and if they do find out about it, they're sure not gonna want it broadcast on the news.

You see, we had been at sea for about three hours before we ever got to the whale herd. In that time a Soviet trawler had radioed to the U.S. Coast Guard that their ship had been sunk. Seems they had been boarded, beaten up, and thrown into lifeboats by, as they put it, "an armada of U.S. warships, and an assault force of some 5,000 men."

Ah, but those sly, happy-go-lucky Rooshky guys; they're always stretchin the truth.

I mean, guess who had really done it ? Ha Harrrr. ■

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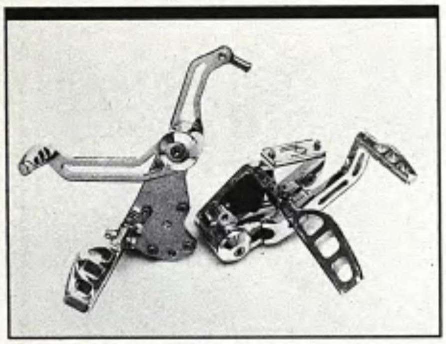
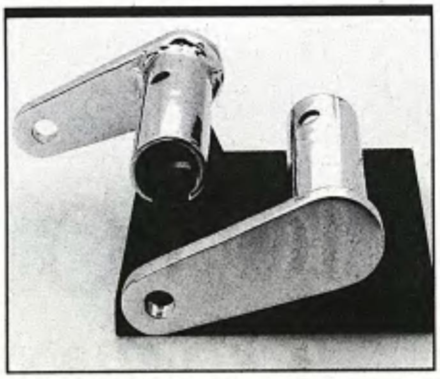


Sharp Forward Controls

Here's a helluva nice set of forward controls from Performance Machine. The brake side is mounted forward of the foot peg for immediate braking response without lifting your foot from the peg. The brake pedal position is fully adjustable and the return stop is internal for a clean appearance. The billet aluminum pegs are designed for comfort and style. And the shift lever is also fully adjustable and uses the stock kick stand and return spring. Good lookin' set. For more information, call Performance Machine Inc. at (213) 634-6532.

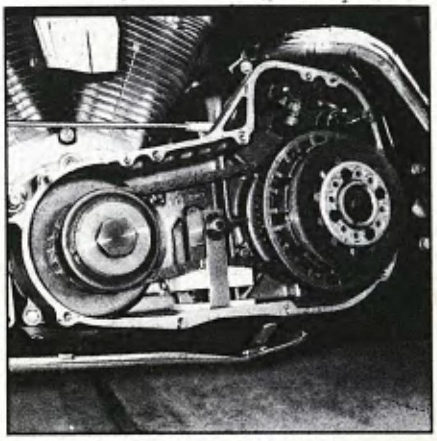


Peg Extensions

Here's an ingenious solution to an ongoing problem for us big guys. Your foot pegs can be moved forward by using these easily bolted on extensions. The units are made with 1/8-inch wall tube, welded to 3/8-inch steel plates, and finished in chrome or black wrinkle. For more dope, scribe to Tall Rider Products, 11979 Seminole Blvd., Seminole, FL 34648 or ring (813) 397-9981.

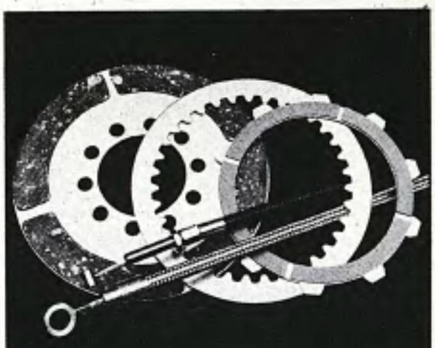
Speed King Saddlebags

Here's a sharp, '50s-style set of saddlebags that will fit rigid, swingarm, or Softail models. They're made of 10-ounce, top-quality American leather, handcrafted with weatherproof stitching and solid brass hardware. Just a note for saddlebag lovers: The way leather bags attach to the frame or mounting brackets is crucial—it's the first to go. Check it out on any bags you're thinking about plunkin' your hard-earned cash on. These bags are available from Spruce Hill Machines—call Rick Hauer at (218) 338-3400.



Self-Adjusting Tensioner

According to Tom Hayden, the creator of this jewel, sloppy primary chain adjustments cause our scoots to run rough. In other words, the smooth power being supplied by the engine is ruffled by the primary chain on its way to the rear wheel. This Self-Adjusting Primary Chain Tensioner keeps the chain properly adjusted and just the right amount of tension on the chain to take the roughness out of the power transfer. For more information, write Tom Hayden Enterprises, Dept. ER, Box 5506, Salem, Oregon 97304.



Barnett Stuff

Barnett has always been a major name in clutches, but this is directed more toward their cables. They are now manufacturing eyelet clutch cables. Their cables are made from the highest quality material they can get their hands on, and the clincher is that custom lengths can be made is any size. All cables are available in traditional black casing or new stainless steel braided casing. For more info, ask at your local shop about Barnett cables and clutch plates.

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You got it—just make a purchase of 30 bucks or more and ask for your free copy of Easyriders from any of the bike shops listed here. And remember to take this page with you when you're on the road—it's a handy guide to some of the best Harley parts and service outlets around

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Alaska
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Satan's Cycle Works, 1706 W. Hatcher Rd., Phoenix
Jo's Cycle Machine, 2350 W. Phelps, Suite #1, Phoenix
M/C Brothers Parts Inc., 2226 Northstone, Tucson

California
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H-D of Glendale, 3717 San Fernando Rd., Glendale
D & G Cycle Parts, 15715 Armar Rd., La Puente
Jammer Cycle Products, 6417 San Fernando Rd., Glendale
Gordon's M/C Madness, 1586 Morse Ave., #1, Ventura
Bartels' Harley-Davidson, 8910 Washington Blvd., Culver City
L.A. Harley, 13300 Paramount Blvd., South Gate
Palm Springs Harley-Davidson, 19345 N. Indian Ave., N. Palm Springs
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Mars Custom Cycle, 78 Shotwell, San Francisco
Curtis Fine Cutlery, 10613 Michele Ave., Bakersfield
Dale's Modern Cycle, 225 E. Baseline, San Bernardino
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High Country Customs, 302 Arvada, Colorado Springs
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Connecticut
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Maui H-D & Kawasaki, 32 Lono Ave., Kahului

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Oak Lawn H-D Sales, 9030 S. Cicero Ave., Oak Lawn
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Indiana
Brandt's H-D, Inc., 1617 S. Wabash St., Wabash

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Central MC Inc., 13010 W. 63rd, Shawnee

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The Chrome Shop, 317 E. Plesant Vly. Blvd., Altoona
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Montgomery County H-D, 1217-19 S. Trooper Rd., Norristown
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Rask Cycle, Road #2, Box 277, Evans City

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Doug's H-D, 2790 Pamplico Hwy., Florence
Low Country H-D, 4405 Dorchester Rd., Charleston
Country's H-D Inc., 1093 Albright Rd., Rock Hill
DW Cycles, 117 Webb Street, Simpsonville

Texas
American Cycle, 116 W. Highway 190, Killeen
Stubbs H-D, 4436 Telephone Rd., Houston
Lone Star H-D 125 S. Glenwood, Tyler

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Washington
Columbia Motorcycle Company, 3312 E. 4th Plain Blvd., Vancouver

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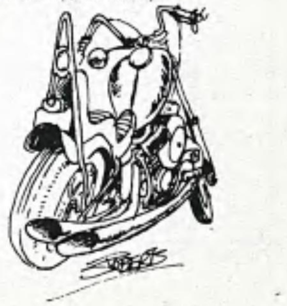

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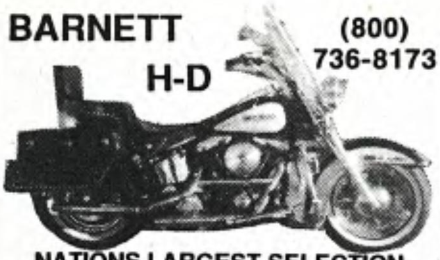

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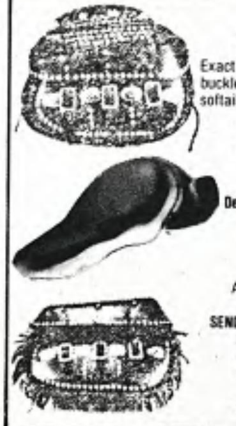

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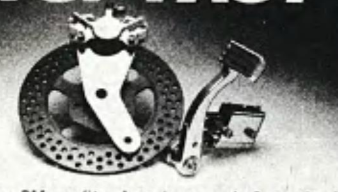

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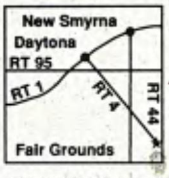

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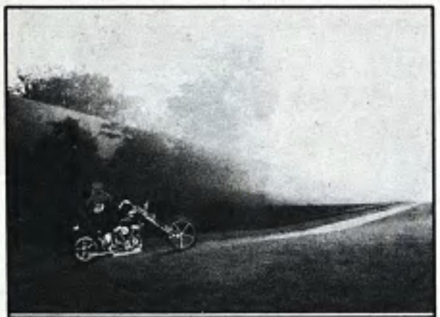

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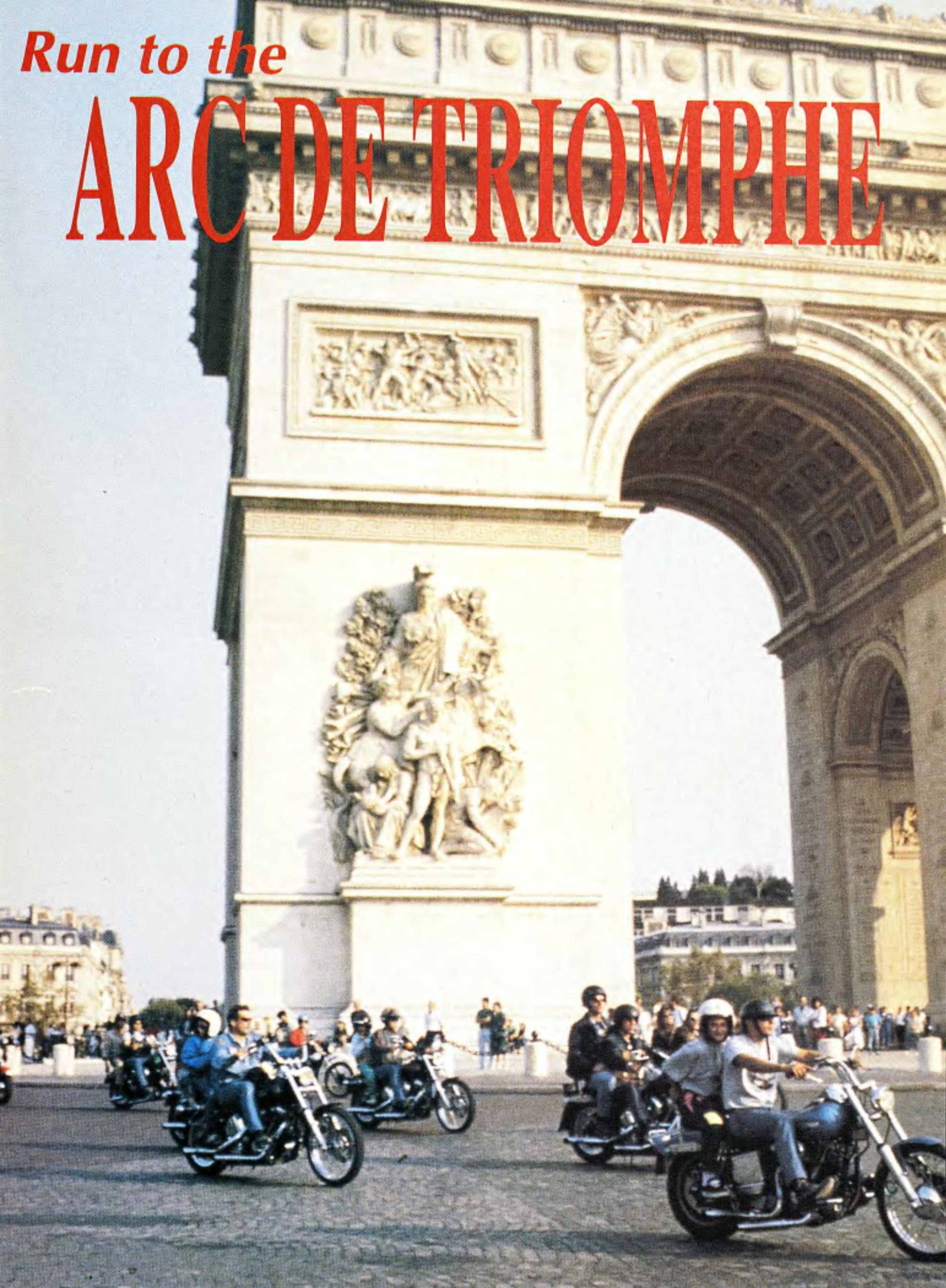


Brotherhood that transcends international boundaries.

Recently, we received a call from overseas. The scratchy voice coming over the line was barely audible, but the French accent was easily recognizable. "We had a run for handicapped children," he said. "You like to see?"

Despite the broken English and long-distance static, his message came through loud and clear. The following pages give us a glimpse of a run on the other side of the Atlantic, but more importantly, it depicts the universal nature and lifestyle of bikers. No matter where they call home, bikers live by the same code—enjoying the fun and freedom of the road, but never forgetting those less fortunate.

Here is the letter that we received from the three riders—Valentin, Denis, and Christian—who put this caring event together. We left their wording alone, so you could get a true sense of the brotherhood that transcends international boundaries.

Following a phone call that I

had with somebody at your mag (Frenchie), I send you pictures and the story about what we did.

Sometimes a Sunday run turns out to be different. On the 17th of September in Paris, early in the morning under a bright sun, the average Frenchman buying his Sunday croissant had something to stare at.

About 80 Harleys were cruising on the most famous Paris Avenues, with handicapped children securely tied to the Hogs, as proud as a president going down the Champs Elysees and happy as only kids and bikers still know how to be.

Everything started in May when three brothers from a local club called the 1000 PANNES (me and two buddies) decided, on a long night party, that it would be a fantastic day if we could get all of our friends to take of a child handicapped for one day and make a run specially for them.

After many talks with hospitals,

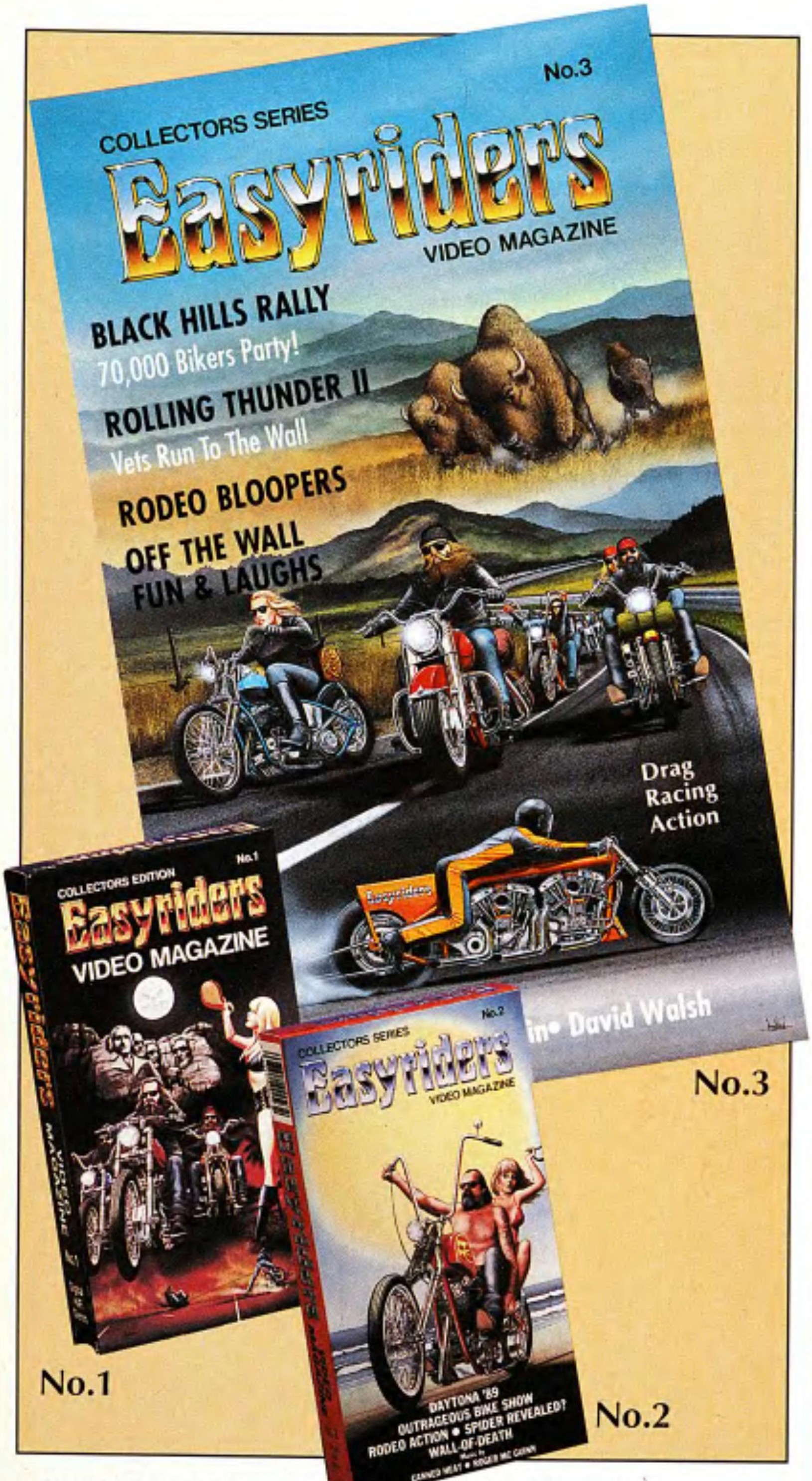
Photos from 1000 Pannes MC

schools, officials, and of course the police, we joined different local clubs and bikers' friends all around. And everybody took the dare. The run started in the morning in a Paris suburb, went around town, and stopped at the Eiffel Tower Park, where commemorative T-shirts were distributed. A big picnic was set under the trees. Each biker took care of his child with a lot of joy and pride. Some French cartoonists were present to sign their books. A rock and roll concert was a big hit of the afternoon and also a slow race was very popular from this young crowd. As the day passes by the children were judges for the nicest looking bike. Each biker and child was photographed on a background so they had a souvenir to remember. The time for cups was there. There was cups (trophies) for bikers and children who were the co-pilots. Then, unfortunately, it was time to head back to the hospitals. But it was another great ride through the city under the sundown. The goodbyes were a mixture of happiness and tears. Everybody is looking forward to do it again next year. We would like to thank everybody, bikers, clubs, musicians, doctors, teachers, for the great help.

—1000 PANNES

It's obvious that the spirit of the American biker, through the many runs, tributes, and charity events held over the years, has been a model for the growing, worldwide brotherhood. Congratulations, the word is spreading.

—Ball



- Sturgis Run 1989
- Rolling Thunder— Vets Run to the Wall
- Rodeo Bloopers
- Girls, Girls and More Girls

- Music By:
  - —Eric Burdon
  - —David Walsh
  - —The Burnt River Band

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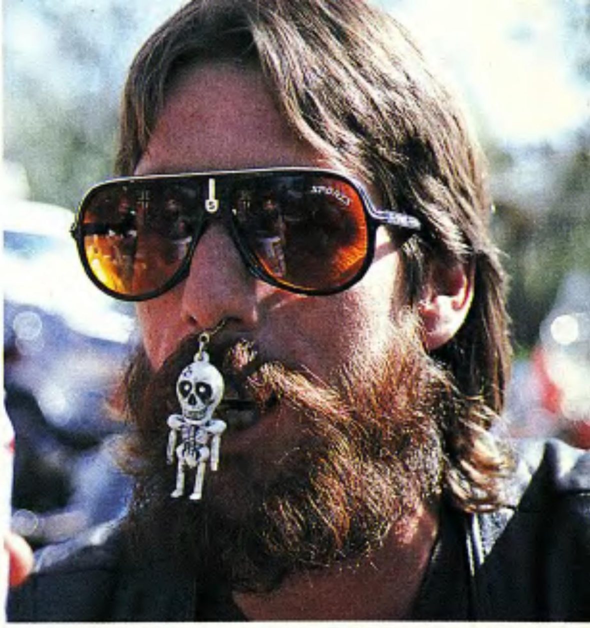
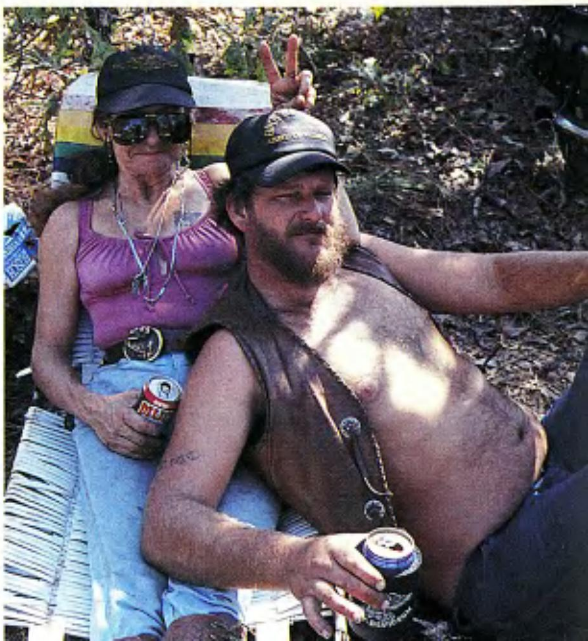




RIP'S RUN

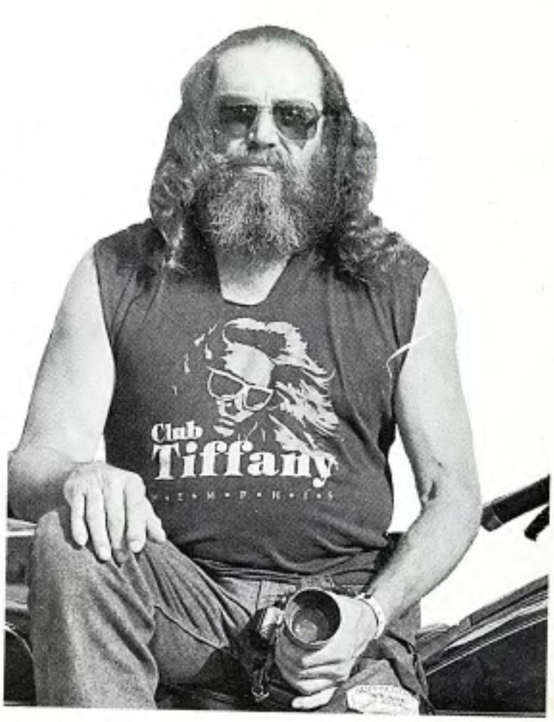


Photo by Billy Tinney

Halloween Boogie By Rip

Young H-D crew in Greensboro, North Carolina. Left to right: Sonny, Rayvon, Wanda, Rodney, Terri.

Rick's Custom Harlees. Left to right: David, Rick, Barry, Teresa, Bull.

Sign out on the blacktop near Panama City, Florida.

Howdy-howdy. In last month's issue, I wrote about the *Easyriders* assault on The Salt and also my ride across the country from California to North Carolina.

In this issue, I'll be writing about partying with some good folks in the northwestern panhandle area of Florida and the Space Coast of east central Florida.

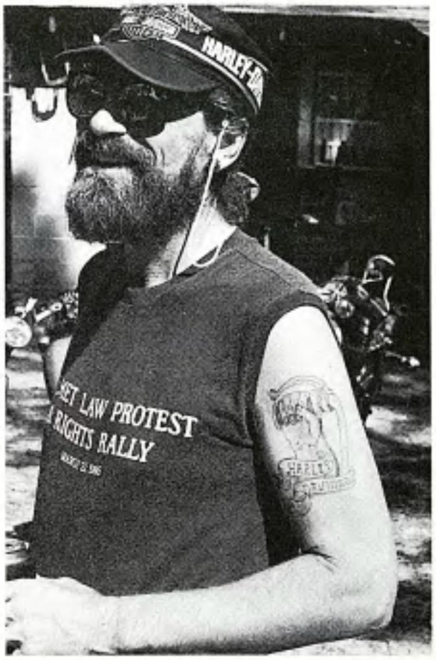
I had ridden to North Carolina to cover the last race of the season for H.D.R.A. That's the Harley Drag Racing Association. It was fantastic, with over 90% of the nation's top fuel pilots showing up to whip on each other. You *Biker* magazine readers can see the photos and text in a later issue.

While at the drag races I met Rick Doss who operates Rick's Custom Harlees. He invited me up to his shop in Danville, Virginia. Rick is a very fine custom bike builder. You readers may remember seeing his craftsmanship on the pages of this rag many times.

Teresa Crane works out of his store. She is a very good airbrush artist. They do it all at Rick's shop, see for yourself.

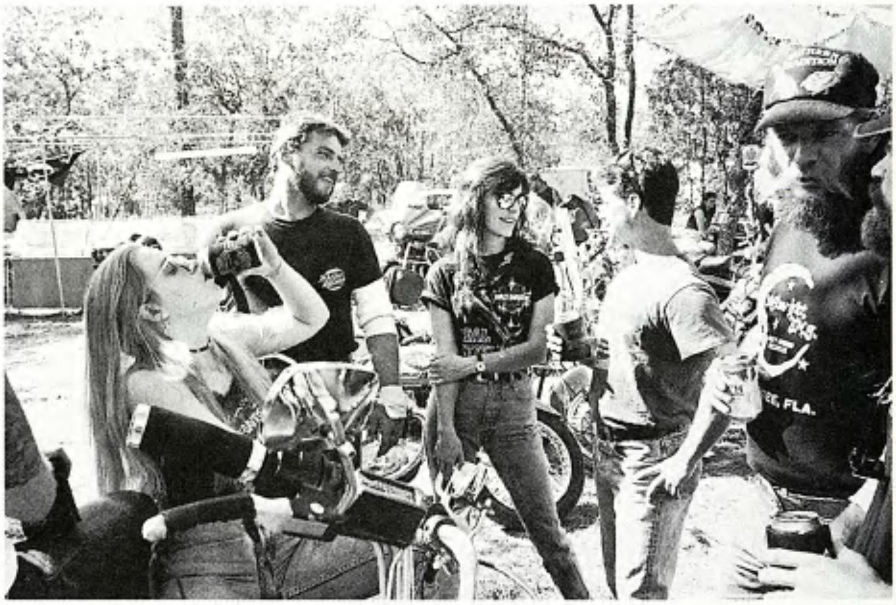
Earlier in the week, I had Baby serviced at Young Harley-Davidson in Greensboro, N.C. The service manager, Sonny Copeland, showed me a fixture that he uses to change valve springs. That's while the motor is still bolted in the frame, with the barrels and heads together, and the carburetor and exhaust pipes still bolted on. It's how you say, really trick. When I get the chance I'll show ya pictures and I'll write about how to do this operation.

Florida panhandle riders.



Nice motorcycle tat.

Barry and Windy on a Lowther Lightnin' in Melbourne, Florida.



Enjoying a good beer.

Before leaving North Carolina, Ace Paschal and I rode to Charlotte to a Grateful Dead concert. Ace is one of the H.D.R.A. honchos. Boy, did we have fun! He had never seen any Dead Heads. Ace dug the dancers. I got off on the tune "We Can Run But We Can't Hide" from their latest album titled "Built To Last." Kinda reminds me of an old panhead I once owned. I understand that some of the band members and guys on the road crew have H-Ds.

It was a bit on the cool side when I left Greensboro mid-week. Going south on I-95, I saw the destruction of Hurricane Hugo. There were many uprooted trees in the median and all alongside the highway. Lately, both Coasts have been catching hell, with the earthquake in 'Frisco and the high winds and rain of Hugo in the Carolinas.

Getting back to the road. It was dry all the way to Panama City, Florida. I made it in two days, stopping at another roach motel just east of Jacksonville, Fla., the first night. The next day I rode into Fountain, Florida.

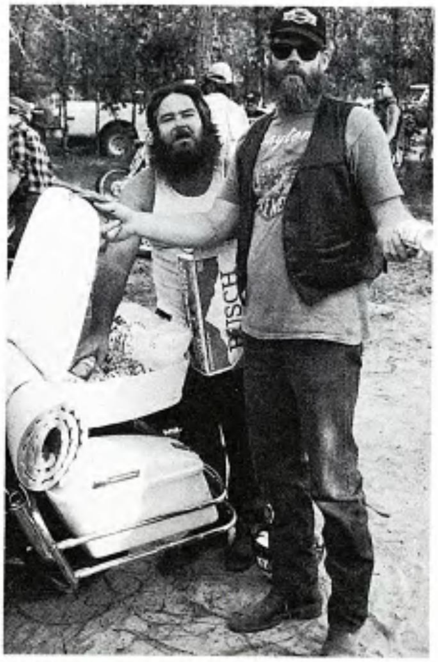
The Panhandle Chapter of ABATE along with Sand Hill Vintage Cycle Repair were sponsoring a Halloween party. It was called Halloween Boogie. It was back up in the woods, in a "forest of dreams." To get there, a rider had to ride a mile up a sandy road. We are talking really fine sand. I heard someone call it sugar sand. Hereabouts, it's advisable to run a really good air cleaner on your putt.

Anyway, I ain't used to riding in loose sand, but I didn't drop Baby coming or leaving camp. I couldn't figure out if I should go fast or slow. It was tricky but whatdafuck. Baby is my FLHS and she was packed down as usual.

The ABATE folks had a bike show, a swap meet, a costume contest, and a foxy rider contest. It was scheduled to run three days, Friday, October 27 through Sunday the 29th. Nothing much as far as formal activities went on Friday. Mostly folks setting up their camp and getting to know each other. Saturday and Saturday night were, as they say, a different story.

Mass quantities of booze were consumed and fun was had by all.

Humm, let's see.



Wanna beer?

You did what?

Rider and shepherd dog.

Music was provided by the Sleepless Night band. Earlier in the afternoon, Levi Grainger favored us with a few tunes. He played solo, accompanying himself with guitar. Later, Steve Clarke and Suzanne Mack jammed together. They weren't half bad, I mean for a country boy and girl. They did fine from where I sat.

Guess who won the trophy for the longest-distance rider? Yeah, I love it, thanks. The cook for this biker round-up was Norway. From way early in the morning to way late in the evening he prepared mighty fine vittles. Norway can certainly rattle those pots and pans. Not all the party goers were from Florida, some came from Alabama, Mississippi, and Tennessee. This party wasn't the biggest in the country, but for me, it was one of the best– really down home, and I didn't see any attitudes. Just good ol', down-home country fun.

Saturday evening I thought that I'd try to make another Halloween party near Melbourne, Fla. The traffic was light and Baby was feeling right, so I rode hard and fast making it there about 3 in the a.m., as Jerry Garcia says, "Like a soldier in the armies of the night." My destination was Palm Bay, just south of Cocoa Beach, near to where the rockets are launched into outer space.

I guess the folks didn't think I was coming 'cause the party had all but broken up. Can you imagine that on a

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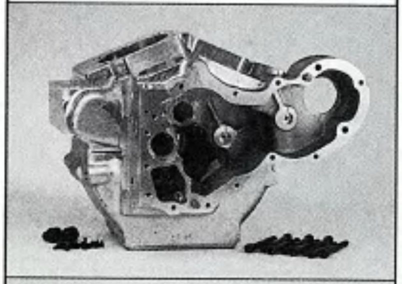

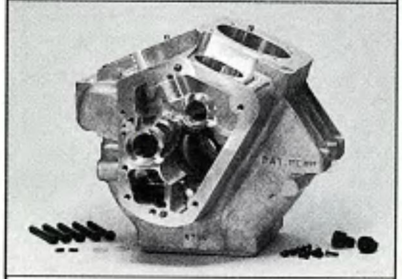

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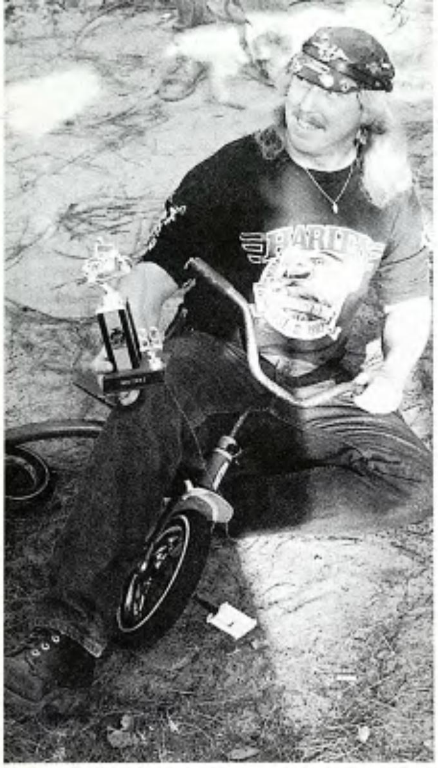
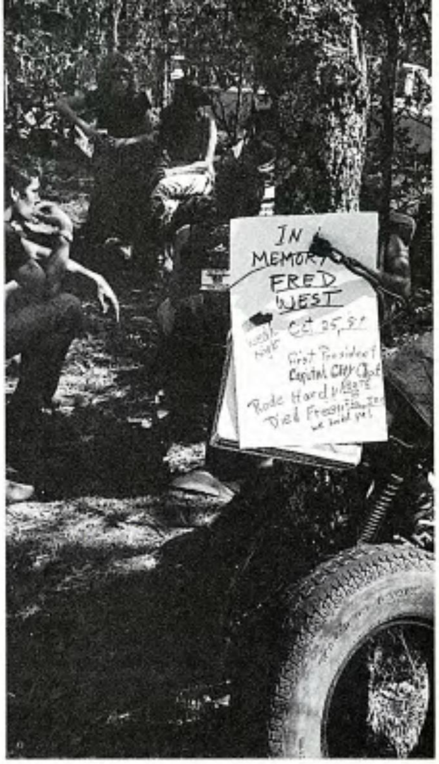


I saw this bit in Laugh-In.

Follow me, I know the way.



What can ya say.

Marilyn and friend.

Too much party.

Halloween Saturday night? Some people know how to party. Halloween is when ghoulish demons roam around Earth, collecting lost souls. Spooky shit, man.

While in Palm Bay, I dropped in at Malabar Mo's place, a drinking establishment. It's kinda an open-air bar. Most of the drinking is done outside at picnic tables. It's an old house that is being renovated to accommodate the customers. It's due to be finished some time next year.

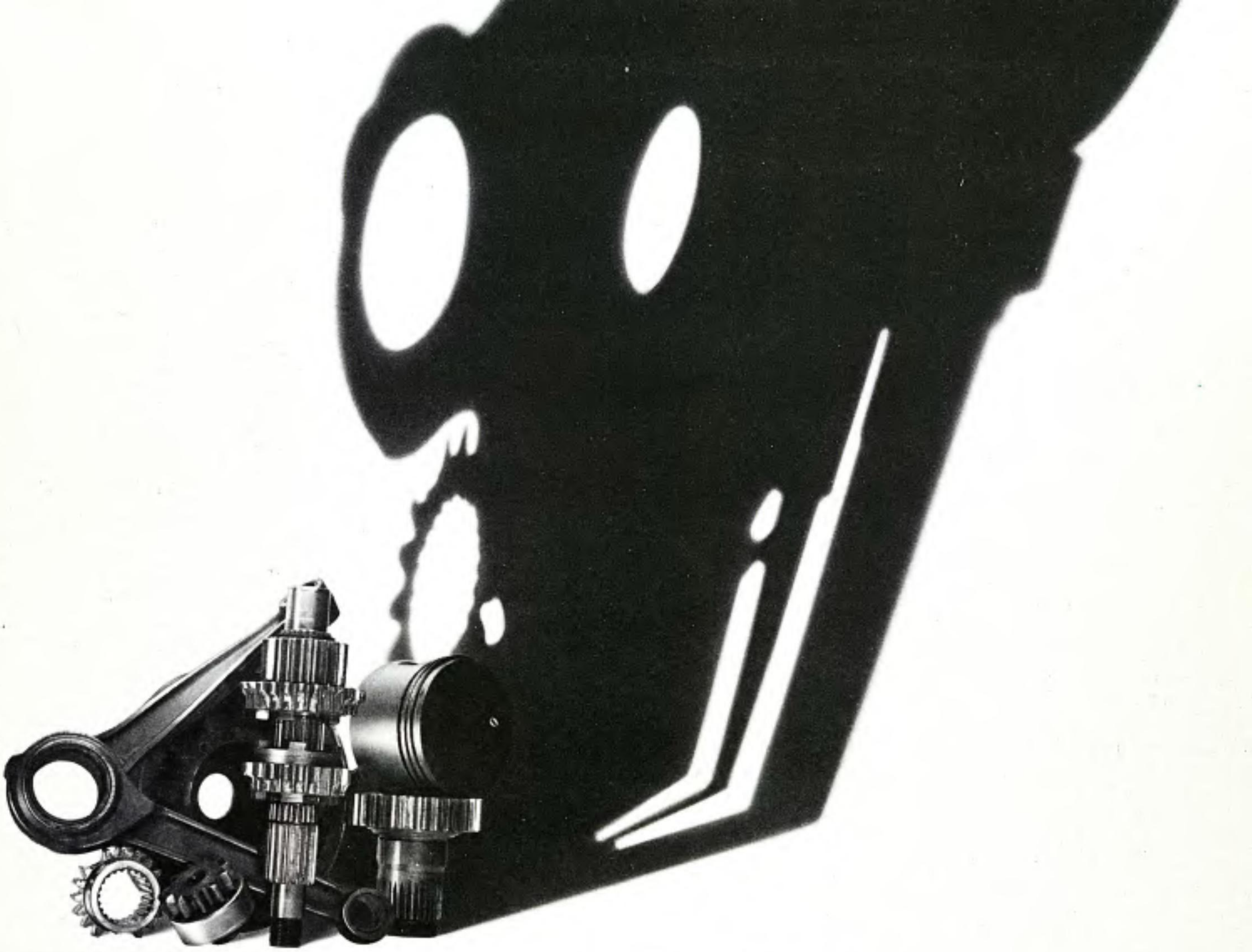
I also dropped in on Dennis and the boys at H.M.W. in Melbourne. I wrote about his shop earlier this year while killing time after Daytona, waiting for the weather to warm up.

Berry, one of H.M.W.'s mechanics, showed me a Lowther Lightnin' motor scooter. He thinks it's a 1947. It has a 7-horsepower Briggs and Stratton motor made in Milwaukee, Wisconsin. The all-aluminum body was made in Joliet, Illinois, so Berry calls the motor scooter, "Joliet Jake." Wasn't that John Belushi's name as a Blues Brother?

The rear wheel has hydraulic brakes and is driven via belt drive. It has an open kick start pedal like an Indian. Berry claims that his dog, Windy, has almost 100,000 under her bandana, and has seen 38 states en route. He said that he passed the 95,000-mile mark in Amarillo, Texas, last month, on his way to Bonneville, Utah, for the *Easyriders* attempt at the streamliner record. Windy has crossed the country 14 times. How about that? That road dog has ridden more miles than many people.

As motorcyclists, we are a colorful assortment of characters. It's one of the things that makes this country the greatest. Generally speaking, we have the opportunity to do and to be whatever we want. It's something our forebearers left us called the Bill of Rights.

It's time for me to close. If ya get a chance, drop me a line and let me know what's shakin' in your area. Events, bike shops, bars, etc. You know what I'm looking for. Otherwise, take care this winter, see ya down the road. Write to Rip's Run, Box 3000, Agoura Hills, CA 91301. ■



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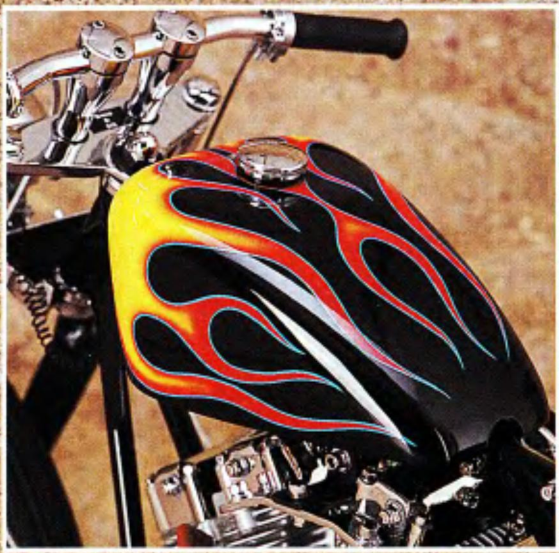
RICK'S RE-



CYCLE

His road to fame 'n' fortune is paved with parts.

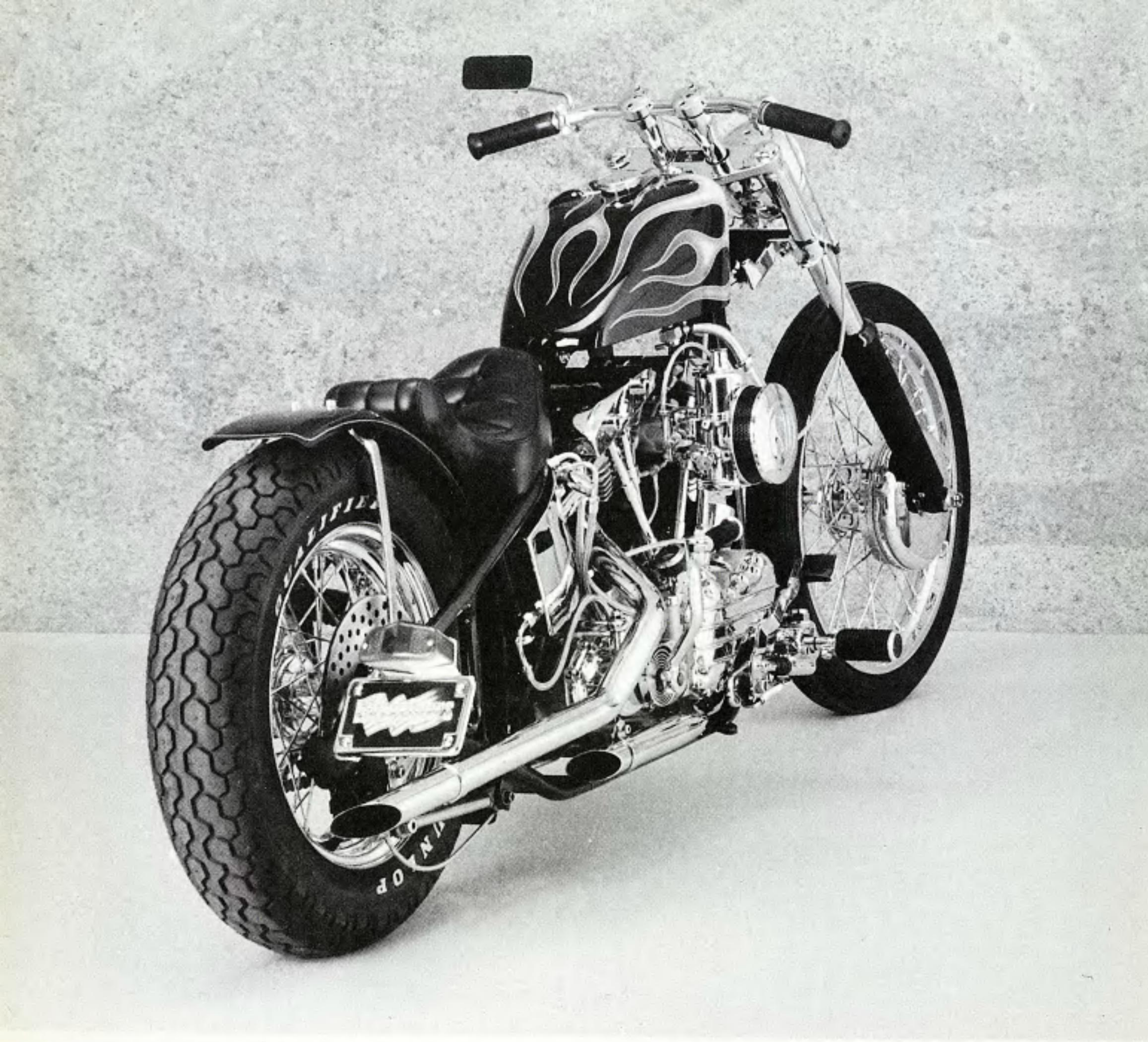
Rick Brown's gig is to send out aftermarket parts for Harleys across the country, and in the process he's able to get his hands on some fine fixtures for the bikes he molds. If ya check out this sled with its burnin' flame tank, which he built just about a year ago for a friend of his in Hayward, California, you'll see what I mean.

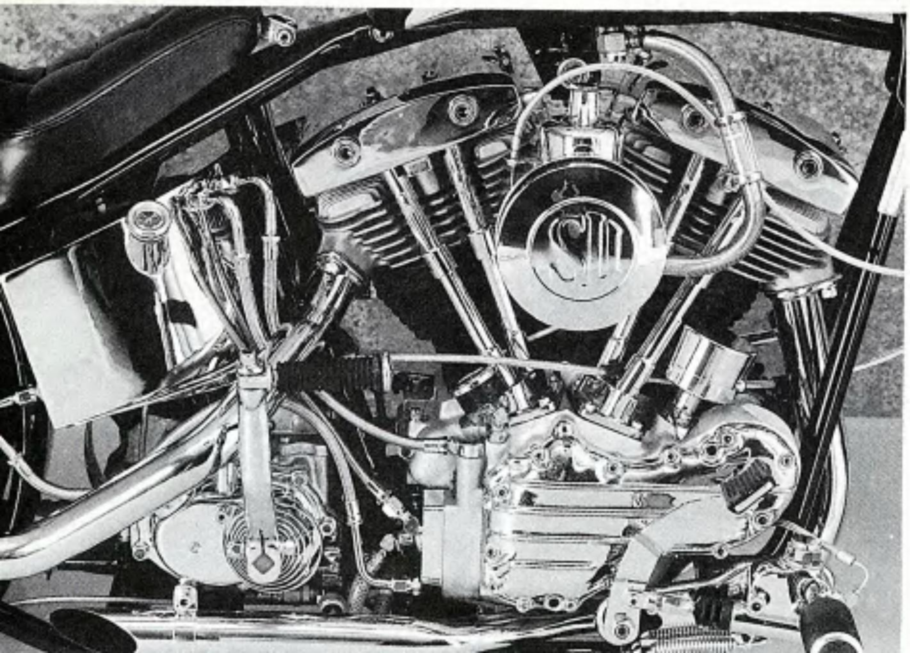
But Rick's business is strictly parts distribution, by means of mail order that is. He doesn't run or even work in a shop, which is kinda hard to believe for a dude who's been buildin' bikes for some 20 years.

Actually, as he tells it, he started out at the same time a friend and neighbor of his did. The other guy was drivin' a furniture truck, and paintin' fenders and tanks on the side. Back in '69 they were both gettin' a coupla Sportys ready for the Oakland Bike Show. Workin' in a healthy, competitive way, they would congregate and exchange ideas on how to do what, and where to put it afterwards.

But, as fate would have it, the other fella's ride was done by the time the show started, while Rick's was still waitin' in the garage for its finishin' touches. "And the rest is history," says Rick.

Well, history and the bikin' world came to know the fella—Arlen Ness—while Rick eventually found his own

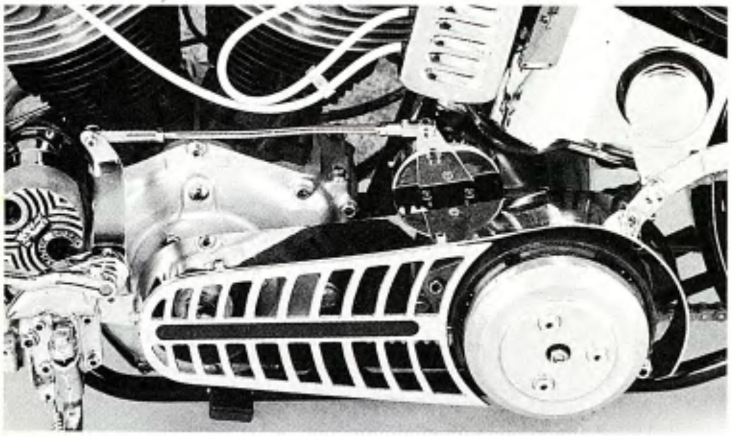




pecuniary niche, figurin' he might as well try to fill the ever-growin' demand for aftermarket parts. So he started his own business, Rick Brown's Recycle Sales, and for the past two-and-a-half years it's been keepin' him busy and well-fed. Why, he can even afford a wife.

That doesn't mean, though, that he stopped buildin' bikes. Maybe not on a big scale, but nevertheless...His small stable's been pretty productive, havin' spawned some 20 or so iron steeds over the years. And the creation yer feastin' yer eyes on

Photos by Silvermoon



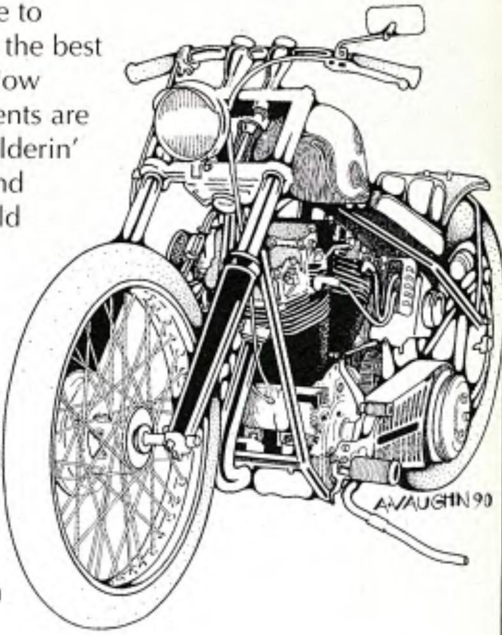
Owner: Rick Brown/Stereo Rod	City: Guerneville, California	
General	**Frame**	
Fabrication by: Rick Brown's	Year: recent	
Year and make: 1969 H-D	Builder: Paughco	
Model: special construction	Type: rigid	
Value: $13,000	Rake: 10 degrees over stock	
Assembly by: Rick's	Stretch: none	
Time: 3 months	Other alterations: neck stretched	
Chroming by: Flash	**Accessories**	
Engine	Bars: CCI	
Year: 1969	Risers: Mid-USA	
Model: shovel	Fender(s): Mid-USA	
Rebuilder: Rick's/Smitty's Cycle	Headlight: CCI	
Ignition: Accel	Taillight: CCI	
Displacement: 93 cubic inches	Speedo: none	
Lower end: S&S	Front pegs: Chrome Specialties	
Balancing: triple beam	Rear pegs: none	
Pistons: TRW	Electrics: Rick's Recycle Sales	
Cases: House of Horsepower	Gas tank: Starwest/Chuck	
Heads: Harley/Dave Mackie	Oil tank: Santee	
Cam(s): Leineweber 550	Oil system: stock	
Lifters: Sifton solids	Primary cover: Primo safety grill	
Carb(s): Rivera SU	Seat: Signature, redone leather	
Air cleaner: SU	Sissybar: no sissies allowed	
Pipes: Paughco	Height: n/a	
Muffler(s): none	Material: n/a	
Transmission	**Forks**	
Modifications: Andrews close ratio	Type: wide glide	
Year: 1970	Extension: 2 inches over	
Shifting: reverse forward foot	Builder: Harley-Davidson	
Engine sprocket: Primo belt	Special features: black wrinkle lowers	
Trans sprocket: 24-tooth	**Wheels**	
Wheel sprocket: 51-tooth	**Front**	**Rear**
Painting	Size: 21-inch	Size: 16-inch
Molding: Vic Kashin	Hub: stock	Hub: stock
Painter: Vic Kashin/Rick Brown	Rim width: WM2	Rim width: 4-inch
Color: black/flames	Tire: Avon	Tire: Dunlop
Type: Deltron lacquer	Brake: gutted	Brake: Grimeca
Special paint: lacquer flames over polyurethane with sealer by Rick Brown		
Other special modifications: none really		

right now ain't even his latest one. Hell, as we speak, another one of Rick's recycled rides has long since hit the road, and he's headed for his next project.

But we're jumpin' ahead of the game here. The one thing I oughta be mentionin' right about here is them fiery flames flarin' up feverishly 'round the tank and lappin' at the corners of these pages. I mean, these things are cookin', and that's why we wanted to use them to kinda show ya what we mean by a flame job.

'Cause if ya've already checked back on page 46, ya've seen the guidelines of what is sure to become a very heated contest for the best flickerin' flames in the country. Now granted, Rick, whose limitless talents are also responsible for this here smolderin' look, definitely knows his stuff, and it's a hell of a lot more than I could ever do with a paint brush. But who's to say there ain't more Ricks and other Picassos of the tank-paintin' world out there, who can virtually ignite any tank they put their flaming colors on.

Maybe Rick's ravishin' ride'll turn out to be the catalyst of some history in the makin' once again. —Red Baron



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DRUG TESTING CONQUERED! PASSING THE URINE DRUG TEST IS EASY. GUARANTEED FOOL-PROOF, PROVEN METHODS. MANUAL $5. Wilshire Labs, 2521 Hazlett Ave., Warwood, WV 26003 (201)

JOBS, $100 to $1,000 daily! OVERSEAS, Stateside. FREE list. ZINCS 120. Box 13110, Las Vegas, NV 89112. (203)

PRACTICAL Home Nude Photography. Beautiful results before she gives up. Free information. Alfresco, Box 14191-E, Tulsa, OK 74159-1191. (201)

Beautiful ladies want friendship and marriage. Free photos, details. Latins, Box 1716-RI, Chula Vista, CA 92012, (619) 425-1867. (201)

Fred T., Los Angeles, California: Call Richard ? Reno, Nevada. (201)

HELP NEEDED! A special lady from Monticello, N.Y. I'm desperately seeking "T." I met her at the arcade in Monticello, some time back between 1974 or 1975, when we used to make our summertime weekend runs up there. She jumped on back of my "Dragon Bike" and spent the weekend with me at our camp. Since then, there has always been a special place in my heart for her. Of all the bikers & biker chicks in the upstate N.Y. area, someone must know her or where I can find her. My time is running out, as I sit on death row in Florida. Anyone knowing "T" or where to find her contact Michael "The Preacher" Bruno #658761, Florida State Prison, Box 747, Starke, FL 32091. (201)

Foxy lady will send sexy sample lingerie photos; $2. Box 2012, Cypress, CA 90630. (201)

BEAT THE DRUG TESTS! TOXICOLOGY EXPERT REVEALS METHODS. FOOL EVEN GC/MASS SPECTROSCOPY, GUARANTEED. ILLUSTRATED BOOKLET; $4. CLEANTEST, BOX 10962, YAKIMA, WA 98909. (201)

Cindy Whiskey Russel: You stand out in a crowd. Your red hair shines like rays of sun. You look to be in good health and in good company. I always knew you had class! Sincerely, L. Midget Neuman #46424, 2605 State St., Salem, OR 97310. (201)

TRIUMPH, BSA, NORTON parts catalog; $1. Xanders' Britbikes, 1280 Stringtown, Grove City, OH 43123-9743, (614) 871-9001. (203)

Bike Portraits: Send clear, high quality photo of your bike (no people, no backgrounds) and we will send you an original drawing of your bike with caption of your choice underneath. Photo returned. Send $50 plus $6.50 for shipping/handling to Box 917, West Chatham, MA 02669. (201)

PRISON SUBS: Locked-down bros and sisters, subscribe to ***Easyriders*** for only $14 a year (U.S. funds only, please). Mail to: ***Easyriders***, Box 3752, Escondido, CA 92025. Allow 6-8 weeks for delivery of first issue.

THE OUTLAWS BIBLE, HOW TO GET LOST AND START ALL OVER AGAIN, many other titles from drugs to weapons. FREE LIST, SASE to DATA TAP, 2961 INDUSTRIAL RD., STE. 128, LAS VEGAS, NV 89109. (201)

TATTOO GUNS, DESIGNS, COLORS, catalog $10 U.S. funds. Deecken, Box 1642, 29 Oldenburg, West Germany. (214)

I'm looking for "Hank" from California who sold his 1980 Tour Glide—black/silver, 48,000 miles, left side damaged—to a West German in 1988. Please contact: Roland Dinter, L. Nigglstr. 10, D-8441 Steinach, W. Germany. (201)

David Allen Coe record for sale. 45 rpm, collector's item, X-rated. Best offer. Call after 5 p.m., EST, (201) 458-7554. (201)

Anyone knowing the whereabouts of Marty Fox, Cathy Snyder, or Sue Hill from the Marquette Park area of Chicago, please have them reach Dan (Soderholm) Elde #42721, Arizona State Prison, Tucson, AZ 85777. (201)

A do-it-yourself divorce package, "uncontested," $35, cashier's check or money order only. Formicators, Box 18261, San Antonio, TX 78218-0261. (201)

Complete set of ***Easyriders*** magazines. Issues #1 through #189, with duplicates of issue #1 and several others. Ten binders included. $500, o.b.o., (815) 626-5618. (201)

DAYTONA BIKE RACES: March 3-11, 1990. Oceanfront motel offering immaculate rooms and efficiencies, great nautical setting. OLD SALTY'S INN, 1921 S. Atlantic Ave., Daytona Beach Shores, FL 32118, (904) 252-8090. (202)

FOR SALE OR RENT: Atlantic Ocean and Atlantic Blvd. surround this deluxe, 5-star, 1 1/2 bedroom condo. Happens to be covering Bike Week, Daytona. References available to serious replies. One or both weeks, March 2-9 and March 9-16. Condo c/o ***Easyriders***, Box 3000, Agoura Hills, CA 91301. (201)

FREE—WORLD'S LARGEST SINGLES MAGAZINE. Photos, descriptions. Ladies, men needing mates. League, Box 5637-ESR, Reno, NV 89513-5637. (201)

KITES FORWARDED: Bros and bras, keep your location a secret. Send your kites addressed and stamped along with $1 for handling and I will forward them for you with an Amarillo, Texas, postmark. Your actual location remains anonymous. Send your letters to The Kahoona, Box 7702, Amarillo, TX 79114-7702. (202)

Anyone knowing the whereabouts of Mike Selkow, last living in Lindenwold, New Jersey, please contact Bob Metzger, B Co., 317 Engr. Bn, APO N.Y. 09757. $100 reward to whomever finds him. (201)

BULLWHIPS—STOCKWHIPS: Only the highest quality available. Domestic and Australian Kangaroo leather. Send $1 for brochure. THE LEATHERSMITH, 7369 Park Place, Boulder, CO 80301, (303) 530-1857. (201)

TATTOO designs, ALL NEW, direct from the artists. 200 designs. $30 plus $2 P & H, or send SASE for information circular. Gundelfinger, 1408 Blaze Ave., Simi Valley, CA 93065. (206)

BEAUTIFUL GIRLS worldwide want correspondence, friendship, marriage. Details, photos; $1 (cash only). Rothe, Box 270/E, Berlin 61, West Germany. (201)

Anyone knowing the whereabouts of Alfred Lee "Shorty" Chaney: His son Tony on death row in Arizona is looking for his Dad. Please write: Tony Chaney, Box 47141, Florence, AZ 85232. (201)

Radical leather carvings by Bob The Hammer. "Any" picture reproduced in leather, all hand-tooled and custom-made items to hairline detail, in permanent color. SADDLEBAGS, BELTS, KIDNEY BELTS, CHAPS, VESTS. For more information write: R. Madison 654 Bloomfield Ave., Windsor, CT 06095. (201)

STUN GUNS, 120,000 volts, legal most states. Catalog $1. M.M.I., 225 Valley, Rochester, NY 14618, (716) 244-2860. (201)

Wayne Arthur Davis: Please get back to me, it is important. Ana from Long Island, c/o **Easyriders**, Box 3000, Agoura Hills, CA 91301. (202)

Rich from Mass.: Please call, I miss you! Love, Sheila. (201)

HEY! Trying to locate a friend, Billy Underwood, a.k.a. Tattoo Shorty. Get a hold of Spookie at 102 Kruger Rd., Aubrey, TX 76227. Any information appreciated. (201)

To George "Butch" W. Chartier: Martin B. Carpenter passed away. From Donald. (201)

Attention Rodeo Fans: There were a few "Foxhead" fur hats seen at the ***Easyriders*** 1989 Grand Nationals in Ventura, California, and I'm dying to get a hold of several. Anyone knowing where to purchase these great hats, please write Noel, Box 517, Oceanside, CA 92054. Your help is greatly appreciated. (201)

WANTED: 1985 Harley-Davidson Annual Christmas Plate in perfect condition. Contact A. Thomazin, 1102 Natchez, Texas City, TX 77591. (201)

Little Lor-Lor: Miss you and love you—all is fine as of November 1, 1989. Kisses and hugs, Mom & Daddo. (201)

Save $$, make your own Irish Cream liqueur and Kahlua-like beverage. Recipes, $4 and SASE. Liqueurs c/o ***Easyriders***, Box 3000, Agoura Hills, CA 91301. (201)

DON'T TRASH THOSE OLD WORN OUT MOTORCYCLE BOOTS! Turn them into CASH. Collector of used motorcycle boots wants engineer boots by Chippewa, Harley, Nasty Feet, Red Wing, Wesco, sizes 10 to 13 only. ABSOLUTELY ANY CONDITION, deterioration, holes, rips, scuffs. Brand and height determines price. $30 to $80. Write with description and address or phone number: VINTAGE CLOTHING, Box 3298, Marion, IN 46953. Old biker jackets wanted, also. (204)

Kevin Dunn a.k.a. "Pelican" or anyone knowing his whereabouts: Contact Debra "Tipsy" Hall, Rt. 3, Box 467, Dothan, AL 67701. (201)

Nonrecording AM/FM stereo players available. Free catalog. The Conaid Company, 8221 Dunfield Ct., Severn, MD 21144. (202)

Snoopy: I need you! Please call me. I love you and miss ya like hell, too! Babycakes. (201)

Largest inventory of used Harley parts in Southern Illinois. Daily UPS. The Wrench, 1321 S. 10th St., Mt. Vernon, IL 62864, (618) 242-0224. (201)

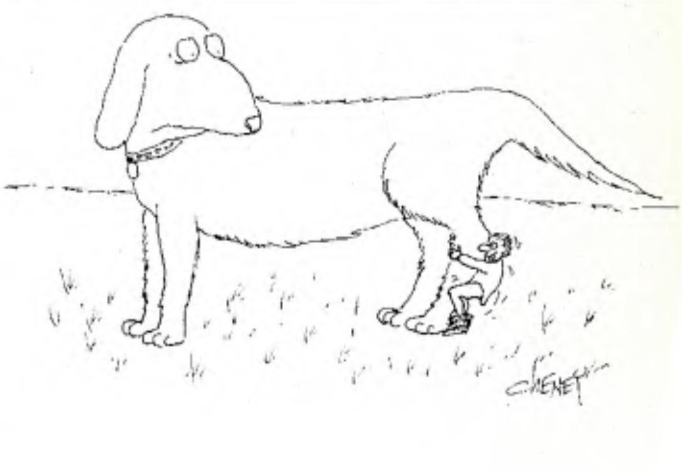
TATTOO FLASH: Send SASE for FREE sheet. R. Suslovich, Box 9782, McLean, VA 22102-0782. (202)

SCOOTER MATES: Introduces biker men and women. 15 FREE profiles! Send name, address to Scooter Mates, RD 7, Box 94, Middletown, NY 10940. Sorry, no inmates. (201)

Wanted: 1985 Harley-Davidson Christmas plates. Please call Larry at (818) 362-7840. (201)

Is it true...motorcycles through the government? Call for facts! (708) 742-1142, ext. 6449. (201)

ATTENTION 1990/1955 HARLEY RIDERS OF BERDOO: We are trying to contact motorcyclists from this area that are familiar with Motts Cycle Shop and Guys Place Cafe, South E Street, Berdoo. Please call or write Bob Chudy, 12457 Adams, Yucaipa, CA 92399, (714) 797-8344. (202) ■



Papa's Got A Brand New Bag

Tips and techniques for the video mastermind

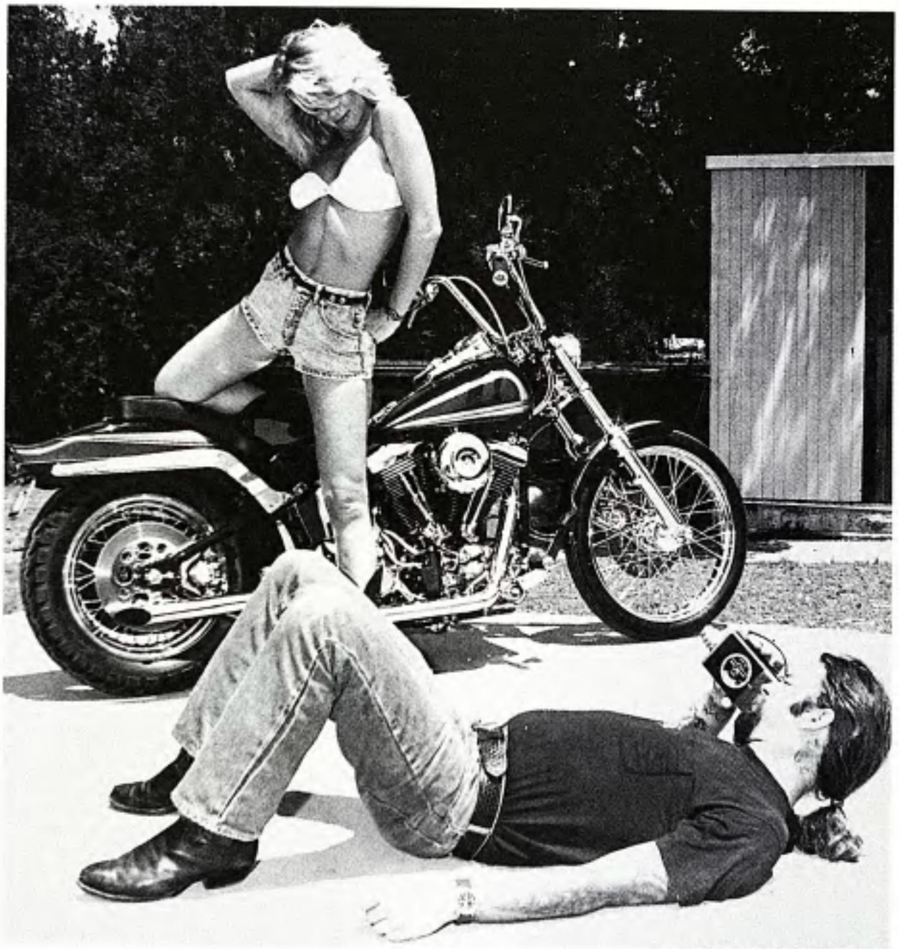


Photo by Kim Peterson

A lot of brothers and sisters are now capturing their bikes, parties and runs on VHS camcorders, Beta buzzers, and some damned expensive equipment. Hell, even the motley crew at **Easyriders** is making videos. Well, we've learned a few tricks and the only brotherly thing to do is to pass the info along, especially when it might save you a few grand and make the home production a better quality piece.

This all came about 'cause Rick the Flick stumbled into Bandit's pad late one drunken Friday night to discover a 1959 Bolex, 16mm movie camera teetering on the edge of his bookshelf. Rick began to explain in slow, slurred syllables the difference between film and video tape. Seems that film has grain (like dots) and video tape has lines, and film can actually be blown up or manipulated much more successfully than video tape. In fact, half-inch video tape is almost useless for anything but home movies of the kids sprouting or munchin' the Christmas tree. Whereas if ya shoot your next party with an old Bell and Howell 8mm movie camera the only thing ya lack is the rugrat screamin' his lungs out (but the local quick photo joint can put yer 8mm film on tape to some raging Led Zeppelin and you've got the same dazzlin' effect).

The ol' home movie camera has other advantages, like the fact that it'll probably cost ya less than a hundred bucks. The video cams go for anywhere between $800 and 25 grand. Keep in mind that when ya shoot film you must pick your shots carefully (some rolls are only three-minutes long). With the video cam you can burn up a couple of hours of tape without blinkin', then you're stuck with it—unless you find an editor to take all the crap out and leave you with the three minutes you originally wanted.

Look in pawn shops, thrift shops, swap meets and used camera stores. The models to look for are American or European-made cameras (Bell and Howell, Kodak, Bolex, etc.) in good condition, with lots of accessories (lens, filters, instruction books, case, etc.).

Film is available for Super 8 cameras through most serious camera shops. The cost is about $11 for 3 minutes of film plus developing.

Another advantage of film over the home video format is that video can't be transferred to the larger (3/4 or 1-inch) professional tape without a significant loss in clarity. With film this isn't a problem.

If yer into producing even amateur films or porno movies, or capturing the rowdy footage of rampaging riders on some major run, and ya want the stuff to look better than some of the garbage on cable television, there's a book on basic film making that'll help considerably—*Guide To Film Making* by Edward Pincus (available from Signet Books).

And if ya think yer pickin' up the knack of capturin' life's motorcycle motions, they're looking for films of anything to do with Harleys and riding. We can use 8 mm, Super 8, 16 mm and 3/4-inch video. Shit, they're even paying based on what they can use in their celebrated (when they're finished) videos, $100 per 30 seconds of film. Send the film, along with your phone number and address.

If you're interested, they put together a set of sloppy guidelines for what they use in videos and for film model releases. For more information write: **Easyriders Home Video**, Box 3000, Agoura Hills, CA 91301.

—Kit

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FINALLY, EVERYTHING YOU'D EVER WANT TO KNOW TO MAKE YOUR TRIP HERE THE BEST EVER ... WHAT TO SEE, WHERE TO GO, WHAT TO DO & DON'T !

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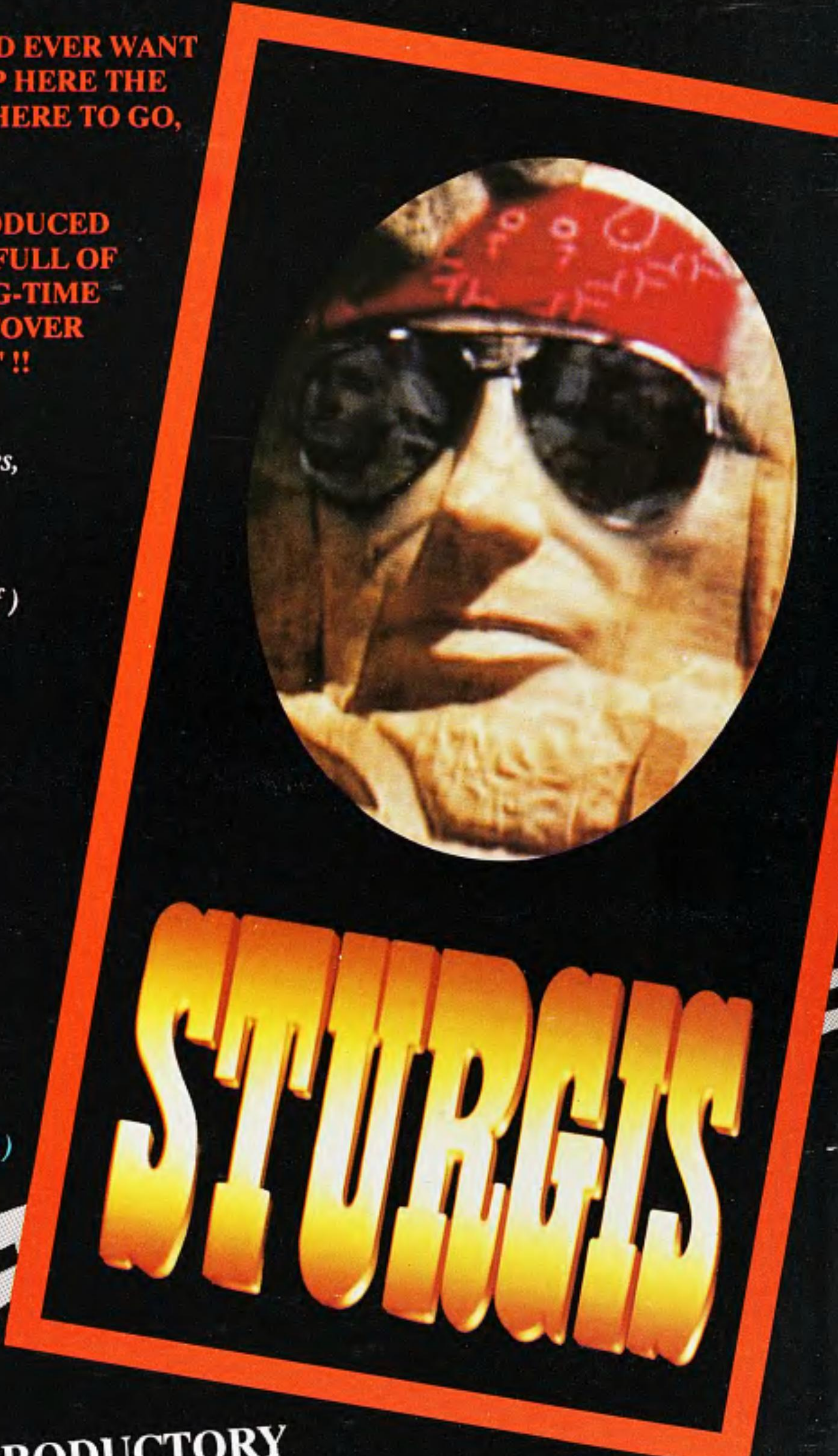

Find out where the best campsites, music, food and drink are

See the weird & wild that come herc (you might even see yourself)

Join us on a side trip to the famous Mt. Rushmore

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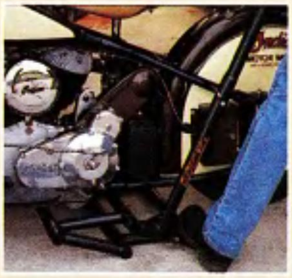

LIFT, LOAD, WRENCH...

DUO-LIFT Remember the good old days when you'd grab a case of beer on the way home 'cause the guys were comin' over to help put the scoot up on the milk carton? With this Duo-Lift in your sweaty palms you'll have to think up a different excuse for the beer and bros! This one-man operation puts both wheels in the air and the bike setting solid. Detachable handle and fold-up feature make for easy storage. Made of the finest American tubing and steel. Locking pen and safety clips prevent bike from being pushed off the side of the lift. Works on all Harleys (rigid, swingarms, Softails, etc.) with standard front ends. Made in the USA.

EXTRA LIFT BAR ***(NOT PICTURED)*** This is an additional piece of tubing that will simply bolt on to the front upright of the Duo-Lift. This is for those extended front ends and tall settin' scoots (more than 5 1/2 inches of ground clearance) that need that extra lift to get the front wheel off the ground.

EZ-LIFT The Ez-Lift is versatile and durable and can be a one-man operation. The 3-way adjustability feature (as pictured, top to bottom), allows you to use it with Softails (high position), swingarms (middle position) or rigids (bottom position). This single tubular bar lift allows you to lift either the front or rear of the bike separately. The handle can be attached to either side of the lift, making it possible to use on either side of the motorcycle. The powder painted lift (electronically bonded paint) is aircraft grade, and chip-resistant. The telescopic arm and compact design allow the complete unit to fold into one easy-to-store piece.

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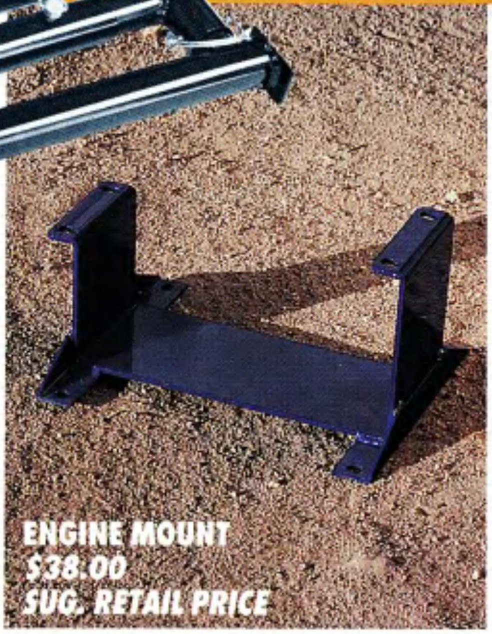

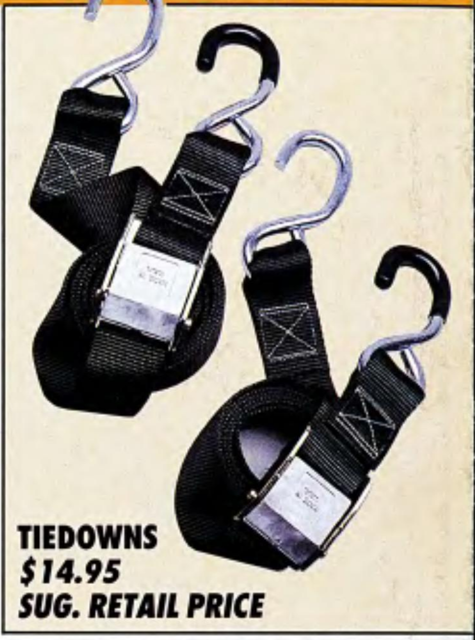

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EZ-LOAD The EZ-LOAD RAMP is a three-piece ramp made of the best U.S. tubing and steel and strong enough to load any dresser. It's made to fit between the frame rails to keep the bike from high-centering – 8' long with a 20° bend to fit flush on the tailgate, cleats to keep it from slipping, safety clips to keep it together, round rail guides for tires, and expanded metal floor for traction. Can be stored behind your truck's seat.

"STRAP 'EM DOWN" TIEDOWNS Keep that bike snugged down tight when trucking or trailering with our extra-heavy-duty, aircraft-type tiedowns (beats the hell outa binder twine). A full one-inch-wide nylon strap. These quality tiedowns feature padded hooks and tough built-to-last, quick-release buckles.

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